

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1970 • \$1.50

PLAYBOY

**GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE • FEATURING
MASTERS AND JOHNSON DEBUNKING
THE TEN GREATEST SEX MYTHS
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.,
MARCHING THROUGH RUSSIA
A REVEALING INTERVIEW
WITH ROBERT GRAVES
THE MAFIA "EXPOSED"
BY MURRAY KEMPTON
THREE TALES BY
RICHARD BRAUTIGAN**

**MOVIE SEX STARS OF 1970
THE UNDERGROUND COMIX
AN EXCLUSIVE WORK OF
ART YOU CAN ASSEMBLE
PLUS HUMOR BY P. G.
WODEHOUSE • JEAN
SHEPHERD • SHEL
SILVERSTEIN • DAN
BLOCKER • TOMI
UNGERER • AND
MUCH, MUCH MORE**



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**THIS
IS THE
L&M MOMENT**



PLAYBILL LEISURE sometimes seems a lost cause in the rushed days of December, but nearly every prognosticator asserts that our free time—and new pastimes to fill it—will increase geometrically between now and 1980. For this holiday issue, **PLAYBOY** asked writers Fredric C. Appel and Alan Adelson and computer pioneer John Diebold to blueprint the widening world of *Leisure in the Seventies*. In preparing his segment, *At Home*, free-lancer Adelson spent ten weeks traveling about the country talking to the technocrats of leisure. Wryly, he reports: "I came upon this deluge of puff about the wondrous things coming our way, and all the time I couldn't get a dial tone on my telephone, found it impossible to get in or out of airports and faced the constant threat of being plunged into darkness by a power shortage." After taking a long, hard look at the leisure-planning efforts now being blueprinted for the Seventies, however, Adelson is as guardedly hopeful about the future as his fellow contributors. Appel also toured the nation researching his contribution, *On the Town*. He lists covering an orgy in Los Angeles for this assignment as the most unusual reporting experience of his career, which has included—in addition to many **PLAYBOY** pieces—work on a new book about the space program, *The Last Frontier*, to be published by Aldus Books, Inc., in January. Diebold, the man who made automation a household word not long ago, ventures *Out of Town* to prognosticate where people will travel during the decade, how they'll get there and what recreational pleasures they'll find.

In their own trail-blazing research, William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson—authors of *Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*—have often turned up results at odds with widespread and erroneous beliefs about sex. Hence their article *Ten Sex Myths Exploded*, which they've written for **PLAYBOY** because they feel this magazine is "the best available medium for sex education in America today." Assistant Managing Editor Nat Lehman collaborated with them on this article—a task for which he is especially qualified as their interrogator in a *Playboy Interview* (May 1968) and as the author of a popularization of their work (*Masters and Johnson Explained*, Playboy Press), which went on sale last month.

Our lead fiction is part one of a three-part serialization of an upcoming major novel and film, *Dealing, or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues*, by Michael and Douglas Crichton, writing—for reasons best known to them—as "Michael Douglas." Michael, the author of last year's best-selling chiller and soon-to-be-released movie *The Andromeda Strain*, teamed up with his brother to produce this suspenseful saga of a trans-continental marijuana merchant, to be



M. CRICHTON



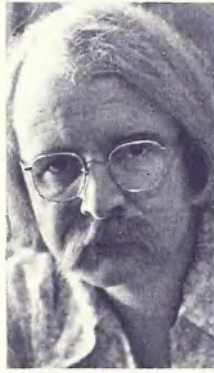
BUCKLEY



MASTERS and . . .



JOHNSON



BRAUTIGAN



SILVERSTEIN



UNGERER



DIEBOLD



KEMPTON



SHEPHERD

published by Alfred A. Knopf early next year.

The pot business—or virtually any other enterprise—may be more profitable than organized crime, according to Murray Kempton in his whimsical *Cosa Nostra—That's Italian for "Our Headache."* Kempton, a regular columnist for *The New York Review of Books* and American correspondent for London's *The Spectator*, is currently writing a study of the 13 Black Panthers on trial in New York for conspiracy to commit arson and murder. About his **PLAYBOY** contribution, Kempton says: "I thought it was time somebody looked at the Mafia not as a creature of the imagination but just as the poor thing it is, a league of small enterprisers in a declining industry. I don't know any *mafiosi* socially; Frank Costello is the only one whose bread I've ever broken. I should hope that nothing I've said about them would be taken as a character reference; in my professional dealings, I've found them as sneaky and untrustworthy as the average American businessman."

The subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*—Britain's poet-social historian-mythologizer Robert Graves—has left his mark for more than half a century not only as a seminal literary giant but also as the author of uncounted idiosyncratic convictions. Among them is his view that one should not "talk about or write about sex." Students of screen erotica, as well as readers of *Masters and Johnson*, will be glad we don't agree. Also in this issue: a lavish pictorial essay on *Sex Stars of 1970*, by those indefatigable and expert researchers of erotica, film historians Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert.

Little Memoirs, the three gently nostalgic vignettes herein by poet-novelist Richard Brautigan, will appear in a collection of short stories, *Revenge of the Lawn*, to be published by Simon & Schuster in 1971. An underground cult comparable to the one that lionized J. R. R. Tolkien a few years ago has grown up around Brautigan on the nation's campuses, where his novels and implausibly titled works of poetry (example: *The Pill Versus the Springhill Mining Disaster*) are high on the best-seller lists. Also popular on campus are the uninhibited anti-establishment cartoon strips of *The International Comix Conspiracy*, astutely analyzed by Jacob Brackman, a regular **PLAYBOY** contributor. Brackman, who was aided in documenting his article by *Wonder Wart Hog* cartoonist Gilbert Shelton, quickly picked up the vibes of the radical protest scene; a comix artist who previewed the piece calls it "the definitive treatment of the subject."

Television may succeed in communicating to the silent majority as comix do to the youth culture, but the medium fails miserably in serving the other vast constituencies that comprise the nation. So says a man who ought to know—Communications Commissioner Nicholas

Johnson. In his mordant *The Wasteland Revisited*, the outspoken white knight of the FCC continues his lonely battle against the dragons of corporate irresponsibility on the airwaves. On the other side of the political fence from the liberal Johnson is the acerbic conservative sage, William F. Buckley, Jr., who reveals in *A Million and One Nights in Soviet Russia* that even he isn't immune to J. Edgar Hoover's supersnoops: Bill had to undergo a security check before being named to the U. S. Advisory Commission on Information. Once sworn in, however, he was rewarded with a trip to Moscow—from which his tongue-in-cheek article resulted. Other rightward-leaning political personalities provide humor, albeit unintentional, in *Rend Us Asunder*, a horripilating sampler of spoken sentiments from those close to the man whose campaign pledge was to "Bring Us Together."

We hear a lot about endangered wildlife these days, and PLAYBOY humorist William Iversen takes a playful look at one such species in *Our Vanishing Virgins*. Iversen tells us: "Moved by the ecological emergency I've described, some well-meaning virginity buffs may feel impelled to advocate a revival of the chastity belt. But history has proved it to be no more than a stopgap measure." When we asked him about his future plans, Iversen assured us he expected to have lunch in about an hour. "But beyond that—who can say?" Our old friend P. G. Wodehouse, whose *Another Christmas Carol* delineates the dilemma of a weight watcher summoned to a holiday feast, answered the same query more poignantly: "Dying, I should imagine. Once you get to the nineties, you have to expect this." We hope that Wodehouse, who will become a nonagenarian next year and has just begun yet another novel about—who else?—Jeeves and Bertie Wooster, will be around for many Christmases to come.

Other seasonally funny fare includes Paul Theroux' *Santa Claus in the Jungle*, in which a seedy insurance salesman discovers a new lifetime policy in darkest Africa, and PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Jean Shepherd's *The Star-Crossed Romance of Josephine Cosnowski and Her Friendly Neighborhood Sex Maniac*, in which our Hammond hero unwittingly accepts a perilous yuletide invitation to the dance. Theroux has just completed his fifth novel, *Jungle Lovers*, which will include *Santa* when it's published next spring by Houghton Mifflin. And Shepherd is currently in the midst of video-taping a 13-week TV series, *Jean Shepherd's America*, which will appear on the Public Broadcasting System starting in April. In the series, Shepherd travels about the country, serving as an offbeat guide to such improbable attractions as an Indiana steel mill and an Alaskan waterfall.



JOHNSON



WODEHOUSE



BLOCKER



IVERSEN



APPEL



MORAN



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THEROUX



HOOKER



HOLLAND

Taking the opposite route from Shepherd, *Bonanza* star Dan Blocker leaves television—and the Ponderosa—long enough to prove he's a Hoss of another color in penning his first published short story, *The Best-Kept Secret*. Blocker tells us he became bored during a brief illness and turned to writing for amusement. Results, in a four-day freset of activity, included a *Bonanza* script, "Star"—to be shown next spring—as well as this PLAYBOY piece. Blocker's D-Six Productions, Inc. (named for himself, wife Dolphia and children Danna, Debra, Dave and Dirk), is contemplating the adaptation of *Secret* as a two-hour made-for-television movie, in cooperation with Universal Pictures. Another fiction first is PLAYBOY's resident cartoonist-composer Shel Silverstein's *The End*, a short-short story in which, for want of a riff, the world is temporarily saved.

The wish for peace on earth—especially meaningful in this time of strife both at home and abroad—is symbolized graphically throughout *Playboy's Christmas Gift Guide*. For men of good will, we offer convivial *Hot and Cold Holiday Spirits*, by Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario; and for the rest of you, Tomi Ungerer's *Humbuggery*, a guide to vindictive giving, will be more redolent of the Old Nick than of Saint Nick. Almost as irreverent are the vice verses of *Playboy's Christmas Cards* and the laughs in our album of *Choice Cartoons of Christmas Past*.

Other treats to stuff our seasonal stocking: High-fashion mannequin Paula Pritchett is splendidly undraped in *New-Model Model*, and the nudes posed by amateur photographer Jim Moran in *The Classic Woman*—which will be part of a Playboy Press book scheduled for publication in the fall of 1971—seem to bring to life the canvases of the old masters. And with his centerfold shooting of Carol Imhof, staff lensman Dwight Hooker set a record that promises to remain unbroken: four Playmates in three months (the Misses October were the Collinson twins). Carol, who's a Chicago Playboy Club Bunny, went from gatefold spoof to the real thing this year. She posed as *Family Circle's* Mrs. February in that month's PLAYBOY parody of other magazines' concepts of the Playmate.

To round out our holiday package, there's *Wild and Woolly*, a great great-coat style recommended by Fashion Director Robert L. Green; further adventures with *Little Annie Fanny*, who encounters aphrodisiacs in her Béarnaise sauce; and a ribald classic illustrated by the biting inventive artist Brad Holland, our regular illustrator for that feature. And for a final yuletide lagniappe, *Playboy's Do-It-Yourself Multiple*, an exclusive reproduction of a work by St. Louis artist Ernest Trova. It can be popped out and strung up as an ornament for your tree. Happy holidays!

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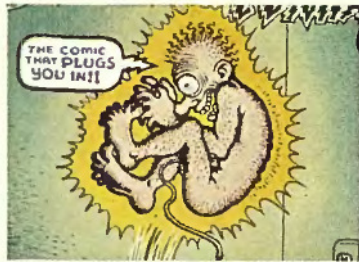
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PLAYBOY



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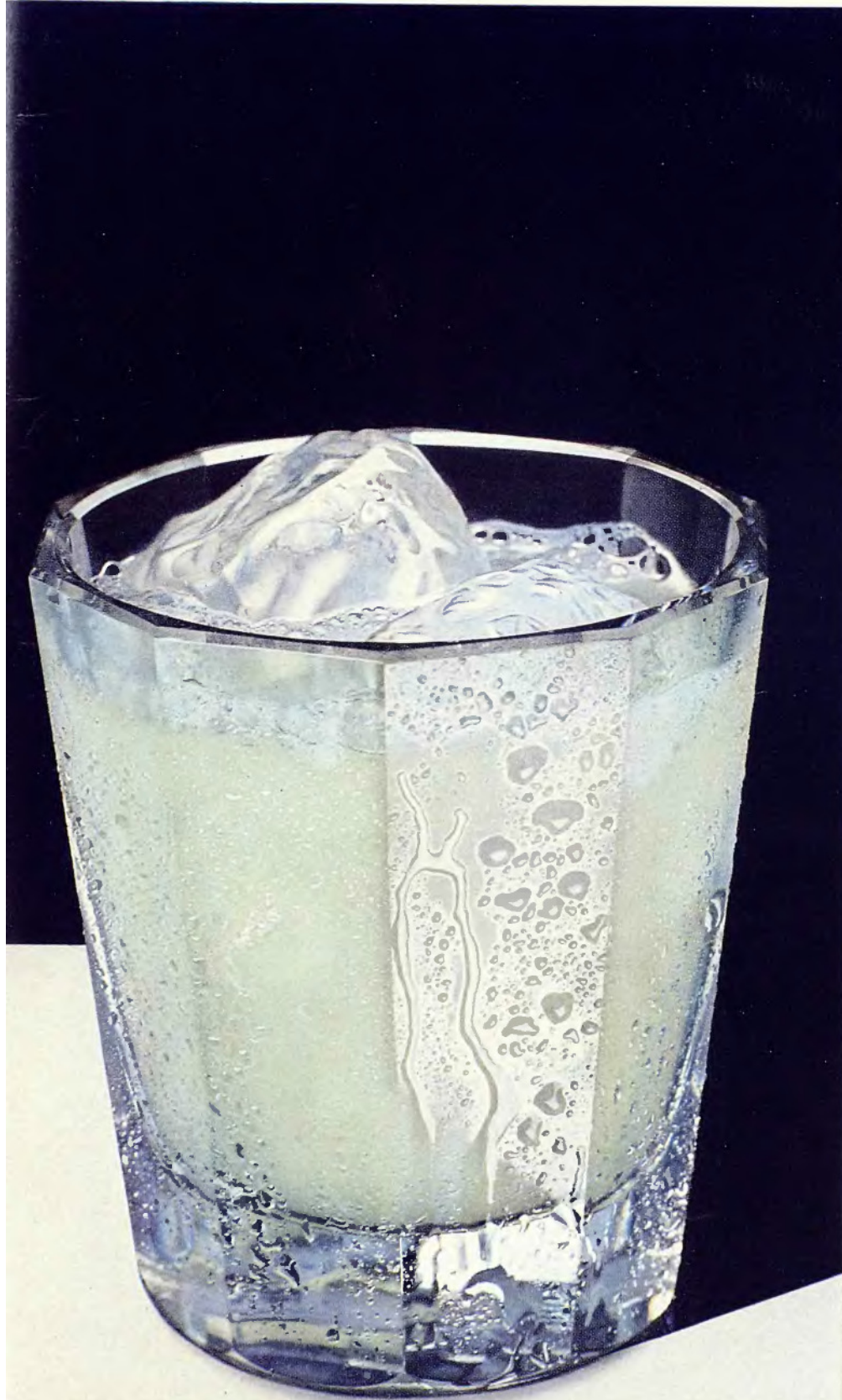


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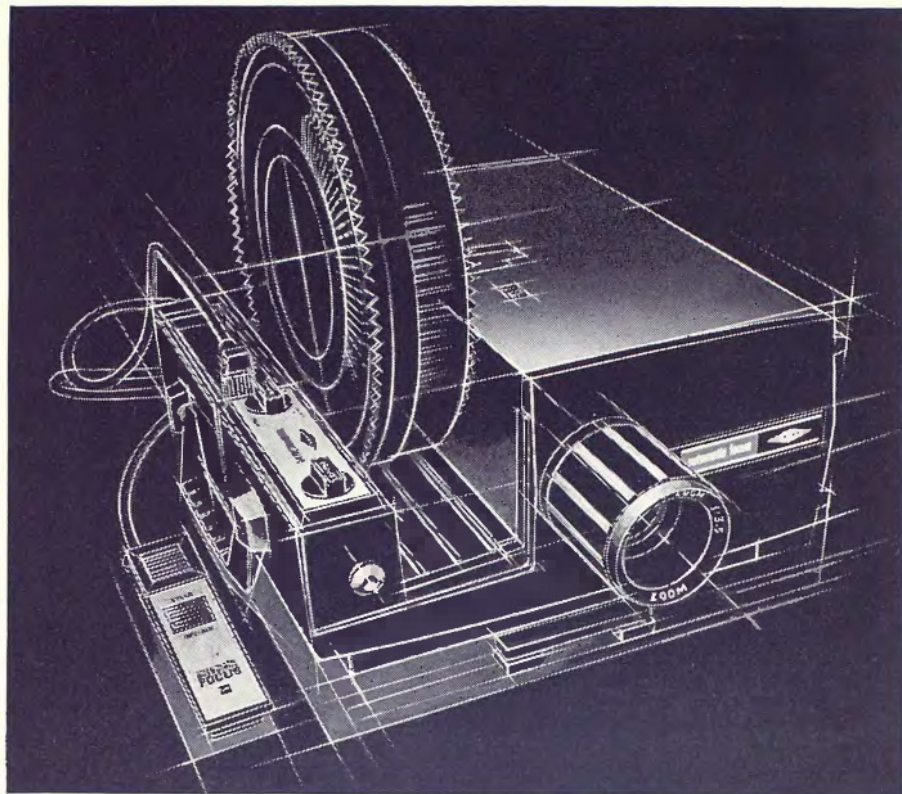
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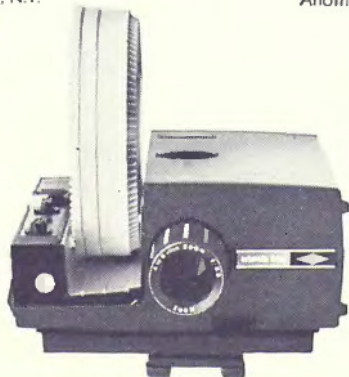
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PLAYBOY, December 1970, Vol. 17, No. 12.
Published monthly by HMH Publishing
Company Inc., Playboy Building, 919 North
Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

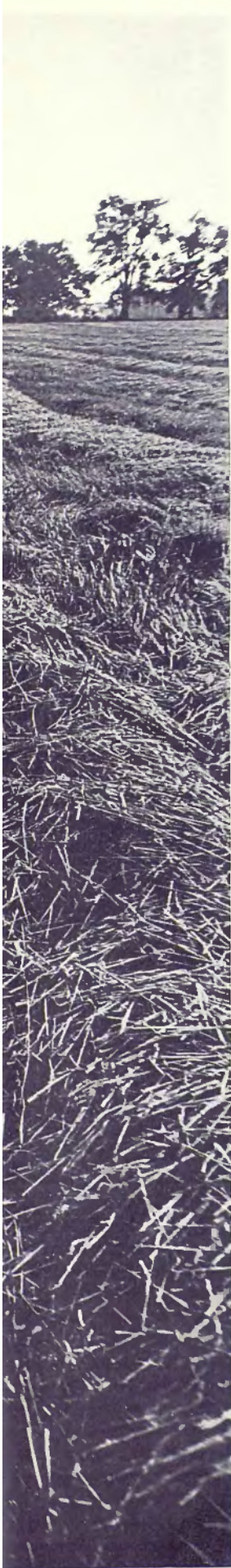


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(If she forgets my Ballantine's,
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DEAR PLAYBOY

 ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

STUDENT SURVEY SURVEYED

Please accept my commendations on *Playboy's Student Survey*, which appears in your September issue. There is really no room in this nation for gaps of any kind—whether between rich and poor, black and white, old and young. And your survey strikingly demonstrates that our young people share the same concerns as our older citizens. We are together disturbed by the conflict in Southeast Asia, by the increasing trend toward violence at home, by the escalating use of drugs both on and off the campus. Once these shared concerns are identified as such, then we can take concerted action to resolve these problems. And in that way, your student survey provides great assistance. Reasonable men together can find reasonable solutions to even the most pressing of our problems.

Representative Cornelius E. Gallagher
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

The reassuring liberalism and the generally moderate views of most students contain a valuable message for the political decision makers who hold authoritative positions in the so-called establishment. This is "the concerned generation," that, despite criticism and often arbitrary discipline, is committed to the ideals of social justice and political democracy. As a moderate centrist and an external observer of American affairs, I congratulate those students dedicated to the elimination of the traditional politics of self-interest, and congratulate your magazine on such a fine effort.

P. R. Charbonneau
Thunder Bay, Ontario

As a professional in the peace movement, I am moved to comment on the fact that a mere two percent of those surveyed consider nuclear disarmament to be the single most important issue facing America. It is to be expected that most of us who are concerned about peace issues would rate the war in Indochina as first priority. This, however, should not cloud the fact that the threat of nuclear annihilation is, as President Kennedy said, hanging over all our heads by the slimmest of threads.

We are at a point in history when intelligent political action can have a

significant effect on the various missile and bomb debates in Congress and in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks currently in progress. It would be tragic if the peace movement's primary concern about Indochina should allow us to miss the opportunity for political action to restrict the spread, use and further development of nuclear weapons and delivery systems.

Burton Cantrell, Field Organizer
SANE
Youngstown, Ohio

Having introduced legislation in the United States Senate to legalize abortion nationwide, I found the results of your student poll in the September issue to be most interesting. If other Senators and Congressmen could get the message, maybe the day of the illegal, unsanitary and expensive abortion would be a thing of the past. I am also encouraged that a majority of students deplore violence and believe that working within the system is the way to change it.

Senator Robert W. Packwood
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Your *Student Survey* was most interesting. Some of it was politically encouraging. As one who seeks significant change by working through the system, I was heartened to see that most students feel similarly. However, voicing an opinion is not enough to bring real reform. I would encourage students to work for progressive candidates—during election time and later. As a Congressman, I can attest to the fact that a small but well-directed effort by a significant number of people can bring real and concrete change.

In one sense, though, I think your evaluation of the student response missed the point. The poll revealed that 15 percent of all students in this country felt that the only way to institute change was through violent revolution. You noted that this was a remarkably small number, implying that we have nothing to worry about. I disagree strongly with that interpretation. To me, 15 percent represents a large segment of our students. In this day of centralization and advanced technology, a small violence-oriented minority can have a disproportionate amount of influence on the course of events. To

THERE
IS ONLY
ONE
JOY...



THE
COSTLIEST
PERFUME
IN THE
WORLD

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me, the fact that so large a number of people are so dissatisfied is cause for great concern. It only increases my resolve to bring necessary change through the system. This change must be forthcoming. I can only hope that the majority of students who also oppose violence but who desire change will join me in such an effort.

Representative Bertram L. Podell
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

It was interesting to see that, although students today are extremely concerned about this country and its Government, most of them do not fit the stereotypes that the older generation has tried to put them in. They are concerned and frustrated citizens who want the best for the future and who are trying to create change within the system.

Representative William F. Ryan
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Your *Student Survey* shows that an overwhelming majority of college students abhors violence. It also exposes the incredible arrogance of those 15 percent who call for violent revolution and predict that "the people" (meaning themselves) will overthrow our elected Government.

It is surprising how large the majority of moderate students actually is, because on our campus—like on most others—nearly all of the noise and violent action is perpetrated by a small radical minority. The passivity and helplessness of the student majority make these radicals dominant in most student affairs. Their image is further blown up by the news media, which often interpret campus violence by a radical few as an indication of "deep-seated frustrations among America's youth." I am one of America's youth, too, and I'm not so frustrated as to advocate revolution. The PLAYBOY survey has shown me that I'm part of a student majority of 85 percent who agrees that our system of Government is either all right or can effectively be changed by democratic and nonviolent means. Thank you.

Thomas Henry Buehler
Marina del Rey, California

I read with great interest the results of your campus poll. I was especially glad to see your analysis that "It appears that student political activity is not, as many have called it, a single-issue protest but, rather, a reflection of a deep and wide-ranging concern for America's problems that is not likely to wane when the war ends."

It is most encouraging that college students in all parts of the nation are so deeply concerned about the ills that beset our nation, from environmental degradation to racial conflict. This gives me

hope that the upcoming generation will insist that something more than rhetoric be applied to these problems. We could take a large step toward making students believe in this system of Government if high Federal officials would spend less time fulminating against student dissidents and more time being glad that youth are socially concerned.

Representative Michael J. Harrington
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

SOT IN HIS WAYS

As a portrait of a dying artist, Sean O'Faolain's *Of Sanctity and Whiskey* (PLAYBOY, September) was superb. The characterization of the drunk who cannot change yet realizes it's his death if he doesn't was magnificent, a portrayal that can be read on a number of levels. The depiction of the hated headmaster who finally succeeds in killing the artist with kindness was also beautifully done. Congratulations to the author and to PLAYBOY.

James Bennett
Covington, Kentucky

Of Sanctity and Whiskey is one of the best-written and most engrossing stories I've ever had the pleasure to read in your magazine. Surely it is one of the best of the year, if not the best. Writers, of course, pick and choose among their memories for the colors they daub on their canvas—and O'Faolain's memories are razor-sharp, his perceptions incisive. The drunken artist, the bigoted headmaster, the jumble of memories that come back not only to haunt but to kill. O'Faolain reminds us that the true sign of the master craftsman is when the final work of art is so overwhelming that we're not aware of the master craftsman at all.

Robert Mueller
Chicago, Illinois

After reading *Of Sanctity and Whiskey*, I started to play The Game with myself and tried to remember my local grammar school, the teachers I had, how I felt back then. With the passage of years, it's difficult to remember—the colors grow dim. And like the memories of O'Faolain's protagonist, not all of mine were pleasant, either. It was an excellent exercise and I'm indebted to your magazine for it; I was depressed for days—and very much aware of how excellent a writer O'Faolain is. My compliments, if not exactly my appreciation.

Michael Barthelme
Tucson, Arizona

EASY WRITERS

It was an unexpected pleasure to read your interview with Peter Fonda in the September issue. At first glance, I figured he would be another Hollywood brat, mouthing off the top of his head about

everything in general and dishing out a lot of shallow, unreal solutions for serious problems at hand. To my surprise, however, he came through with some heavy thoughts that impressed me very much. Fonda's pragmatic romanticism brought many of our world problems—such as air pollution, the generation gap, politics and differing life styles—into a new and interesting light. His bright dedication, love and compassion for a better world showed clearly. Peter Fonda is for real. I thank you for introducing me to this man.

Charles Malone
Coats, North Carolina

It is easy to see why Peter Fonda has become such a cult hero. I was deeply aware of his great promise in 1962 when I put him under personal contract after seeing him on Broadway in *Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole*. I never lost my enthusiasm for his ability, although my interest flagged when I became aware of his deep emotional insecurity and lack of professional discipline. A producer whose efforts are constantly buffeted by problems involving time and money cannot afford to indulge himself in a free spirit, however hopeful, whose antics might create chaos.

What he has said about his appearance in my film *Tammy and the Doctor* (incidentally, the doctor's name was Cheswick, not Schmuckface, as any sub-teen moviegoer of 1963 can tell you) has never bothered me. Even Peter knows that people really don't make films just to please themselves. It was made at a very modest cost to earn a profit in a certain market that had already proved lucrative in the case of earlier *Tammy* films.

I must confess an admiration for Peter Fonda as an actor and moviemaker. Hollywood has been campaigning for youth in the business, and I have been shouting back at Hollywood that youth must be tempered with experience. Both Peter and Dennis Hopper are young men who grew up in this industry and have gained the experience that has made their youthful ideas valuable. I hope that they will recognize the immense power of their sudden fame. What they do, what they say, what they stand for will be carbon-copied by millions of youthful idolaters who will blindly follow whatever paths their icons suggest. That is a very sobering responsibility. Success is not all laughs.

Ross Hunter
Universal City, California

Congratulations on your excellent interview with Peter Fonda. The country is frantically looking for good drug-abuse-education literature to stop drug use and, given its premise, it will never find any. Peter's straight talk is not palatable to it. Nevertheless, I will certainly be recommending this interview as

'PUB' Cologne. Flagged for Christmas.

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must reading. An honest discussion of the issues involved goes further than the hysterical programing we call drug-abuse education.

Peter G. Hammond
Executive Director
National Coordinating Council
on Drug Abuse Education
and Information Inc.
Washington, D. C.

Your interview with Peter Fonda was a clever, although roundabout, way of urging us to stiffen our gun-control laws. Anyone who read it couldn't help being frozen, as I was, at the thought that deadly weapons are in the hands of those who shouldn't be trusted with peashooters.

Fonda, according to his own account, has a history of suicide attempts, violence arrests and drug addiction. He says he uses marijuana most of the time and LSD some of the time. He is also convinced that it is anyone's right to use whatever means he has in his possession to change any form of government he is dissatisfied with. He isn't satisfied with ours. *PLAYBOY* tells us that Fonda now has in his possession a .30-30 rifle, a 12-gauge shotgun, a .44-40 revolver and a .25 automatic. They are not ornaments.

"I'm a crack shot, man," he bragged to your interviewer. Shouldn't Fonda wear some sort of bell to warn folks when he's in the neighborhood?

Al Capp

Boston, Massachusetts

Sorry, Al. If you had read the interview closely, you would have found that Peter Fonda made only one suicide attempt, had no violence arrests and disclaimed any addiction to drugs.

Fonda's thoughts are worthy of scrutiny by all the assorted opponents of grass. I'm reminded of what Lincoln replied when the bluenoses rushed into his office one day and declared: "Grant's a lush! As a matter of fact, right this minute he's having a cocktail atop his old gray mare!" Lincoln responded: "What kind of sauce does he prefer? I'll send a keg to my other generals, if they'll get the same results!"

Maybe that's what the constituents of our elected officials should do: send a little bag of goodies such as Fonda smokes to our beloved Representatives. Certainly, if they smoked a little grass, they'd know a hell of a lot more about what they were condemning.

Patrick A. Hall
Hastings, Nebraska

I am an ex-black militant. I gave up burning up and tearing down the country when I realized that this way there would be nothing left for us to enjoy when we finally got the freedom that we are searching for. For this reason, I find myself in complete agreement with what Peter Fonda has to say on this subject. The black American does not have the



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Antonio y Cleopatra

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time to form his own separate identity, because by the time this comes about there will be nothing to identify with. Blacks must first make sure that there is a country here for them to have their place in. Of course, the end is not far off if white America does not wake up in time to the fact that if we go, then it goes, too.

Sonny James
Baltimore, Maryland

Diogenes can come off his trip. Peter Fonda is revealed in your interview as that great rarity—a totally honest, no-bullshit man!

John Bright
North Hollywood, California

Peter Fonda reveals himself to be a silver-spoon-fed child of a wealthy and famous actor. He arrogantly criticizes his fellow man, his President and country; he preaches his "dreamworld" views from his rooftop, but he hasn't the guts to face life as the ordinary man does—without being wrapped in the security blanket of drugs. Heraclitus' old proverb still stands: "Much knowledge does not teach wisdom."

Frederic Goldsmith
Santa Monica, California

What a frightening comment on our society, when, in order to relate to trees, birds, plants, our children and ourselves, people need artificial stimuli such as LSD and mescaline. When I flip over the beauty of a slice of cucumber, strangers ask me, "What are you high on?" I'm "high on" nothing. I achieve a high naturally. A natural high is a fantastic feeling—try it.

Shawn McGillicuddy
Phoenix, Arizona

It's good to know that Peter Fonda finally got it all together. He's now able to relate to something in life—such as his money-making film *Easy Rider*, a \$250,000 sailing boat, grass and acid. His sacred cows are so much better than those of the establishment. It's surprising what a mixture of grass, acid and success can do! What would Fonda be without them?

Mike Hiles
Phoenix, Arizona

LONG LIVE THE KING

I read *All Hail the Sovereign Duchy of Nieuw Amsterdamme!* (PLAYBOY, September) with a great deal of interest and enjoyed it very much. Jean Shepherd's biting satire and Shakespearean comedy relief leave me with a sense of tragedy of man on earth. How horrible it is that we cannot live in peace as brothers. If my singing *Tiptoe Throughe ye Tuelippes* will help lighten the burden of all mankind and not only "his beloved king," then I and all other entertainers will

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Tiny Tim
New York, New York

TO ABORT OR NOT TO ABORT

After reading Dr. Robert Hall's *The Abortion Revolution* (PLAYBOY, September), I was deeply impressed with his brilliant and cogent summary of the history and course of the abortion revolution. Thank you for publishing it.

Mary S. Calderone, M. D.

Director

Sex Information and

Education Council of the U. S.
New York, New York

I wish to commend you for publishing *The Abortion Revolution*. As an Illinois state legislator who has sponsored abortion-law-reform bills and chaired a subcommittee that investigated the abortion dilemma in Illinois, I have more than a passing interest in the subject. Dr. Hall correctly observes that repeal of more abortion laws in restrictive states may be easier to achieve than reform, particularly when the opposition is equally intransigent to both repeal or reform. He also rightly says that the medical profession has not lived up to its responsibilities in this area. But when he says repeal through the courts is preferable to repeal through legislation, I feel this is unwarranted. We need both decisive court decisions and proper repeal legislation. To not legislate after court decisions would allow chaos to reign, would allow the medical profession, the hospital profession and the state health department to arrogate to themselves procedural strictures through rules and regulations and thus to pervert court decisions. Supervised physician control of abortion should be protected by legislation before the medical associations and the state health departments erode this right.

Representative Leland H. Rayson
Illinois General Assembly
Springfield, Illinois

Physicians are not often notoriously in the vanguard of social or sexual progress, and a surprisingly large number are reactionary in these respects. Dr. Hall is a notable exception. His article is thoroughly enlightening and progressive. Let us hope that not too many of his fellow A. M. A. members try to sabotage his consistently humanistic stand.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D.

Executive Director

Institute for Advanced Study in
Rational Psychotherapy
New York, New York

I have never read such anti-Catholic, anti-life propaganda in my life. Dr. Hall's "masterpiece" is so full of fallacies

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that I can only pray the American people are able to put their own prejudices aside in time to see through this guy, who could very well be the Devil himself. He was wrong when he stated that most people, also Catholics, want abortion reform (repeal). Most people are just blindly apathetic. They haven't thought this idea through enough to realize that by permitting this monstrous violence against human dignity, they, in turn, lose their own birthright. God help us.

Barbara Radigan
Lansing, Michigan

Since I am a young nurse, I have frequently seen girls enter the hospital, married and unmarried, to have their first baby. Many are only 16 and 17 years old. They are bewildered by the pain, daunted at the prospect of the responsibility of motherhood and very often alone. If married, the fathers are pathetically young and equally frightened. Finances are habitually limited and education abruptly comes to a halt for many. More than likely, ignorance and/or non-availability of contraceptives are to blame. Should abortion be denied these children? Should a baby be reared in such an unstable home? If this be regarded as punishment for misconduct, what has the baby done? I feel abortion laws are long overdue for reevaluation and reconstruction.

J. K. Crist, R. N.
St. Croix, Virgin Islands

Dr. Hall's splendid historical analysis of *The Abortion Revolution* is slightly marred by his unjustified scorn for the psychiatric profession. He indicated that in the bad old days, wealthy patients could be aborted by finding a "compliant psychiatrist" who "would lie for them" by certifying that a pregnancy constituted a threat to life. Actually, psychiatrists enable thousands of desperate women to be aborted, in cases in which the law offers no other way out. They also provide humanistic opposition to Dr. Hall's suggestion that the aborting physician be a "mere technician" in the performance of abortion.

Peter Barglow, M. D.
Associate Attending Physician
Departments of Psychiatry and
Gynecology
Michael Reese Hospital
Chicago, Illinois

I essentially agree with Dr. Hall's delineation of the roles a physician should play in abortion cases. That a physician should perform the abortion is obvious. That the physician should suggest abortion as an alternative to a woman unaware of its availability (or too frightened to ask about it) is certainly appropriate; it is part of the "social as well as professional responsibilities" of a physician. That the doctor try to dissuade that very small minority whose request for an abor-

tion is an irrational or self-destructive one certainly suggests that the doctor is not just serving "as a mere technician." However, in the vast majority of the cases, the decision to have a therapeutic abortion would be the woman's alone.

Maurice S. Cerul, M. D.
Executive Board Member
Abortion Justice Association
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dr. Hall asserts that laws against abortion were enacted solely because of medical hazards to the mother and should be repealed "now that abortion is safe." Rubbish! Abortion is not safe; performed after the third month of pregnancy, it is riskier than childbirth. It should be obvious that the new life generated by human parents can be nothing less than human because human beings do not beget guppies or puppies. Thus, anti-abortionists have issued this challenge: If the human embryo is not a human being, tell us what it is. To date, no reasonable response has been made. Perhaps Dr. Hall is hinting at a rare insight that he is too modest to proclaim outright. In the human embryo, Dr. Robert Hall may have discovered the long-sought missing link between man and ape!

Virginia Gager
Minneapolis, Minnesota

READOUT FOR THE HEREAFTER

Robert Goldman's *Payment Overdue* (PLAYBOY, September) is the best twist on the old selling-your-soul-to-the-Devil theme that I've read in years. In fact, the idea of a completely automated and computerized hell has blown my mind completely. But since most of us live life by the numbers anyway, maybe *this* is hell and IBM is the Devil. A chilling story, with some chilling afterthoughts. My thanks for the former, but no thanks for the latter.

Moses Fairman
Atlanta, Georgia

THE DAM(N) BUILDERS

Three cheers for Gene Marine's *The Engineering Mentality* in the September issue. The next fight for freedom must be waged against the institutions for higher education that now turn out 40,000 engineers every year for only 20,000 jobs. The surplus engineers dominate our every step and every civic decision. In San Diego, 1800 unemployed engineers from the aerospace industry are organizing to find further creative work that will destroy the ecology. There are only 1,000,000 engineers working in the entire nation. They should not be too hard to stamp out.

Albert S. Keevil
San Diego, California

So that's what it's all about. Gene Marine let me see more than my brain-washed eyes have seen in 29 years. My



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Wedgewood

PIPE TOBACCO

eyes are open, and I no longer find full agreement with today's *cientificos*. Instead, I have found empathy with today's revolutionaries. America must find room for individual human feelings. However, revolutionary mobs must also remember that if they expect history to repeat itself, they, too, will become *cientificos*. Their "why" is important, but can they come up with all the right answers?

Marine's article should be read by everyone. If there is understanding, America might have enough advisors with new magical scientific knowledge to find a middle ground.

Mark Tornga
Jackson, Michigan

Marine says: "The engineer's job—the essence of what we mean by engineer—is to solve whatever problem you give him, as directly as possible." This is not a true description—it is an insult to the modern engineer. Although Marine's assertion may have had some validity in the past, as technology keeps up with the times, engineers are forced not merely to solve a problem but to do so better than anyone else. Contrary to what Marine says, engineers do take into account the side effects a particular project may have (such as harming the environment) and then take appropriate steps to correct for this. It is sad to think that Marine regards technology as a malignity to mankind instead of the boon that it really is.

William G. Allen, Jr.
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Troy, New York

During the past two years, I have worked very closely with the aircraft industry and the military as an electrical engineer. I am thankful that I see nature as it was meant to be and do not try and make it a mathematical model. All too frequently my colleagues see the iron instead of the mountain, the paper instead of the tree, the power instead of the waterfall. The 21st Century needs less engineers and more humanitarians.

Charles J. Murphy, Jr.
Bronx, New York

Marine's criticisms are misdirected and impotent. The policy decisions for those big projects that he denounces were really generated by a coalition of politicians, big-business con men and special-interest groups—all of whom stood to make a killing. If you take a good look at the top management people of our big and medium-sized corporations, you will discover that approximately 90 percent of them have been promoted out of their respective sales departments. Consequently, the sales department has proportionately the same amount of "clout" when policy decisions are made. These

men got their jobs primarily because they have that Midas touch—that charismatic ability to sell themselves and their own ideas. Politicians are much the same way.

On the other hand, engineers are an inarticulate lot, at best. Like scientists, they are often misunderstood and regarded with suspicion. Some of it is their own fault. Engineers have acquired a reputation for being the world's worst communicators. Often their ideas do not get sold to top management—not because the ideas are wrong but simply because the engineers who fostered those ideas are unable to argue well enough in their own behalf. For this reason, ideas and innovations that would have cleaned up our environment were shelved or never given consideration from up top.

Marine makes a grave mistake when he takes verbal swipes at engineers. He is unwittingly alienating people who already are on his side—the same class of people this society will need most to correct the ills to which he refers.

Arthur Howells, Jr.
Western Springs, Illinois

Instead of telling us to shut up, Marine should have been urging us to speak up. If the engineer is due criticism, it is for exercising too little influence on the basic decisions, not too much. Only competent professional engineering—recognizing, describing and solving the problems—can rescue our environment from the abuses of incompetent direction and distorted value judgments. If he must have a culprit, Marine should look to the average citizen, who for decades voted down sewer bond issues recommended by both politicians and engineers. In the environment, as in most other things, you only get what you pay for.

Louis L. Guy, Jr., P. E.
Annandale, Virginia

KINKY CLASSIFIEDS

Notes from the Underground: Classifieds, by Larry Tritten (PLAYBOY, September), was the best piece of humor you've run in a long time. I wouldn't have believed those classified ads that run in underground papers could be parodied—but Tritten's done a great job of it.

Lucille Norris
Los Angeles, California

Speaking for the millions of gay, hung amputees throughout the country who are seriously trying to establish meaningful relationships with hung, masochistic dwarfs, I think your article was tasteless and insensitive to the needs of others. You may not understand love, but some of us do.

Lyle Johnston
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We hope that you'll accord Saint Nick a warm welcome when he slides down your central-air-conditioning duct on Christmas Eve. Most of you, we trust, acting in the proper spirit, will offer him a hot toddy, gratefully accept his largess and send him on his merry way. But we fear that the prevalence of pop psychoanalysis—especially in the form of encounter-group therapy—could give Santa a bad trip if he inadvertently dropped into the middle of such a session. This leads us to speculate on how some contemporary upper-middle-class Clement C. Moore might record such a confrontation. It would probably be in diary form and go something like this:

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the group—our weekly Esalen-style nude encounter session with Ken and Janet and Bruce and Deirdre and my wife Beth and me—not a sound could be heard, except for the soft, almost subliminal whisper of finger tips stroking skin as the six of us gradually began the exploration of one another's carnal sanctums. My beige jump suit was folded with care and placed beside the girls' neat pile of see-through blouses, gaucho pants and leather boots. The session was at our house this week, so Beth and I had asked the kids to go to bed earlier than usual—and by now, sexually significant prepubescent visions of bananas and doughnuts were adance in their heads.

With the tip of my forefinger, I had just begun to trace a tentative swirl along the exquisitely curved underside of Janet's left breast (accepting without embarrassment or guilt, for the first time, the compulsive nature of my endemically American mammary fixation), while Ken caressed the previously uncharted upper reaches of Beth's left thigh—a major breakthrough for both of them—when suddenly from out on the lawn there arose such a clatter that the interpersonal harmony of the group was instantly shattered.

Disentangling myself from the half-lotus posture I'd mastered at the Zen Yoni Center near Big Sur, I walked calmly to the window, raised the blinds and looked

out. I don't know what my years of insensitivity had led me to expect, but I was hardly prepared for a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer being driven by a rubicund old gent in a red suit.

At first I thought it was a hallucination, perhaps induced by a combination of factors: a general feeling of ennui from working too much overtime, dissatisfaction with my life role as a self-consciously semi-hip computer-programmer/suburban-husband/father-consumer, and frustration at the failure of everything from tantric yoga to meditative tactile-liberation therapy in helping me to get into Janet's drawers. My next thought, however, was that I was witnessing either a far-out psychodrama or a casebook example of that classic contemporary pathology—delusions of sainthood—carried to the gaudiest and most extravagant extreme. But the prancing and pawing of hooves on the rooftop made me realize that our visitor really *was* Saint Nick himself. After all, even NASA can't produce aeronautic reindeer.

As I drew back from the window and was turning around to share this extraordinary vision with my loved ones, he came down the chimney with a bound. It's a good thing he decided to join us when he did, because it was obvious that he was a quivering mass of hang-ups. To begin with, he was dressed all in *fur* from his head to his toes—in downtown Santa Monica, mind you, with the temperature 86 degrees outside. Not only a kinky clothing fetish but masochistic tendencies as well—though who am I to judge; secretly I envied him. His cheeks were flushed like roses (embarrassment? self-consciousness? overdressing?) and his nose resembled a cherry—a clear sign that he was boozing far too much and would become a chronic alcoholic if he couldn't kick the eggnog. The stump of a pipe in his mouth was a dead giveaway that he was completely hooked on oral gratification—a product of maternal overprotection. And what was he smoking? Copping out by dropping out with hemp, no doubt. And it wouldn't take Adler or Jung to spot the latent homosexuality implicit in the phallic symbolism of that

pipe. Most pitifully revealing of all, however, was the fact that he was fat—self-indulgently, self-contemptuously, self-destructively fat.

Bruce wasted no time in laying it on the line. "What you need is a T group, chubs," he told Saint Nick. "But for now, why not just sit down here and rap with us for a while? Maybe we can at least get you started on the road toward some tangible insights into your problems."

"And take off your clothes," said Deirdre firmly. "Bodily awareness is the first step toward emotional health."

Santa was understandably reluctant to shed his psychic camouflage, but at the urging of Deirdre, Janet and Beth, he hesitantly complied; and I laughed in spite of myself when I saw him bare-ass—which naturally inhibited him even more, since he wasn't yet tuned in to the fact that the release of hostilities is the first step toward truly turning on to one another.

I was about to bring up his drinking problem when Beth noticed the bundle of toys he'd left in the chimney. Postponing the implications of his need to carry toys around at his age, she asked him point-blank: "Do you *really* give for the joy of giving, old man? Aren't you actually offering bribes for affection—compulsively trying to *buy* love?" Before he could answer, Janet interjected: "Or are you a latent pedophile? Sneaking into children's houses at night on the pretext of giving them presents and preying on their innocence. You poor, sick, dirty old man!"

Santa, taken aback, could only draw his droll little mouth up like a bow—to which Ken remarked sarcastically, "If a silly-ass, shit-eating grin is your answer to a relevant observation, how in hell do you ever expect to get in touch with yourself, let alone relate to anyone else?"

"And let's not forget those elves, either," added Deirdre. "That's a pretty cute setup, isn't it? Or do you just employ freaks because the contrast between your sizes nourishes your twisted ego and feeds your vanity?"

Saint Nick sat there stumped with the full burden of his guilt and responsibility. I figured he'd react, typically, by launching

into a lengthy self-defense—but instead he merely got slowly to his feet, turned with a jerk and, laying his finger aside that bulbous nose (nervous reflex? crude gesture? itchy nostril?), gave a nod and retreated up the chimney. Complete withdrawal. Frankly, I had hoped for a more mature reaction from someone of his age and experience. And yet it may not all have been in vain. As he vanished into the sky, I heard him exclaim. "Self-fulfillment to all, and to all a good night!"

Sated by caroling bands of angels in every shopwindow, pursued by the strains of *Silent Night* from transistor radios, Muzak loud-speakers and humming secretaries, we feel that it's time to turn our thoughts away from these Johnny-come-lately traditions and contemplate the true, pagan significance of Christmas: unbridled wantonness, license and orgy. Reflect nostalgically on those days half a millennium ago, if you will, when robust members of the clergy led their flock in seasonal merriment by dancing in the choir loft, shooting dice in the aisles, singing wanton ballads and delighting all observers with performances replete, as one unamused spectator reported, with "indecent gestures and verses scurrilous and unchaste."

They don't make priests or yuletide celebrations like that anymore. *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* makes a poor substitute for dirty ditties from the pulpit, and current Christmas sermons are woefully lacking in vulgarity of word or gesture. But traces of the season's traditional sexuality are still discernible around us, carrying subliminal messages of lust. The holly on the walls, for example, has for centuries conveyed suggestions of rampant eroticism. If it's spiked, it's considered masculine, through symbolism too obvious to expound. Ideally, it should be coupled with smooth-edged English holly, which is regarded as female; but in its absence, clinging ivy—also female—is a customary substitute. Though women's lib may protest this archaic stereotype of their character, we pass the information on without prejudice.

If your partner takes offense at the parallel, change the subject and lead her over to the Christmas tree, that quintessential family totem beloved of Queen Victoria, and point out the obvious phallic significance of the tall and hardy evergreen, casting its benevolent shadow over all. The multicolored lights that deck its branches are invocations to the god of the sun, from whom all fruitfulness flows. Remind her of the story of Astarte, Semitic goddess of reproduction, who was so infatuated with a mortal that she came down to earth on a shooting star to visit her lover. This passionate voyage is commemorated by the star on the top of the tree.

If even this story doesn't move the object of your attentions, take her to dinner. Any host with foresight will crown his Christmas meal with a boar's head biting an apple. Ever since Eve, the apple, of course, has reeked of *double-entendre*, but the boar's head is even more significant. An older historical tradition than the familiar suckling pig, the boar's head is dedicated to the Norse god of wealth, seed and sexuality, at whose Priapic rites the sacrifice of a boar played an important part. In a place of honor on the festive table, it pays discreet homage to the male organ, for which it stands.

If your ladyfriend still seems unready to join you in your own fertility rites, persuade her to sit by the fire and warm herself as the yule log burns. Its sparks and ashes have potent sexual implications, since the log is sacred to the gods of vegetation. Should this erotic suggestion fail to work its wiles, you may have to try the strongest charm of all—mistletoe, the original golden bough. The druids prized it highly and even nonheathens are unable to resist its stimulating properties. But be warned: It should be used only as a final resort. Ever since prehistory, mistletoe has been used as a folk cure for sterility. You wouldn't want to sabotage her Enovid.

Television may be coming of age, judging from this *TV Guide* listing for *Soldier of Fortune*, starring Clark Gable and Susan Hayward: "Photographer Louis Hoyt mysteriously disappears in Red China. His wife's efforts to find him lead her to Hong Kong and Hank Lee, an American adventurer who agrees to find Hoyt—for a piece."

Our Illustrated Man Award goes to 23-year-old Patrick Hylton of Cambridge, England, who has 800 tattoos—30 of them girls' names—all over his body. Despite the fact that the name of his fiancée, Valerie Roberson, appears 17 times on his epidermis, she's still a little upset. "It's Sadie I'm worried about," she laments. "He's got her in big letters on his chest."

Let academic freedom ring: From *Moderator*, a national magazine for student leadership, we learned that the trustees of Iowa Wesleyan College were so angered by the "obscenity" of a student-written play about totalitarianism in modern society that they forthwith abolished the drama department.

For service below the call of duty: An American soldier has been awarded a Purple Heart for a wound he received miles away from the front lines, while relaxing in a massage parlor. The enemy was a masseuse, and the wound she inflicted was a love bite—on "a very tender

spot," according to *Overseas Weekly*. When the girl turned out to be a Viet Cong agent, the oral assault was promptly labeled "hostile action," and the GI qualified for the medal. As the newspaper put it, "Everybody has heard of guys getting Purple Hearts under strange or doubtful circumstances, but this one has to take first place. We wonder how they worded the citation."

We're inclined to agree with the fellow who wrote the following letter to the editor of the *New York Daily News*: "After listening to various members of the women's liberation movement on television, I have reached the conclusion that these women would make good husbands."

For anyone who may have missed it, there was an article in the June issue of *Organic Gardening and Farming* titled "How to Ball a Tree."

Atlanta police were well received when they opened a new precinct in the hippie district along Peachtree Street. The fuzz hung a psychedelic sign outside the station reading: THE PIG PEN.

That's progress: We're pleased to report that nearly 50 years after work started on the definitive Welsh dictionary, a team of compilers is working through the letter H.

Buck Budwach, managing editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser*, was among news executives testifying in the Hawaii legislature against a bill requiring retractions of published errors. The *Advertiser* story reporting the testimony misspelled his name.

Attention, Masters and Johnson: A Chicago suburban paper, the *Arlington Heights Herald*, led off an article on the need for electoral reforms with a provocative question: "Suppose we had an election and nobody came?"

There's a Greenwich Village moving company that uses young, shapely women as drivers and as part of its moving force. Its name? The Mother Truckers.

Good news is no news: Mickey Carlton, editor of the *Richmond, British Columbia Review*, recently published an issue of the paper "designed to please everyone and offend nobody." Dropping all court reports, controversial meetings, crime, violence, editorial criticism and pictures of scantily clad females, the paper apologized to those who might miss "the usually lively news absent from this special Pink Tea issue, dedicated to the

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minority who prefer to view through rose-colored glasses." The lead story was devoted to the purchase of a \$4000 heifer, and photos of cattle purchased by local farmers had all "objectionable" areas on each steer blacked out. Reports of other innocuous events had a theme suggesting that everything in Richmond was lovely, a word that appeared in most stories several times. The result? The issue was a dismal failure; irate readers telephoned and wrote letters, demanding their own gutsy newspaper back the following week.

America—Love It or Leave It: A Chicago bank is offering new depositors a choice of a U. S. flag or a passport case.

BOOKS

On the bookstands, at least, the Chicago Conspiracy Trial drags on and on—and on. Among the current chronicles of that already historic confrontation, *The Tales of Hoffman* (Bantam) has perhaps the most judiciously selected montage from the injudicious transcript, with a gleefully sardonic introduction by Dwight Macdonald on the cultural significance of the event, which he believes "the young won hands down, on points." Less of the transcript is included in *Verdict!* (Third Press), but it contains more than 300 drawings by Verna Sadock (some of which appeared on Huntley/Brinkley during the hostilities) as well as a polemical commentary by playwright Joseph Okpaku. Ramsey Clark and law professor Harry Kalven, Jr., provide introductions to *Contempt* (Swallow), which contains the texts of the contempt citations and responses. For Black Panther specialists, a concise addition to the literature is *The "Trial" of Bobby Seale* (Priam), which includes only those segments of the transcript that concern Seale along with short, pertinent essays by Julian Bond and civil-liberties expert Norman Dorsen. The first of the defendants to write his own book, Tom Hayden gives his own perspective not only on the proceedings but also on the events leading to the trial and on what must be done to further "the revolution" in the decade ahead. Hayden's *Trial* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is thus a potential blueprint for disruption by a leading architect of what may now be called the old New Left. One of the more astute newspapermen at the trial was J. Anthony Lukas of *The New York Times*, and his retrospective account—not subject to the blue pencils of *Times* editors—is a trenchant, though hardly profound, assessment of those assizes. It's called *The Barnyard Epithet and Other Obscenities* (Harper & Row). The longest and best-written analysis is Jason Epstein's *The Great Conspiracy Trial* (Random House). Epstein, a Random



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House editor, has produced what may stand as a durable contribution to both the history of American radicalism and constitutional law. There are more books to come. However, it seems unlikely that, even in hindsight, they will take any kindlier view of those shameful proceedings.

The secret is out: Peter DeVries is a mother lover, and the object of his affection is *Mrs. Wallop* (Little, Brown), the kind of a mother only a son could hate. As a mom to end all literary moms, forthright Emma Wallop is actually DeVries' device for a devastating lampoon of maternally fixated novelists. Since the book is all gall, it is shrewdly divided into three parts. In the first, we learn of the young man who creates a best seller while living in Emma's rooming house. When his book's revelations not only cause his mother to die of shame but also, Emma feels, malign her unfairly, she artfully manages to turn the lion-maned fellow into a lamb with writer's block. But hold it, as Mrs. Wallop is wont to say. What have we here next? Part two, the complete text of a *novella* written by Emma's own son that, naturally, blames her for his hang-ups about sex, as well as for his guilt when he *doesn't* have hang-ups about sex. In a hilarious part three, Emma gains her bittersweet revenge by moving into her son's life and rearranging it to suit both of them better. She gets the *novella* turned into a critically successful film, taking care of the boy's career problems; and she saves him from a life of homosexuality by maneuvering his marriage to a miniskirted cutie. Thus Mrs. Wallop becomes the first emasculating mother ever to re-ball her son. Along the merry way, DeVries manages to plant her verbal *banderillas* in such targets as art movies ("With the heroes they give us, who needs villains?"), English-lit majors, integration, the generation gap (Emma is "too old to wear granny glasses"), day-care centers and rock-group names. Puns and epigrams litter the pages, ranging from a mother's prayer to "lead us not into castration" to the Perelmanic "His gaze swept the floor, which was more than the cleaning woman had." Like the game fighter that she is, Mrs. Wallop packs one.

Charles A. Lindbergh is the possessor of what is quaintly called character, a strong and sometimes stubborn individuality coupled with a healthy contempt for the baubles of the world—including celebrity itself. These admirable qualities help somewhat to redeem *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* (Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich), the diary he kept between 1938 and 1945. Unfortunately, these journals also remind the world of the man's less admirable qualities—his

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incredible political naïveté and his monstrous insensitivity to the horrors of Hitlerism. Lindy traveled through pre-War Europe estimating military preparedness and, on his return to the United States in April of 1939, actively campaigned against American intervention in the War. Isolationism collapsed with Pearl Harbor, but for Lindbergh, who became a consultant on bomber production and fighter planes, it remains valid in retrospect. Mixing scientific malarkey with his own *Realpolitik*, he insists in a foreword to the diary that the West "lost the genetic heredity" while coming to the rescue of an expiring British Empire and a prostrate France. "In order to defeat Germany and Japan we supported the still-greater menaces of Russia and China," he laments. He reports without comment his acceptance of one of Germany's highest medals, presented by Marshal Goering in 1938 "by order of *der Führer*." His blindness about Nazism leads him to equate American atrocities in the Pacific with the atrocity of the Final Solution: "What the German has done to the Jew in Europe, we are doing to the Jap in the Pacific," he remarks during a post-War visit to an extermination factory. "What is barbaric on one side of the earth is still barbaric on the other." Such facile equations should be measured, however, against the truths that also appear in the 1000-page diary: man's need for privacy and, occasionally, solitude; his awareness of the growing vulgarization of American society. The reflections are not always original, but what Lindy lacks as a philosopher (or political analyst) he supplements with an earnest honesty and an unwavering determination to chart his own course through the world. Happily, the disastrous course he would have charted for this country was thumpingly rejected by his fellow Americans and Lindy returned to the privacy that always suited him so much better than the limelight.

Sean O'Faolain's collection of short stories, *The Talking Trees* (Atlantic-Little, Brown), may seem old-fashioned to eyes grown strabismic keeping up with the circus put on by today's prose writers. O'Faolain writes about Irish men and women who behave as if love mattered. There are 11 stories in this volume—two of which appeared first in *PLAYBOY*—and they are almost all insularly Irish, spanning no greater distance in space or mores than exists between Dublin and Cork. In feeling, however, these stories cover all continents where hope or regret have been observed among the inhabitants. O'Faolain need not pay tribute to any of the giants looming in the Irish background, but one can't help noting his use of the epiphany—that moment, as Joyce described it, which recalls itself to the writer as "a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of

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■ Get to know your pipe gradually. Smoke only a pipeful or so a day at first.

■ The trick to lighting a pipe is to tamp down the glow. Then, light up again. Now, cover the bowl and draw in two or three times. This pulls the burning embers down into the bowl and spreads the light uniformly throughout the tobacco.

■ To keep your pipe lit, tamp down the tobacco ash frequently with a tamper.

■ Tobacco will burn cooler if you don't puff too quickly. Try to puff in time with your breathing.

■ After every pipeful, eliminate any lingering smoke or moisture by blowing through the stem. It's also a good idea to run a pipe cleaner through your pipe after every smoke. Occasionally, dip a cleaner in Pipe Refresher first.

■ Never re-fill your pipe immediately after smoking. Give it a chance to cool. After a while, you'll want at least two or three pipes to rotate.



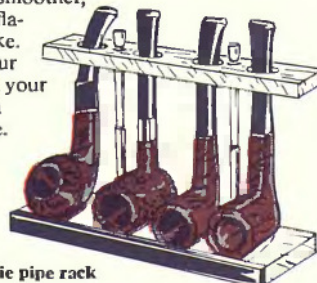
Kaywoodie butane lighter

Billiard

■ It's surprising how many pipe smokers who should know better knock their pipes against hard surfaces to remove tobacco. Instead, use a pipe tool to remove the tobacco or gently tap the bowl on the palm of your hand.

■ Don't wait too long to remove the excess cake that builds up. Sudden heating and cooling could cause the bowl to crack. When the cake gets about as thick as a nickel, use a reamer to remove the excess—never a knife or other sharp instrument.

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speech or of gesture or in a memorable phrase of the mind itself." Each of O'Faolain's stories has at least one such manifestation. *The Time of Their Lives*, one of the two tales that takes place outside of Ireland—on the shore of Lake Como, to be exact—is, if there can be such a thing, a series of comic epiphanies as experienced in the romance between a stout Irish spinster and an emaciated Italian nobleman. Imagine an amalgam of Henry James, Malamud and Joyce, and you come close to the flavor. But it's not Ireland or epiphanies that finally make *The Talking Trees* so enjoyable. It's Sean O'Faolain, the kind of writer who will never settle for a competent line if he can possibly find a brilliant one.

Former U. S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark provides a remarkably clearheaded, wide-ranging exploration of *Crime in America* (Simon & Schuster), a book that, alas, is not likely to be heeded—or even read—by his successor, John Mitchell. Although studded with statistics, Clark's observations on the nature, causes, prevention and control of crime are analytical rather than descriptive. None of his prescriptions is startlingly new—better-educated and better-paid police, a transformation of prisons into rehabilitation centers (a section published in *PLAYBOY's* November issue as *When Punishment Is a Crime*), etc.—but they are argued so convincingly within the larger context of what crime reveals about our society that the book should be required reading for police, judges, attorneys, correction officers and, especially, legislators. The basic thrust of Clark's position is that "if we are to control crime, we must undertake a massive effort to rebuild our cities and ourselves, to improve the human condition, to educate, employ, house and make healthy." In the meantime, he contends, it is also vital to demythologize traditional approaches to crime control. The sanctity of the FBI, for instance, which "has so coveted personal credit," Clark charges, "that it will sacrifice even effective crime control before it will share the glory of its exploits. This has been a petty and costly characteristic caused by the excessive domination of a single person, J. Edgar Hoover, and his self-centered concern for his reputation." Clark also attacks the law-and-order approach of the current Administration, including preventive detention, wire tapping and bugging. Increasingly, Clark is being mentioned for high political office: this book should add to his reputation for compassionate, incisive leadership.

Tired of black humor? Try *Whitewater* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Paul Horgan's lucky 13th novel has achieved the grand slam of publishing: selection by the



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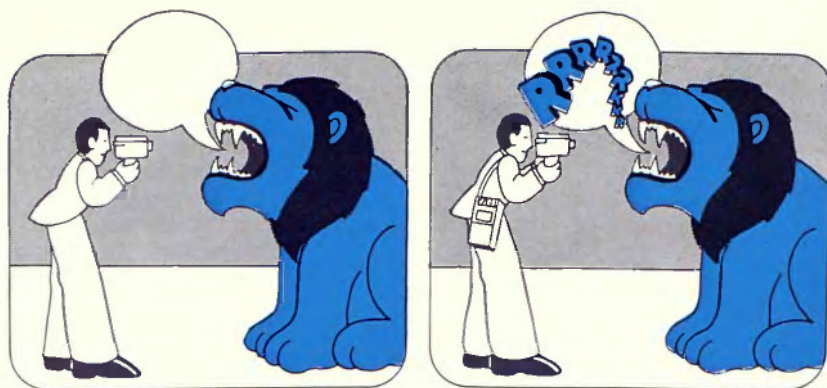
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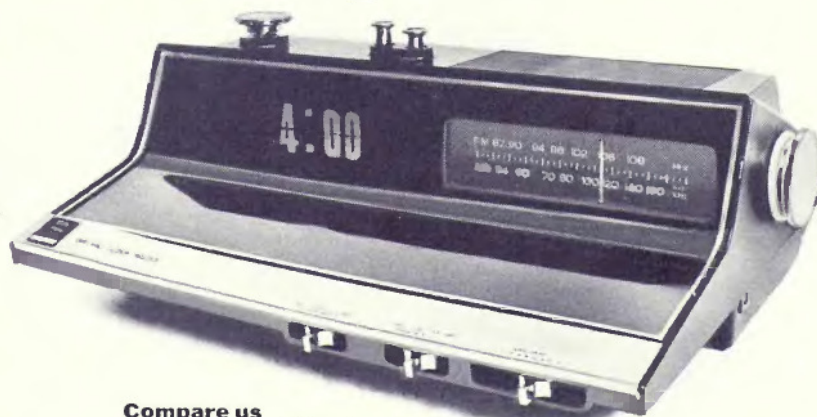
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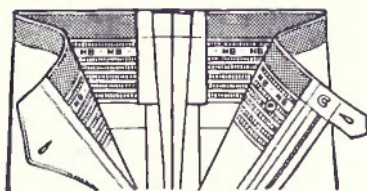
Book-of-the-Month Club, the Literary Guild and the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club. It's easy to see why. This is a square tale that takes place in the heartland of American fiction, the small town. Three high school students, two boys and a girl, befriend one another in a hamlet on the Texas plains. One of the boys, Billy Breedlove, represents the animated spirit of physical life; the other, Phil Durham, is more the philosopher with lyric desires; and Marilee Underwood is the eternally inscrutable girl-woman. Against a background of a syphilitic parent, a homosexual bachelor auto mechanic, a frustrated old-maid librarian, a bourbon-drinking bank president and his open-secret mistress, we watch the odd trio come of age, only to have two thirds of them expire in a tear-jerking denouement. Indeed, though Horgan is a skilled craftsman who can artfully pace and stylishly plot, he also tends to overdrench. His book stands in the undefined terrain between *Peyton Place* and *Winesburg, Ohio*.

In *R. F. K. Must Die!* (Dutton), Robert Kaiser re-creates the night of Robert Kennedy's murder with a skilled reporter's sensitivity to dramatic detail. Moreover, his closeness to the defense team allows him to report and evaluate the work of the Los Angeles Police Department, the strategies of Sirhan Sirhan's attorneys and the efforts of psychologists to fathom the mind of that enigmatic young man. To the frustration of author and reader alike, Sirhan seems to teeter between various forms of psychopathology. He is at once lucid and irrational, pliable and intractable, cunning and naïve, remorseful and defiant. Sirhan's experiments in mysticism and the strange entries in his notebook lead Kaiser to examine some intriguing motivation theories, ranging from brain damage to hypnotic manipulation; and the possibility of an accomplice, active or otherwise, is never quite rejected. But such speculations do not intrude on the author's respect for facts, which will make this book a principal research source for future historians. Unlike the case of Sirhan Sirhan, the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald deprived the country of a trial that might have established the guilt and personal motives of John Kennedy's assassin or assassins. Oswald's freakish death unleashed the imagination of anyone possessed of sensationalist tendencies or conspiratorial vision. One man seeming to combine both traits was New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison. In a book appropriately titled *American Grotesque* (Simon & Schuster), novelist/reporter James Kirkwood delivers a fascinating if highly partisan account of Garrison's vendetta against New Orleans businessman Clay Shaw—charged with conspiring to assassinate President Kennedy, eventually acquitted

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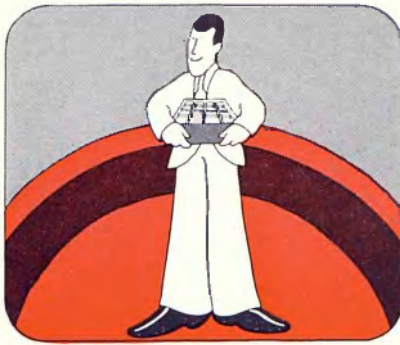
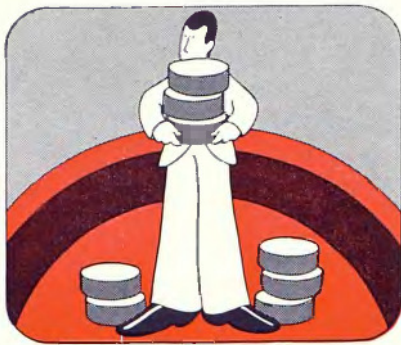
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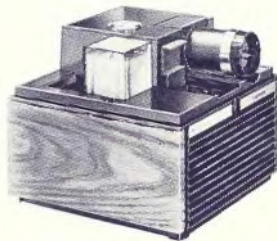
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and later charged with perjury for denying any meetings with any "conspirators." That Garrison had only theories—and some of the least credible witnesses imaginable—compelled the jury to find the defendant innocent. Kirkwood's reactions to the Shaw trial range from incredulity to outrage. But if Garrison emerges as a complex human being—a dedicated, deluded and extremely vindictive inquisitor with great personal charm and persuasive powers—Shaw's portrayal suffers from the author's sympathetic bias. The homosexual defendant weathers the storm with the dignity of a marble statue and the manners of a philosopher-king. He seems impossibly devoid of either sins or secrets. Readers still interested in Garrison's conspiracy theories will find them set forth in *A Heritage of Stone* (Putnam), the D.A.'s own recapitulation of his dubious case.

John Kaplan's *Marijuana: The New Prohibition* (World) is not the usual pro-pot book; it ascribes no virtues to marijuana or any other drug. But Kaplan employs his considerable talents as a writer and legal scholar to document the folly and social consequences of trying to suppress so prevalent a phenomenon through prohibitive legislation. With unusual objectivity, Kaplan reviews virtually all scientific knowledge on the subject and cautiously concludes that even the worst suspected hazards do not justify the "criminalization" of the millions of users of pot. He buttresses his belief with a thoughtful analysis of the symbolic functions of both marijuana and marijuana laws, and finds that, in this case as in many others, the laws serve mainly as costly and extremely inefficient instruments for enforcing moral standards and combating rebellious life styles. Kaplan concedes some points to the foes of marijuana, but persuasively argues that its regulated legal sale is the only way to minimize a serious national problem created partly by circumstances and partly by our present laws. Legalization of pot by court action is the possibility envisioned by Ralph Adam Fine in *Mary Jane Versus Pennsylvania* (McCall), a fictional transcript of the legal arguments opposing and defending marijuana laws before the U. S. Supreme Court on Monday, February 14, 1972. The theoretical case is on appeal from the Pennsylvania supreme court, which has upheld the conviction of one Peter Rodriguez, a luckless service-station attendant busted for possession of two joints he never intended to smoke. Unfortunately for the reader, the opposing attorneys do not possess the brilliant legal mind or courtroom style of either Daniel Webster or the Devil. Their arguments are predictable and repetitious: the contradictory findings of various commissions and scientific researchers, the question of pot leading to addictive

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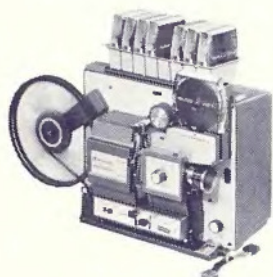
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drugs, the advisability of legalizing yet another vice, and so forth. The Justices are uniformly naïve and impartial, and the reader is left to hand down his own verdict.

Jean Cocteau anyone? And which Jean Cocteau? The novelist? Film maker? Poet? Homosexual? Librettist? Graphic artist? Or would you settle for Cocteau *tout simple*, Cocteau the man? Robert Phelps's *Professional Secrets: An Autobiography of Jean Cocteau Drawn from His Lifetime Writings* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) follows him from childhood to the lonely solitude of old age. Anecdote hunters will delight in sections that re-create the scenes of the Europe that made artistic history before and after World War One. The actors are fabulous—Diaghilev, Picasso, Isadora Duncan, Apollinaire; some of the dialog is familiar, some curious. The later parts of the book move inward to Cocteau's melancholy aloneness, something he both celebrated and suffered: "The goal of every artist must be his own extremity." Yet Phelps's collection gives us little of Cocteau the literary artist, and almost nothing of Cocteau the poet or novelist. The biographical parts are too uneven and sketchy to be fleshed out by the well-chosen photographs and illustrations. A more solid investment in this winter's Cocteau market is Francis Steegmuller's *Cocteau* (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Steegmuller's study centers on Cocteau as both socialite and artist, and contains most of the anecdotes gathered in Phelps's book, plus a few more. There is some of the verse (bilingual) and many letters, as well as information culled as recently as the early part of 1970. (Cocteau died in 1963.) But best of all, Steegmuller has admirably the negative side of Cocteau: his sycophancy, snobbishness, petty jealousies and his dubious stance vis-à-vis the German Occupation. Now many of his famous friendships appear exaggerated or even invented: his social hobnobbing makes him, by turns, ridiculous and pathetic; some of the work is assessed as clearly superficial and derivative. Nevertheless, Steegmuller does point out the deepening of Cocteau's mind and art as he grew older and the *prince frivole* became more serious. These insights and evaluations face abundant photographs, notes and appendixes. If the last word on Cocteau is not yet in, this book will provide a handy framework for it.

Neil Elliott's *Sensuality in Scandinavia* (Weybright & Talley) stirs the imagination, among other things. Where in the world, for example, is there a mother who would say: "I have one girl who is fourteen. By sixteen it is likely that she will no longer be a virgin. I like innocence as long as you can have it—but not too long. If a girl really likes a boy, she



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should go to bed with him." This particular mother is in Sweden. What is more, Margareta Vestin is the mother of four daughters, an officer on the Swedish National Board of Education and her view fairly reflects the basic Scandinavian philosophy about sex. This earthy directness permits them to teach teenagers in school that intercourse is intended to be pleasurable and that all forms of sexual pleasure between consenting adults—homosexual as well as heterosexual—are acceptable. According to Elliott, men and women in Iceland, Sweden, Denmark and Norway enjoy the kind of sexual freedom that Americans know only in fantasy. In fact, countless Americans still feel guilty if they just think about doing things that the Scandinavians do easily and naturally. But, as Elliott rightly notes, "one must understand that the Scandinavian psyche cannot be termed either free or repressed with any degree of accuracy merely because of what it *appears* to demonstrate in American terms." Nations, like individuals, must do their own thing.

Mastering the Draft (Little, Brown) may be a slightly hard-sell title, but this hefty book by young New York lawyers Andrew O. Shapiro and John M. Striker is as thorough and reliable a guide to the intricacies of our Selective Service law as you are likely to come across, and a boon to the young man about to embark on the great American game of trying to keep out of uniform. In *If This Be Treason* (Wyden), a dozen young men tell how they went about keeping out—by admittedly devious means, though for avowedly honorable reasons. Put together by Franklin Stevens, these first-person stories add up to a bitter comment on the inequities of the Selective Service System. If escape or evasion fail, there is another book for draft-age men—Robert S. Rivkin's *GI Rights and Army Justice: The Draftee's Guide to Military Life and Law* (Grove). It deals with such topics as "Search and Seizure of Mail," "The Soldier as Consumer and Debtor" and "Marriage and Sexual Relations." In short, all those things the recruiting posters never mention. And from the National Council to Repeal the Draft comes *The End of the Draft* (Random House), an all-out attack on that unpopular institution by Thomas Reeves and Karl Hess. Reforms are worth little, conclude the authors, who come out for a volunteer Army run under a new military code that contains built-in guarantees of civil rights.

Vance Bourjaily's *Brill Among the Ruins* (Dial) deals with an ecology-conscious small-town lawyer burdened by a growing sense that he is an anachronism in a degraded society. Brill—boozer, brawler, fornicator that he is—blunders wonderfully and with increasing momentum



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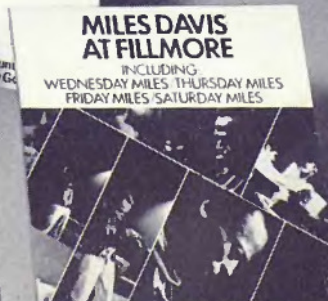
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through the first half of the novel. But when he decides to go along on a university-sponsored archaeological expedition to Mexico, the momentum grinds down and the reader finds himself stranded in Oaxaca with some pretty dull students. Bourjaily can write with graceful expertise about a wide variety of practical matters; the novel includes fine hunting-fishing sequences and some authoritatively funny stuff on how to hornswoggle a big-city lawyer over a crop-damage claim. But the second half of *Brill* is more informative than entertaining, as Bourjaily allows archaeological matters to overshadow his characters. Though he tries to jazz up the proceedings by introducing an insane nymphomaniac as the wife of one of the students, this gratuitous, melodramatic and thoroughly phony episode ruins what little life is left in this disappointing novel.

Soon after Interior Secretary Walter Hickel took office, he gave the president of U. S. Steel a special clean-water award for the company's "initiative in pollution abatement practices." Subsequently, the Government sued U. S. Steel as one of the biggest polluters in the nation. The charade—featuring phony congratulations and equally phony litigation—was all part of what James Ridgeway calls *The Politics of Ecology* (Dutton). Actually, as Ridgeway makes clear, it is the politics of obfuscation, in which the Government and big corporations collaborate to foul the waters, poison the wells and befoe the political atmosphere. "The water- and air-pollution reforms of the last ten years," notes Ridgeway, "have not halted nor even slowed down the rate of pollution. On the contrary, they hold out the prospect of worsening the situation." Ridgeway writes in icy anger; he enjoys fixing blame. He charges that the people who ruined America are among the very people who are sponsoring birth control as a means to dodge the environmental-pollution issue; he goes on to say that "Industries are largely responsible for polluting the water. The government should be equipped with injunctive powers to require pollution abatement or shut them down." Ridgeway hopes the Government will attack "corporate power" and thereby open up "the possibilities of revolutionary change." Alas, nothing in his devastating analysis of Federal anti-pollution efforts justifies this hope.

Duke Ellington, the single most important figure in jazz, has proved exceedingly difficult to translate into nonmusical terms. The urbanly enigmatic Duke resists personal analysis. His music, too, eludes the conventional tools of criticism because he has created his own grammar

*We used a
heavier flywheel
to stimulate
this famous
erogenous zone.*

This ad will reference hard-nosed technical facts to the new Vivitar "sensuous sound".

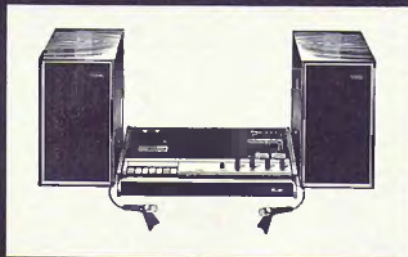
We're introducing a new line of cassette recorders, radios and compact home entertainment systems. By putting in more expensive parts and designing a little more sophisticated circuitry we achieved a better sound than one usually finds in cassette systems. We call it "sensuous sound" because the ear is as sensitive to pleasure as any of the other senses.

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Our Vivitar RC-730 is a very elegant looking, compact system including a stereo cassette recorder, AM/FM stereo receiver and two matched speaker systems. Inside the recorder there's a heavier flywheel. Why? Because two of the most important problems in a tape recorder are called wow and flutter. We solved this problem by (a) using a more expensive motor; a hysteresis synchronous motor that isn't affected by changes in line voltage and (b) including a heavier flywheel which stores energy from the motor and then doles it out at a

constant speed. The result is almost negligible wow and flutter.

The Vivitar RC-730 is solid state design, but solid state is only as good as the transistors inside. We use FET transistors in the AM/FM stereo receiver. They're more expensive than the transistors used in most receivers and provide better separation between stations. Our amplifier uses the latest silicon transistors which are one generation ahead of the average transistors and less affected by heat. It has muscle, too; 20 watts undistorted power.



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of composition and interpretation. Welcome, then, to a book that reveals more about the man and his music than all the previous works on Ellingtonia combined. British-born critic Stanley Dance, a longtime friend of Duke and a frequent traveler with the band, has put together *The World of Duke Ellington* (Scribner's) from interviews through the years with the leader and his sidemen. The result is a revelation. Along with scores of insights into the complex nature of the man, the relationship between him and his musicians and even the process by which his music gets made, the book also provides fascinating details about the social history of jazz and the life of jazzmen on the road. In focusing on the richness of Ellington's achievements, Dance emphasizes by contrast how little regard the world of commerce and the cultural establishment have for so protean a talent as Duke's. Exceedingly few new releases by Ellington have been issued in recent years and he has none of the honors—the Pulitzer Prize, for one example—that the arbiters of American culture regularly award to far lesser creators of so-called more "serious" music.

A writer she isn't, but Andy Warhol's onetime superstar Viva—with the help of a tape recorder and co-author Michel Auder—proves that she can free-associate prodigiously in *Superstar* (Putnam), a sort of novel about a kookie bird from Buffalo who comes to New York and meets a lot of people sort of like the people Viva might know. All the characters in *Superstar* are—of course—fictitious, even one described simply as "A. lion of the art world, King of the underground movie, and undisputed Peter Pan of the misfits." Viva's heroine is a creature whose name changes from Janet Lee Schumann to Gloria after she strips away the last vestiges of her Catholic girlhood, is disowned by her prototypically monstrous parents and storms into New York and Hollywood screeching four-letter words. During side trips to Paris and Rome, Gloria learns to practice just about everything she screeches, and her misadventures are recounted in free-form style. Viva's preoccupation with human feces, drugs and genitalia renders her nonbook not only a model of scatterbrained pornography but an elementary *Who's Who* of the underground movie world as seen through a hallucinogenic haze.

Money Makes Money and the Money Money Makes More Money (World) is a book about—yes, making money. Gerald Kreftz and Ruth Marossi analyze the techniques of professional stock marketers: investment counseling services, institutional funds, trust instruments, mergers and acquisitions, technical analysis, computerized stock selection. This

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For example, when you hear the 1812 Overture, you're literally surrounded in sound. You might hear the cannon behind you...then in front of you...then all around. Or say you're listening to a rock band. There may be bass to the left, lead to the right, drums behind.

How is all this done on a 4-channel tape cartridge? Mostly in the sound studio. When a recording is made, as many as 24 microphones record tracks of music. Later, these tracks are edited down to four. (With regular stereo, of course, they're edited down to two.) So with 4-channel, there's more sound dimension, more realism.

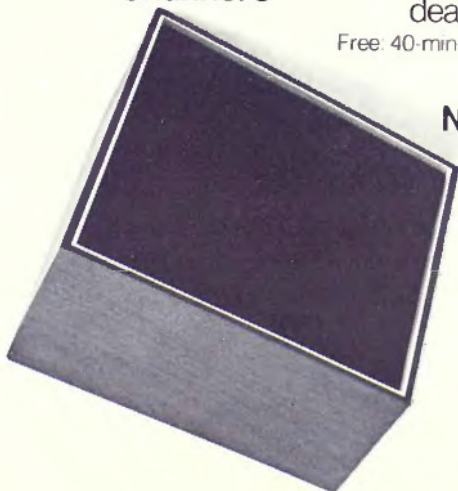
When you hear the final recording in your living room, you get that same 4-way sound back. Rich, full, from all around. The RCA 4-channel system can also play your regular 8-track cartridges. The way a stereo phonograph can play monaural records.

Channel 3 Our exciting 4-channel tape systems start at \$199.95* for the YZD400. (Model shown is YZD440 at \$249.95.*.) Listen to one at your RCA dealer. You simply won't believe your ears. **Channel 4**

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husband-wife team manages to make its mass of complex information not only clear but even dramatic—a tribute to the apt use of the personality profile and the case history. In discussing the trials and triumphs of mergers and conglomerates, the authors detail the behind-the-scenes maneuverings that accompany take-over manipulations. The arcane workings of international finance are depicted through a description of the operations of S. J. Rundt, an ex-Swiss banker and U.S. counterespionage official who runs a little-publicized but highly regarded world business-advisory service. The contrasting methods of computerized research vs. technical charting are demonstrated through interviews with leading experts in both fields. But it is information of a different kind, says Mark J. Appleman, that helps to create *The Winning Habit* (McCall). In Appleman's view, it is the investor, not the investment, who succeeds or fails, and so one needs to know less about the world of finance and more about one's inner world—the psychological make-up and emotional problems that clutter our financial decision making. For several years, Appleman and his wife separately invested the same amount of money in the market, based on the same information and working through the same broker. Yet Mrs. Appleman routinely made about ten percent more each year. The process of learning about his "bad habits"—the emotional reflexes that made him hesitate to buy or sell at the right time, or at all—resulted in this book. Appleman gives us a score of "investor personalities"—Tagalongs, Market Masochists, Plungers and Procrastinators, the Sports and the Smarts, the Can't-losers, the Hyperactivists, the Bargain Hunters, et al. Although his case histories are a bit pat, it's always fun to read about the investment blunders all those other people make.

Admirers of the work of Pietro (*Christ in Concrete*) di Donato will want—no pun intended—to lay hands on *Naked Author* (Phaedra), a hearty collection of 30 of the best stories to come out of America's Little Italy, two of which first appeared in these pages.

MOVIES

Absent from the screen since her son was born in 1968, Sophia Loren introduces Carlo Ponti, Jr., in a minor role near the end of *Sunflower*, and he conducts himself like a little gentleman. It's Daddy who produces the burp—which may be too kind a word for this large, soggy, English-language soap opera mounted by Carlo, Sr. Director Vittorio De Sica, co-star Marcello Mastroianni and scenarist Cesare Zavattini—whose collective screen credits would outshine a Roman candle—will also have much to

answer for if and when Ponti's seedy *Sunflower* is unveiled in their native Italy. Most of the film was shot in Moscow and elsewhere in the U.S.S.R., and it describes a post-War pilgrimage through Russia by a Neapolitan woman (Sophia) who refuses to believe that her husband (Mastroianni) died on the Russian front in World War Two. As a matter of fact, she is right, for he turns out to have been a victim of frostbite and amnesia—in that order—now happily settled down with a lovely young Soviet wife (Ludmila Savelyeva, the glowing Natasha of *War and Peace*), a child, a job, clean subways and top priority on some exemplary-workers' housing list. Bad as it sounds in summary, the movie itself is incomparably worse than any tear jerker ever previously fished from De Sica's bottom drawer. Sophia is once again that earthy Italian supergirl she has played for De Sica and Ponti in countless films. As for Mastroianni, he shows acute discomfort in the role of bigamist, Soviet style.

Producer Ismail Merchant and writer-director James Ivory, the team responsible for *Shakespeare Wallah* and other fragile comedies about the ways in which East meets West in modern India, obviously decided that the time had come to try something a little less sensitive, but perhaps more profitable. The result is *Bombay Talkie*, which concerns an Anglo-American authoress (Jennifer Kendal) man-hunting in Bombay and leaving an elephantine mess behind her. Even a brief fling at Indian spiritualism fails to cramp the lady's style or cool her ardor for a married film star (played by Indian matinee idol Shashi Kapoor, Miss Kendal's husband in private life). Though it emits a hollow sound as drama, *Bombay Talkie* is often beguiling in spite of itself, never more so than when it peeks behind the scenes at the curious business of making films in India. One striking scene has a line of Bombay chorines scattered all over the keys of a giant typewriter. "Very symbolic," coos the predatory American visitor. "Thank you," replies the creator of the spectacle, evidently eager to embrace any sort of Western decadence. Director Ivory runs into trouble when he begins to treat romantic nonsense seriously, but good taste and native innocence save him. Hard as he tries to pretend worldly wickedness, his movie just won't stay bad.

Of the many pleasures in *The Garden of Delights*, a trenchant social satire thinly disguised as psychodrama, the choicest are served up by a marvelous leading actor named Jose Luis Lopez Vazquez, whose mournful face serves as a blarney map of Franco's Spain. Vazquez gives a flawless performance as a business

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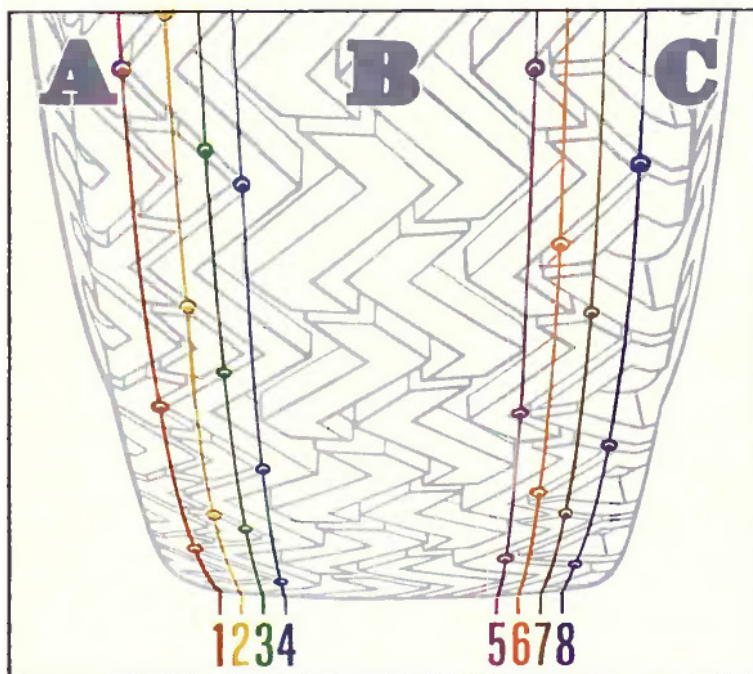
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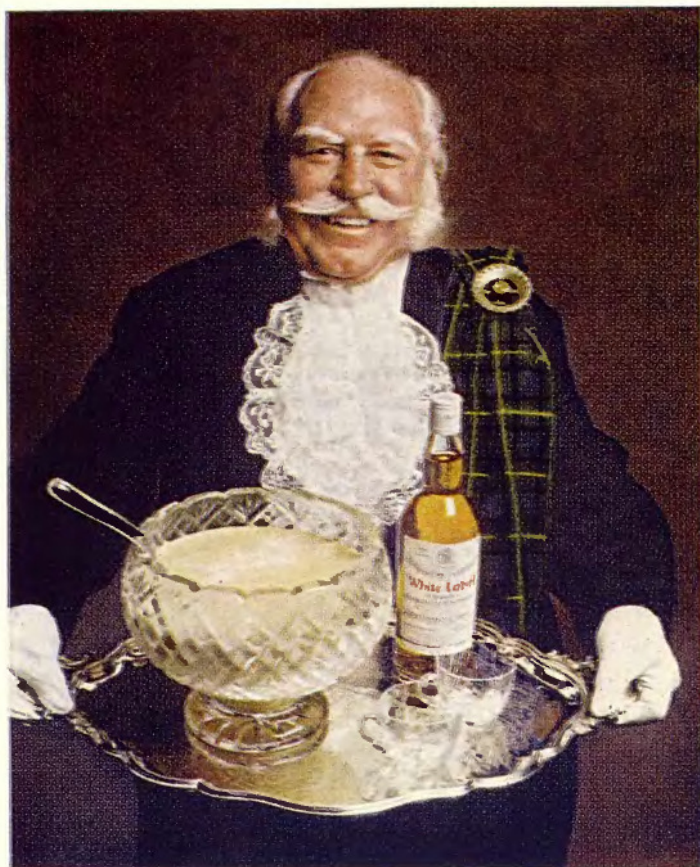
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2 cups Dewar's "White Label"
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tycoon who has suffered brain damage in an auto accident and can scarcely remember his name, much less the numbers of his accounts in Swiss banks. The details of his plight are explored with irony, fantasy and occasional savagery by writer-director Carlos Saura, whose latest notable achievement was *The Hunt*. Better by half, *Garden of Delights* follows the afflicted hero's family as it tries to shock him back to reality by dramatizing scenes from his life—his first Communion (which coincided with the outbreak of the Spanish revolution in 1931), a traumatic experience in childhood, even a furtive interlude with his mistress. As he regains his senses, he becomes progressively more capable of brooding about business matters and barking at servants. Who is the real cripple, Saura asks—the sick man or the healthy one?

Italian director Elio Petri has a field day with a trifling tale called *A Quiet Place in the Country*, starring Vanessa Redgrave and Franco Nero (recently well publicized as Vanessa's lover and father of her child). With Vanessa as a gorgeous, greedy art agent in Milan, and Franco as the gifted painter she is diligently exploiting, *Quiet Place* looks for a while like a serious statement about the conflict between art and commerce. But the movie soon deteriorates into an implausible psychological thriller. Holed up in an abandoned, crumbling country manse, the artist starts going to pieces, surrendering himself to sexual fantasies in which he pursues the shadow and substance of a former resident of the *palazzo*—a beautiful nymphomaniac named Wanda (Gabriella Grimaldi), who died during a *Luftwaffe* raid in 1944. It is here that the plot gets out of hand, but here, too, ironically, that Petri shows remarkable technical mastery in using his camera to explore ambivalent states of consciousness, shifting from reality into feverish fantasy with such ease that the viewer—more and more forced to see through the hero's eyes as his mind begins to crack—can't always tell which is which. Petri's style rivets attention even where the pulpiest fiction prevails.

"There is no cinema beyond class struggle," according to another heavy-handed "message" movie, *Wind from the East*. The *Wind*, whipped up by France's Jean-Luc Godard, erstwhile moviemaker and latter-day ideologist, originates in the Far Eastern realms of Maoist dogmatism. Wholly irrelevant as film art, *Wind* is incredibly naïve as propaganda. The pictures on the screen are doggedly amateurish—a group of actors wearing period costumes daub one another with bottled blood in what appears to be a hippie charade of revolution—and only sketchily related to the film's dense

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narration, which was written by Godard in collaboration with Daniel (Danny the Red) Cohn-Bendit, leader of the French student riots. Godard and Cohn-Bendit mouth Maoist slogans and condemn the "revisionism" of Tito's Yugoslavia as well as the decadence of what they call Brezhnev's Mosfilm and Nixon's Paramount. "Warning to militants—watch out," is the message *Wind* delivers while displaying homemade explosive devices and scoffing at the "bourgeois humanitarianism" of people who still think there's something wrong with bombing supermarkets. Doctrinaire demagoguery.

Movies about sad little urchins who adopt a pet to relieve the dreariness of life in the slums are often moist-eyed and predictable, but something else happens in *Kes*, an unpretentiously appealing spice-of-life drama by British director Ken (Poor Cow) Loach. Already heaped with honors abroad, *Kes* takes its title from the name given to a kestrel hawk by a 15-year-old boy in a Yorkshire mining town, who trains—rather than tames—the bird, seeing in the creature's wild spirit a kind of freedom seldom enjoyed by the stifled human beings around him. Filming entirely on location, Loach coaxed small miracles of humor and spontaneity from a predominantly non-professional cast of local folk, among whom he found David Bradley, his scene-stealing young hero. At times, Loach lingers too long on a particular face or stretches an episode well beyond its natural life span. But still, the movie's moments of hilarious, homely truth are frequent, as the plucky chap confronts his pub-crawling mum, a bully brother who plays the horses, an obtuse schoolmaster and an athletic coach whose frustrated dreams of glory demonstrate how an oppressive social climate may stunt individual growth. Language is the only real handicap to *Kes*, most of it spoken in a North Country dialect so thick that one yearns from time to time for English subtitles.

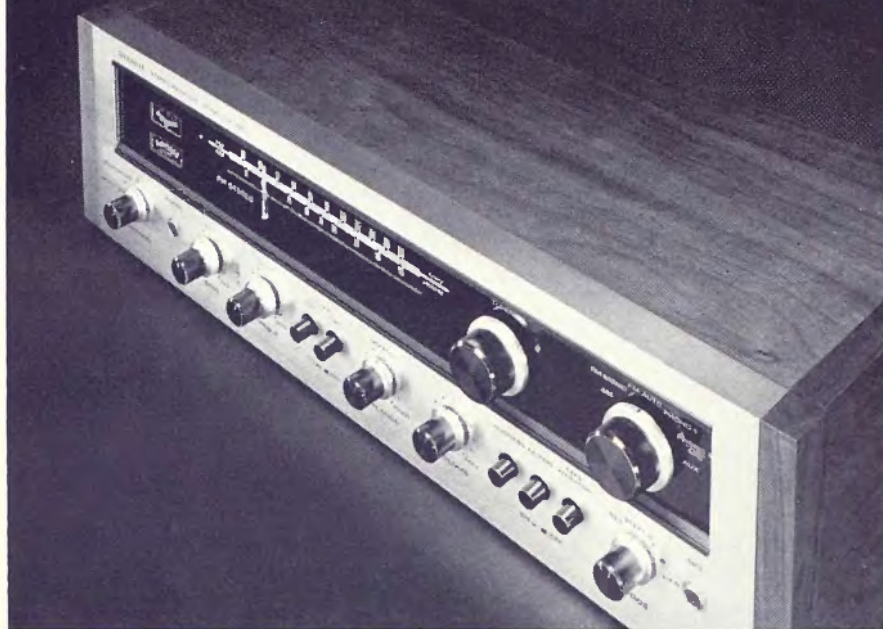
Tristana, like all the films of Luis Buñuel, preoccupied with what he sees as the conflict between man's baser instincts and the ritualized hypocrisy that society calls religious faith, molds dark Spanish mysticism into compelling theatrical form. What might have turned out to be trite melodrama in less skillful hands becomes mesmerizing as Buñuel undertakes his second successful movie venture with the radiant Catherine Deneuve, whose porcelain beauty belies the preternatural evil of her title role. While *Tristana* appears at first to be the innocent prey of her guardian (superbly played by Fernando Rey), the lickish old rogue who seduces her, the victim ultimately emerges as predator, a kind of avenging angel. In Buñuel's version of

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ironic justice, *Tristana* runs off with a young stud (Franco Nero, again), returning only to punish the old scoundrel with everything he most despises—marriage, respectability, a houseful of greedy priests—and untimely death. Buñuel clearly favors the glistening Deneuve as the chief ornament of his eccentric fable, yet in essence *Tristana* is the story of the old rake—who wages a valiant losing battle to live and love as a free man in a world still ruled by rigid traditions.

Vivacious Barbara Hershey makes it as *The Baby Maker* because her vibrant warmth and spontaneity are consistently pleasurable, no matter how far off base the movie strays under writer-director James Bridges, who obviously hoped to give his feature-film debut some topical punch without offending anyone very much. Hip young moviegoers are apt to adopt a skeptical view of Barbara's dilemma as a California flower child who becomes pregnant for pay—signing on to play wombmate, so to speak, for a barren middle-class married couple who want a baby even if it has to be His, not Hers. After sleeping with the boss, her most rewarding chore, Barbara begins to warm to him, and grows wistful about leaving the pleasures and security of the square world she has supposedly rejected. Her problem seems a little too special to arouse an audience's deep concern, perhaps because it never convinces one that this beautiful free spirit secretly yearns for the comforts of family life in suburbia.

Country Joe and the Fish provide musical accompaniment for the youth-cult rituals of *Gas-s-s-s*, which revolve around a series of events just preceding the end-of-civilization-as-we-know-it. Seems some gas escapes from a mysterious defense depot in Alaska and accelerates the aging process so that everyone over 25 is soon dead. The younger set—immune to the gas and suddenly free to do its thing—straightaway reverts to barbarism, with hippies, neofascists, rock combos and young lovers waging highway robberies and Happenings as if there were no tomorrow. Movie newcomers Robert Corff and Elaine Giltos portray the loving couple who are trying to find their way to a pueblo commune in New Mexico, and they perform ably, considering the negative vibrations humming all around them. *Gas-s-s-s* was put together in random fashion by producer-director Roger Corman, better known for *The Masque of the Red Death* and other pop-classic horror flicks starring Vincent Price.

Nothing vaguely resembling a plot gets in the way of *The Owl and the Pussy-cat*, Buck Henry's broad and bubbly adaptation of Bill Manhoff's mild Broadway hit. Markedly funnier than the play,

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Pussycat sticks to the same elementary formula: Boy meets hooker, boy loses hooker, boy hooks hooker. Except that the hooker happens to be played by Barbra Streisand, whose first nonmusical movie role gives her plenty of room to move around. And Barbra really moves, cursing like a longshoreman in her larger-than-life portrayal of a \$50-a-trick girl who needs a place to sleep between Johns, and chooses the pad of a drowsy writer—George Segal, doing a capable comedy stint. His interest is aroused when she begins to describe her clientele of compulsive creeps, such as the one who has to have her tied to a chair in a raincoat while he bombards her with hard-boiled eggs. "Doris, you're a sexual Disneyland," the awe-struck writer observes. And so she is. Who could ask more of a Hollywood star vehicle that seeks only to make a lot of money and send people home happy?

The sad lot of two grizzly cowpokes, growing gray-haired and soft-bellied while their free-and-easy way of life evolves into big business, is spelled out in *Monte Walsh*. The idea doesn't snap with originality, for other eager little Westerns have gone approximately the same route, yet director William A. Fraker approached this sagebrush saga as though intent on creating a classic in the vein of *High Noon*. What Fraker apparently forgot is that the finest Westerns have been big stories told straight—without self-conscious cinematography, pretentious staging and a soporific pace that keeps promising but never delivering important happenings. *Monte Walsh* is overdeveloped but underachieved. Lee Marvin deadpans the title role as if he felt superior to it—and remains an expressionless hero rather than a resonant symbol of rugged individualism. The film's best performance is by Jack Palance, on a well-earned vacation from villainy, as Marvin's mild partner. Watch closely, and you may even notice the haunting smile of Jeanne Moreau, first lady of the French cinema, who allegedly refused hundreds of scripts before choosing to make her American movie debut as *Monte Walsh*'s tired slut from the saloon circuit.

Set in Italy during two decades of fascism under Mussolini, *The Conformist* is a meticulously crafted drama. The movie, based on a novel by Alberto Moravia, demonstrates that Jean-Louis Trintignant is the best French screen actor since Gerard Philippe. No less effective speaking Italian, Trintignant does a dazzling job as Marcello, who chooses to become a Fascist rather than admit that he might otherwise be a pederast. Disturbed by a sordid homosexual assault in his early youth, Marcello desperately seeks the "normalcy" of virile

companions, solid-citizen status and marriage to "an ordinary girl, full of petty thoughts" (Stefania Sandrelli), even to the point of denying his own family and committing murder. By 1943, after the fall of Mussolini's regime, he is forced to recognize that seducing boys might have been a human failing far preferable to his so-called conventional life. *Conformist* richly enhances the prestige of 29-year-old writer-director Bernardo Bertolucci. Since his film *Before the Revolution*, Bertolucci has developed a highly personal and sophisticated style, and brings off any number of tricky sequences with rare virtuosity—particularly the *Satyricon* shading of the hero's homosexual encounters, and the almost casual horror of an assassination on a sunlit forest road. After this showy display by Bertolucci, several of Italy's more widely touted film makers had better look to their laurels.

Abandoning the verve and inventiveness of his early work, François Truffaut has made a consciously primitive film—*The Wild Child* (*L'Enfant Sauvage*). Telling the true story of a feral child—a "wolf-boy" who was discovered in France in the late 18th Century and was taught the rudiments of civilized deportment by Dr. Jean Itard, a teacher of deaf-mutes—Truffaut adopts a severe clinical style that suggests he would have liked to have been there a couple of centuries ago, doing a documentary on the spot. Even his camera techniques are simple and quaint, with many formal old-school shots of the doctor's handwritten memoirs, the pages slowly turning as time goes by. Truffaut himself plays Itard with self-effacing competence, while Jean-Pierre Cargol gives a convincing performance as the savage boy. *Wild Child* is an unexciting movie, but a valid one that sticks in the mind and raises perturbing questions about the purposes and values of education.

Andy Warhol's makeshift underground movies are showing some improvement—now that he's having them made by other people. *Trash* was written, directed and photographed by former Warhol "superstar" Paul Morrissey, and projects a seedy authenticity about the quality of life in the East Village today. The Beautiful People on display are Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn, who can't act but show an unnerving aptitude for doing their thing—or something rather like it—on camera, right there in front of everybody. Dallesandro, who is much prettier than his co-star, plays a bisexual drug freak named Joe. Impotence is his problem, which also creates problems for roommate Holly, a kookie alley cat who stays alive by pushing drugs, hustling and selling trash she finds in the street. Though uninhibitedly crude, *Trash* is a

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different kind of dirty movie because its crazy gang of whores, hopheads and assorted misfits look so damned real. This is their life, for the sobering information of any addled young romantics who still see New York's East Village as a last frontier of joy and freedom. The most memorable piece of *Trash* is a love scene—a sad travesty in which the hero and heroine try once more to make it together, he stoned out of his mind and murmuring endearments while she writhes on the bed, fondling Joe with her free hand and fighting to reach climax with the help of a bottle in the other.

To re-create the costly holocaust wrought by the Japanese on December 7, 1941, 20th Century-Fox moguls spent the better part of \$25,000,000 on special effects. In *Tora! Tora! Tora!* (code words for the enemy's sneak attack), American and Japanese stunt men, flyers, photographers and editors gave them more than their money's worth. Technically, the movie is a stupendous achievement—fighting and dying by land, sea and air on an epic scale, all of it charged with the awe of mass destruction. In the early sequences of the picture, however, prior to intermission and to battle, history is reconstructed as formal pageantry through a series of diplomatic summit conferences in Tokyo, Berlin and Washington. Martin Balsam plays Admiral Kimmel, Jason Robards is General Short, Joseph Cotten is War Secretary Henry Stimson and Keith Andes is General George C. Marshall in a cast of real-life waxwork figures whose presence serves mainly to dramatize how inter-service rivalry and bureaucratic bungling paved the way to disaster. Scenes of dissension in Hirohito's high command were staged by two Japanese assistants to director Richard Fleischer. Their efforts have little to do with art, but might snag an Olympic gold medal for their output of raw physical energy.

While a soul singer on the sound track repeats again and again that "This silence can end . . . we'll just have to get guns and be men," *Eldridge Cleaver* trains a camera upon the fugitive Black Panther leader during his exile in Algeria. "So many people are afraid of fuck-in' with the United States of America," says Cleaver, his revolutionary zeal undiminished when he browses through an Algerian shop and selects a switchblade knife that would be useful, in his view, for offing such pigs as San Francisco's Mayor Alioto. Dealing with a wary subject who at times appears openly hostile toward him, film maker William Klein (heretofore known for *Float like a Butterfly, Sting like a Bee*, a documentary about Muhammad Ali) brought back some lively footage of Cleaver rapping



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with sympathetic brothers from the still-colonized countries of Africa at the Pan-African Cultural Festival in Algiers. Scenes from the Chicago riots and Vietnam, combined with revolutionary slogans that crawl across the screen at a snail's pace (only the bouncing ball is omitted as an aid for slow readers), stamp *Eldridge Cleaver* as propaganda, and flagrantly simplistic propaganda at that. The movie is significant nonetheless for the message it conveys to Babylon—synonymous with the U.S., in Cleaver's wry lexicon—from a dedicated man whose battle cries about liberation stir millions of angry young blacks and whites the world over.

RECORDINGS

If (Capitol), a big-band sound set forth by a seven-man group, takes the current rock-jazz trend beyond Chicago and Blood, Sweat & Tears. *What Can a Friend Say?* and *The Promised Land* give the musicians time to ramble and, led by *Melody Maker* poll winners Terry Smith on guitar and Dick Morrissey on reeds, they pour it on with refined power.

A savory mess of funk is served up by organist John Patton on *Accent on the Blues* (Blue Note). With stalwart support from reed man Marvin Cabell (whose creative efforts are worth a special note of praise), guitarist James Ulmer and drummer Leroy Williams, Patton gives a five-star performance on an ax that is most effective in getting down to the roots. The sound is relaxed, the ideas attractive, the over-all effect very listenable.

With *The Rill Thing* (Reprise), Little Richard comes back—but he was never gone, just waiting for Beatle fans to get back to the creator. It's fitting that he should include in this album one of the first Lennon-McCartney tunes, *I Saw Her Standing There*. Richard produced this one himself down in that newly discovered recording mecca, Muscle Shoals, Alabama. The session also includes his latest chartbuster, *Freedom Blues*, and a ten-minute jam on the title tune.

Shelly Manne / Outside (Contemporary) reveals a new Manne, or at least a superb musician who is finally getting to be heard in a milieu that should raise a few eyebrows among those who think of Shelly in that timeworn Previn-Kessel-Brown context. Manne has joined forces with four young instrumentalists who fill the air with fresh ideas—John Gross on tenor sax and flute, Gary Barone on trumpet and flügelhorn, Pete Robinson on piano and electric piano and June Booth on bass—and the ageless drummer proves more than their match in the way

he handles the complex rhythms. A revelatory recording.

The Gentrys (Sun) had a hit some years ago with *Keep on Dancing*, a primitive tune, and, judging from the outfit's latest release on a rejuvenated label, they haven't improved much. The 13-cut fare degenerates from a poor imitation of the Rolling Stones—complete with a lead singer who mimics Mick Jagger—on *Help Me* to adolescent bubble gum on *Can't You See When Somebody Loves You*.

Sammy Davis Jr. has found himself a splendid groove on *Sammy Steps Out* (Reprise). Four arrangers have labored behind the scenes to supply the proper settings for Mr. D, and they've done just that. Sammy is slick and scintillating, delving into the delights of a couple of Mann-Weill goodies, *She Is Today* and *It's a Happening World*, Jim Webb's *Do What You Gotta Do*, John D. Loudermilk's striking *Break My Mind* and a half-dozen others. It all adds up to Davis at his most appealing.

Excitement has always been the Who's bag and the group is at its best in person. But *The Who Live at Leeds* (Decca) has captured much of the quarter's concert charisma, which somewhat makes up for the limited scope of its skull-pounding rebellion theme, *My Generation*, the simply patterned *Summertime Blues* and four other tunes.

The 1967 Monterey Pop Festival, gentle father to Woodstock, occasioned a star crossing that only later became visible. A nervous, almost speed-rapping Jimi Hendrix was there, launching his career in America with a set highlighted by feedback and theatrics—and fine vintage Hendrix guitar. He permanently stole *Like a Rolling Stone* from Dylan and actually turned *Wild Thing* wild. Otis Redding was there, too, backed by Booker T. and the MGs. He got *Respect* back from Aretha and tore the place apart with Sam Cooke's *Shake*. Six months later Redding was dead; Monterey was the top of his career. Monterey was the beginning of Hendrix' career; three years later he was dead. It's all there on *Otis Redding / The Jimi Hendrix Experience* (Reprise).

Aficionados of the occult will find plenty to ponder in *A Musical Seance* (Philips), on which a British lady named Rosemary Brown relates various psychic encounters she has had with Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, et al., and plays a selection of their recent piano pieces dictated to her note by note from *The Other Side*. Doubters may wonder why these

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illustrious spirits should single out so modestly endowed a musician for their earthly contact, and why they would feel impelled to transmit such undistinguished compositions. Fortunately, Sir Donald Francis Tovey deals with these questions in the annotations he has written to accompany Mrs. Brown's record. Sir Donald, an eminent British musicologist, certainly ought to have the answers. He died in Edinburgh 30 years ago.

Elton John (Uni) is a young British performer-composer who has merged his music with the image-laden lyrics of Bernie Taupin and the cascading arrangements of Paul Buckmaster to produce an overpowering recording. In addition to John's original version of his popular *Border Song*, the recording contains such tasty items as the forceful *Sixty Years On* and a beautiful love ballad, *I Need You to Turn To*, that features his evocative harpsichord.

Many contemporary groups have combined classical with pop, achieving a sound that has often been labeled baroque rock, but *Renaissance* (Elektra) is the best we've heard. Of the live items recorded, our favorites are the lilting, uptempo *Island* and a rock-driven minuet, *Wanderer*, both featuring the haunting voice of Jane Relf.

A couple of young Germans, making some beautiful musical statements as to the internationality of jazz, are headlined on *Tune In / Karl Berger & Company* (Milestone) and *Blues Happening / The Klaus Doldinger Quartet* (World Pacific Jazz). Vibist Berger (now living in the States) and sax man Doldinger lay down absorbingly varied patterns of sound, with the former's group opting for an adventurously avant-garde approach, the latter producing fascinating take-offs on basic blues patterns. On both LPs, the music demands and deserves attention.

Weasels Ripped My Flesh (Bizarre/Reprise), scavenged from bits and pieces recorded at concerts given by Frank Zappa and his Mothers of Invention over the past few years, has to be one of the best albums ever composed of out takes. Zappa continues to bridge the jazz-rock gap, as on his version of Little Richard's *Directly from My Heart to You*. The opus fronts a hard-blues backup with a swing violin. A tough collection.

If there's a man who can compose and arrange for the big band more creatively than Quincy Jones, he's yet to be brought to our attention. Quincy's latest LP, *Gula Mafari* (A&M), on which he makes use of an endless procession of luminous jazz names in achieving a smashing ensemble package, is his best effort to date,

and that's praise, indeed. There's the Africa-themed title tune, Nat Adderley's *Hummin'*, the Simon-Garfunkel *Bridge Over Troubled Water* and Richard Carpenter's *Walkin'*, each of which is explored at length. This time around, Jones makes use of voices and—surprise—does it beautifully.

THEATER

For years, Bob (Elliott) and Ray (Goulding) have regaled radio and television audiences with their gentle satires, daft parodies and dry, wry wit. Flip a radio dial and suddenly overhear an indefatigable reporter interview a drolly dull obscurantist and wonder if the act is for real—or Bob and Ray putting you on. For five-minute spots, they are comic geniuses; for a half-hour radio show, they are consistently amusing; but on television, except as guests, they've always seemed a little estranged. Like all the other great radio comedians, their act is essentially aural: quickly changing voices, sound effects, pertinent pauses. Onstage at last in *Bob and Ray: The Two and Only*, there is a heroic attempt to be visual. William Ritman's set is an antic attic of junk: Gramophones, old Coke machines, iceboxes, Boston Red Sox pennants—the detritus imagined from all the old Bob and Ray patter. But most of the enjoyment is still for the ear rather than the eye: the irrepressible Wally Ballou covering a breaking story in Times Square, ignoring the violence and zeroing in on a cranberry grower who can't tell cran from straw; hard-pressing Gabe Preston on the spot in Washington with a story about edible food packages. Almost any half hour of the Broadway *Bob and Ray* show is priceless, but their patter is almost entirely interview: Bob quizzes Ray, Ray quizzes Bob. Occasionally, one is live, the other on a TV screen. For variety, Bob quizzes Bob and Ray as the McBeebe twins. Ray falls asleep as Bob plays the president of the Slow . . . Talkers . . . of . . . America. Then Bob interviews Ray, who keeps wild boar in his living room. By the end of the evening, they have hilariously devastated the art of the interview—but they have also worn it out as a theatrical device. Along the way, as in a very funny scene in a restaurant (Bob playing a bemused indulgent waiter, Ray a customer who insists on ordering from a kiddies' menu), they show signs of the diversity they might be capable of onstage. But such successfully theatrical moments don't come often enough to make *The Two and Only* much more than a radio show with a studio audience. At the Golden Theater, 252 West 45th Street.



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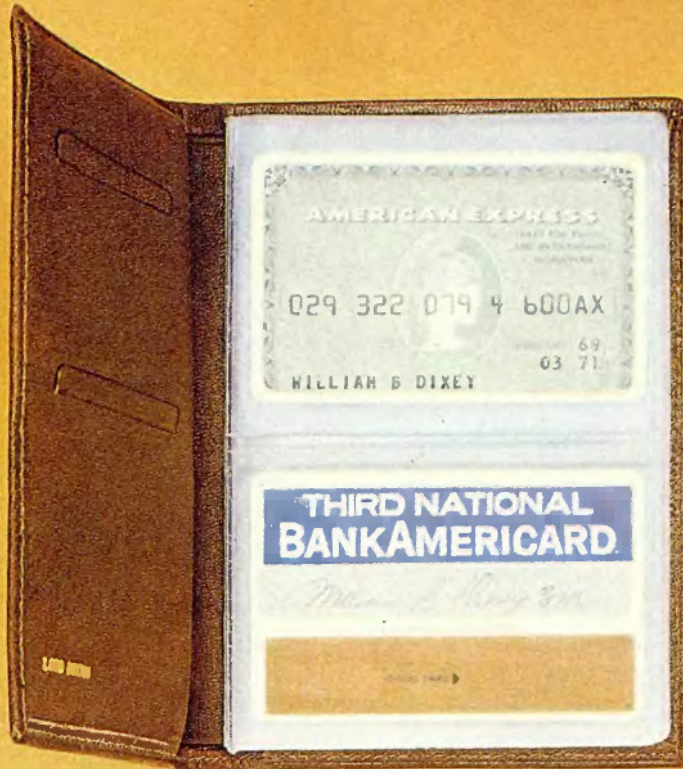
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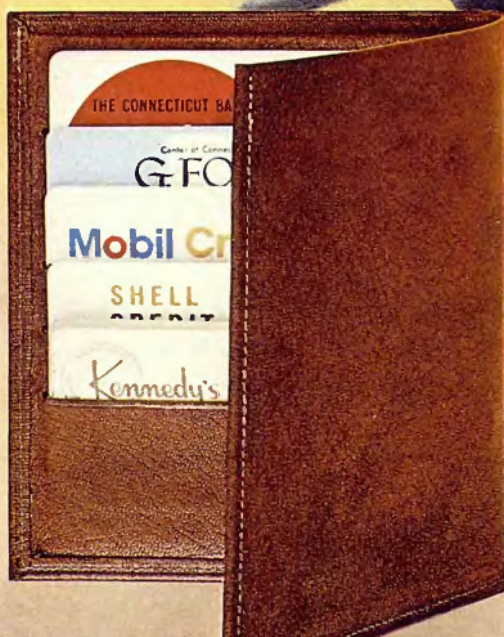
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A friend of mine has told me that sexual activity encourages the growth of the beard. I told my friend that he is putting me on because he knows I don't make out very often and the hairs on my chinny-chin are few and far between. Is there any truth to what he says?—B. G., San Francisco, California.

Yes. A recent report in *Nature* magazine indicates that the beard grows abnormally fast the first day of sexual activity following a period of abstinence; in fact, mere anticipation the day before sexual activity recommences is enough to stimulate beard growth. Four to six days after sexual activity has been resumed, however, beard growth declines to normal rates. In short, there is indeed a direct connection between beard growth and hormonal activity.

I recently moved into a luxury apartment in Manhattan and although I'm delighted with this plush living, there's one thing that gives me nightmares—a thicket of outstretched palms. When does a polite thank you for services suffice and when and how much should I tip?—M. C., New York, New York.

Tip in amounts from 50 cents to several dollars for services above and beyond the call of duty—mailing a letter, walking a dog, doing minor repair work, handling luggage, hailing a cab, moving furniture, and so forth. If you can't cross the palm at the time the service is rendered—which is the best time—then tip several dollars three or four times a year. Christmas, of course, is a special case. Your building's management may suggest that you send a single check to a general fund, which is then divided among the employees. In this case, 10 to 15 percent of your monthly rent is reasonable. If you tip individually, figure \$10 to \$25 for doormen, \$10 to \$15 for elevator operators and handy men and \$5 to \$35 for the superintendent, depending on the luxury of the building and how much personal attention he's given you. The total should be about the same as a check to the general fund.

Not long ago, I discovered through secondhand sources that my fiancée had told several of her girlfriends the full details of our sexual life. I was astonished and infuriated. I still love her but I consider this breach of trust a serious one and I am now thinking of breaking up with her because of it. Am I justified?—B. A., Denver, Colorado.

All other things being satisfactory, it would be a bit uptight to break an engagement because your fiancée likes to talk about your mutual love life. Kiss and tell is a serious offense when it

reflects a boastful recounting of an exploitative relationship; it's only a lapse of taste when it represents a simple invasion of privacy, as it appears in your case. Since none of your social circle should be shocked to learn you're not a virgin, just tell your girl that you prefer your private life to remain private and let it go at that.

My college roommate claims that Diamond Jim Brady, when he belled up to the dinner table, used to put away several dozen oysters, followed by crabs and lobsters and climaxed with a top sirloin. Is this true?—B. H., Houston, Texas.

Your roommate understated the case. Brady, fondly referred to by a restaurant owner as the best 25 customers he ever had, was a financier and the most renowned trencherman the U.S. ever produced. Breakfast for Brady consisted of a gallon of orange juice, eggs, corn bread, hominy, muffins, flapjacks, chops (both lamb and pork), fried potatoes and beefsteak. Lunch included oysters and clams, a brace of broiled lobsters, three deviled crabs, a joint of beef, salad and various pies. Dinner began with two or three dozen giant oysters, followed by six crabs, two bowls of turtle soup, six or seven lobsters, two whole canvasback ducks, two portions of terrapin, a sirloin steak and a tray of pastries. This does not, of course, include the snacks in between. Brady, incidentally, was a teetotaler; for him a "bird and a bottle" meant several birds and a beaker of lemon soda.

The first time I checked into a motel with my girl, I signed in as Mr. and Mrs., and used my real name and address. Some weeks later, the motel sent a survey form to its recent guests. My parents, reasonably believing they were the Mr. and Mrs. at our address, opened it. How do I explain my predicament to two shocked parents? I am very much in love with the girl and would like their approval of her.—D. G., Rye, New York.

With dignity and sincerity, as you do in your letter. And to avoid other, more serious shocks in the future, take the time to be sure your wiring is properly insulated whenever you and your girl complete your circuits.

My best friend has confided to me that he is a transsexual. He insists that his feelings go much deeper than those of a transvestite, but I'm not sure what he means; either I am too dense or he is not able to express himself on a subject that is a very emotional one for him. He is a good person, even though his acting

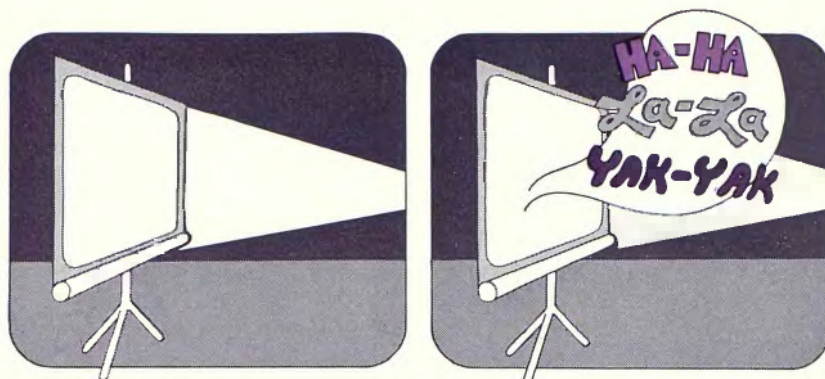


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like a girl frequently gets on my nerves, and I would like to understand his point of view. Could you help me?—L. N., Cleveland, Ohio.

According to Dr. Louis R. Hott, vice-president of the American Institute for Psychoanalysis, while a male transvestite gets a sexual kick from dressing up in women's clothes, he still considers himself a male—either homosexual or heterosexual. He is capable of erection and orgasm, and experiences penile pleasure. A male transsexual, on the other hand, dresses in women's clothes because it seems natural to him; he considers himself a genuine woman trapped in a man's body, derives no sexual pleasure from his penis and, if possible, would gladly trade it for female organs.

Next spring I intend to visit Great Britain and would like to know the value of the new coins under the decimal system they have just adopted. Also, can you tell me the different paper-money values? What value will the pound have in American money?—C. W., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Under the new monetary system, which becomes effective February 15, 1971, the British pound sterling (£1) will still be worth approximately \$2.40 American (barring any subsequent devaluation). The new coins will be the 1/2 new penny (1/2p), 1 new penny (1p) and 2 new pence (2p). These coins will be bronze. Other coins, of cupronickel, are the 5 new pence (5p), 10 new pence (10p) and the 50 new pence (50p). The 5 new pence piece will be of the same size and value as the old shilling; the 10 new pence piece the same size and value as the old two-shilling piece (or florin). One hundred new pence will make a pound. Paper money will be issued in the value of 1, 5 and 10 pound notes. Ten-shilling notes are being withdrawn from circulation (to be replaced by the 50 new pence coin) as are the old half crown, both shilling pieces and the half-penny. With the advent of the new decimal system next year, the old penny, threepenny bit and sixpence coin will be withdrawn as well. Formerly, it took 20 shillings to make a pound, and 12 pennies to make a shilling.

I've been married more than two years now and consider my marriage a very happy one. However, lately I've been concerned by premature signs of the seven-year itch—I become infatuated with every attractive girl who displays even the slightest interest in me. I blame it on my Catholic upbringing and its parochial views on sex: There was a time when I wouldn't even look at PLAYBOY out of the corner of my eye for fear of committing "mental adultery," when touching certain areas of my own body was taboo and when touching someone else's was



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out of the question. As a consequence, I seldom dated and my few abortive attempts at sex were extremely guilt-ridden. Is it possible that since I didn't sow my wild oats before marriage, I have an overwhelming desire to do so now?
 —A. L., Danbury, Connecticut.

You seem to be overly concerned with what you missed earlier in life and, at the same time, you're taking for granted something of value that you have now: a happy marriage, which few men can claim. You can't go back again, and whether it would be worth jeopardizing your relationship with your wife to try to make up for the past is a decision only you can make. Before you decide, bear in mind that your upbringing has endowed you with a deep sense of guilt about non-marital sex, so it's likely you'll have conflicting emotions (at the very least) about adultery. Instead of trying to sow your wild oats retroactively, we'd suggest you heed Voltaire and cultivate your own garden.

Some of the LPs I buy come wrapped in a paper inner sleeve, while others come in polyethylene plastic. Since the records are protected by the cardboard album cover in either case, does the type of inner sleeve used really matter?—
 E. W., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

It's a good idea to replace a paper sleeve with one made of polyethylene, since the former can cause scratches on the record surface. These plastic sleeves are very inexpensive and can be purchased in any good hi-fi store. Keep the opening at the top when inserting the record and sleeve in the album cover; this will keep the disc from falling out and will provide maximum protection against dust.

I have heard that there is an incurable form of "black V.D." going around in Vietnam. Is there any truth to this?—
 R. W., Chicago, Illinois.

No. The rumor began because some Vietnamese prostitutes treat themselves with low doses of penicillin as a V.D. preventive. As a result, they give their customers a form of gonorrhea that resists standard treatment with penicillin. However, other antibiotics are effective in such cases. Epidemiologists claim there is no such thing as incurable V.D.

How did the beverage called cold duck originate?—P. F., St. Paul, Minnesota.

There are probably as many stories about the origin of cold duck as there are bartenders, but the most current one credits a party-loving 18th Century German baron who, when he discovered that his wine cellar suffered from a shortage of the bubbly, ordered the champagne mixed with sparkling burgundy so there would be enough to go around. The guests, it is said, loved it as much as its

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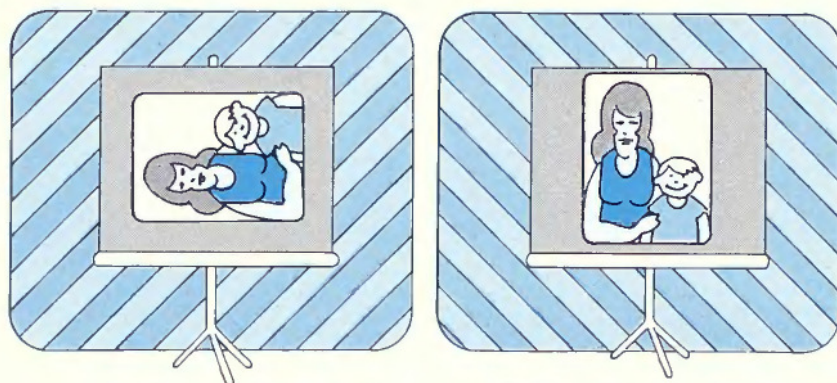
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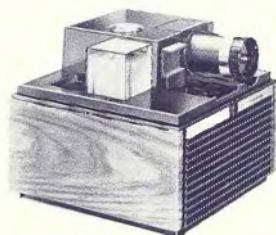
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Speaking of beautiful features...



modern-day imbibers. Another German version of cold duck is to pour a bottle of Rhine wine over a twist of lemon peel suspended in the neck of a pitcher, then follow it with a bottle of champagne. The mixture, kissed with the faint essence of lemon, is Kalte Ente, which translates as cold duck, a corruption, over the years, of Kalte Ende—the "cold ending" to the perfect meal.

For a long time, I've been strongly attracted to a close friend's fiancée; however, I've always kept my distance, even though I felt that she liked me, too. Recently, I learned that she broke the engagement. My buddy assures me that he's shedding no tears, though I suspect he's just salving his pride by saying this. My hopeful question is: Do I now have the right to approach this girl on my own behalf?—C. P., Detroit, Michigan.

Yes, but make sure your friend is not still in love with the girl. Tell him of your feelings, but reassure him as to your straight conduct during the time he was engaged to her, so that he doesn't blame you for the split.

I've noticed that the number 13 is often mentioned in connection with pot. How come? And what does it stand for?—G. Y., Atlanta, Georgia.

M is the 13th letter of the alphabet and a symbol for marijuana.

What are the advantages and disadvantages of circumcision?—D. T., Washington, D. C.

Those in favor claim a circumcised penis is easier to keep clean, thus eliminating the possibility that smegma—a secretion of the foreskin—will cause either cancer of the penis or of the cervix. Moreover, there is no danger of a tight foreskin causing pain during an erection, and the lessened sensitivity of a circumcised penis gives the possessor greater staying power. Opponents of circumcision claim that washing the uncircumcised penis is not difficult and that susceptibility to cancer and decreased sensitivity have yet to be satisfactorily proven. Some doctors believe the operation has become cultural in nature. A routine bit of surgery in the United States, it is almost unheard of in Sweden. For Jews and Moslems, of course, circumcision is a ritual operation.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

CAMPUS VIOLENCE

Jerry Mickelson, at Ohio State University, writes, "I am going to bed scared" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). He *should* be scared—not just of the National Guard and the cops but scared that the building he's sleeping in might get blown up by some fool who thinks that killing innocent bystanders will somehow shorten the war.

Earl Root
Colchester, Vermont

I'd like to reply to the Ohio State University student who wrote, "The National Guardsmen are nervous kids who don't know the first thing about controlling a crowd and they have loaded weapons in their hands, pointed at your children."

I am a member of the Ohio National Guard and was on duty twice this year during the civil disturbances at Mickelson's university. Many members of the battalion, including myself, had bottles, rocks and insults thrown at us. While on patrol, one of our men was shot at by a sniper. The bullet hit the jeep only inches from his legs.

I think the fact that not one of the 5000 National Guardsmen on the campus fired a shot proves that we are well-trained, well-disciplined soldiers.

Sp/4 Thomas K. Stippich
Lima, Ohio

I read with interest the "Battlefield Communique" from Ohio State University that expressed fear of the National Guard. In the same issue, Sergeant Daniel F. Serrano supports the shooting of students "by those whose job it is to enforce the law." I am a National Guardsman living in New York City and both of those letters made me think.

I hope to God I'm never called on to control a rioting crowd. My military training consisted of five months on active duty. During that time, I learned basic combat techniques geared for soldiers going to Vietnam. I never was taught anything about riot control or anything related to functions that a National Guardsman would perform in a riot situation. I don't even know how to use the weapons available to a National Guardsman during a riot. The ones I trained with were entirely different.

If I were called to a New York campus to control a riot and was pelted with

rocks while attempting to do so, I don't know how I would react. I would probably look to my immediate superior, who could conceivably be a man such as Sergeant Serrano who believes that a National Guardsman has the right to sentence a man to death for throwing rocks. As I write this letter, I wonder if one day I will have the death of some college student on my conscience. If I do, I can always find someone like Sergeant Serrano who will apologize for me by explaining that it doesn't take much to get a man hot under the collar.

Charles Hubbard
New York, New York

"In order to get rid of violence, it's necessary to use violence," declares flag-waving Sergeant Daniel F. Serrano. If he actually believes this, he should have no trouble understanding campus rock throwers, arsonists and bombers who, like him, are fighting for peace. I personally feel that campus violence is useless and self-defeating because it tends to alienate the general public from the cause of peace. But Serrano says that if the police can't handle student protesters, "the silent majority will rise up to do the job." Apparently, just like demonstrating students, Sergeant Serrano believes that mob action is a good thing.

Charles E. Redding
Southern Illinois University
Carbondale, Illinois

THE COMING OF FASCISM

This country was much more alert to the dangers of fascism 25 years ago, when World War Two was coming to an end, than it is today. Leafing through a book called *The Great Quotations*, compiled by George Seldes, I found these statements about fascism from material disseminated by the U. S. Army to our troops in 1945 that are worth repetition and contemplation:

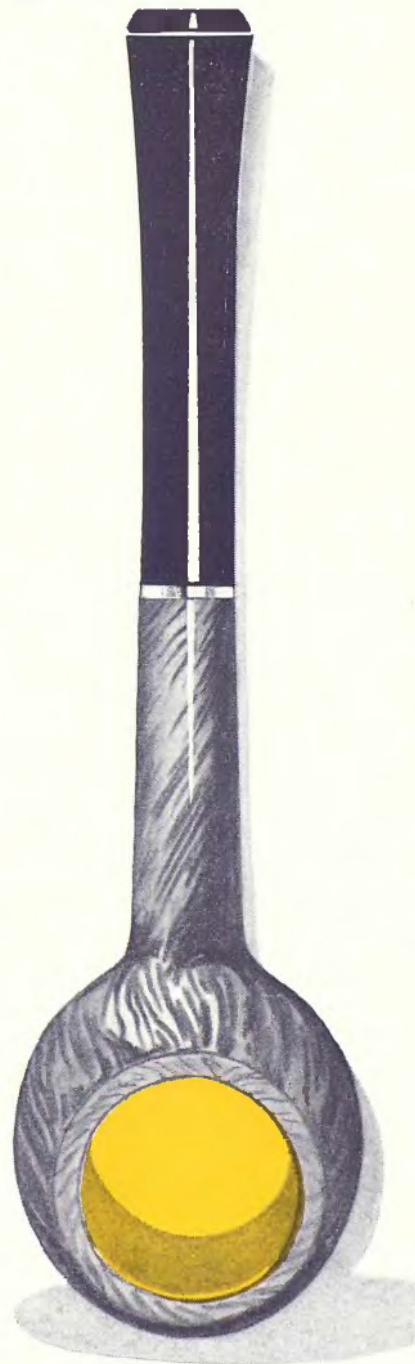
Fascism is a political, social and economic form of society wherein by virtue of a merger which has been accomplished between certain powerful financial interests and a military machine, the entire nation is under the dictatorship of this oligarchy. Individuality and freedom are suppressed "in the interests of the state," which happens to be none other than the dictating oligarchy.

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The United States also has its native fascists, who say that they are "100 percent American. . . ."

At various times in our history, we have had sorry instances of mob sadism, lynchings, vigilantism, terror and suppression of civil liberties. We have had our hooded gangs, Black Legions, Silver Shirts and racial and religious bigots. All of them, in the name of Americanism, have used undemocratic methods and doctrines which experience has shown can be properly identified as "fascist."

An American fascist seeking power would not proclaim that he is a fascist. Fascism always camouflages its plan and purposes. . . . Any fascist attempt made to gain power in America would not use the exact Hitler pattern. It would work under the guise of "superpatriotism" and "super-Americanism." Fascist leaders are neither stupid nor naïve. They know that they must hand out a line that "sells." Huey Long is said to have remarked that if fascism came to America, it would be on a program of "Americanism."

Laura Sutton
Hillside, New Jersey

NO PEACE IN PEARL HARBOR

A column called "The Kokua Line" in the *Honolulu Star Bulletin* printed a question by an Air Force sergeant who wanted to visit the naval base at Pearl Harbor. He was barred because of a peace-symbol decal on his car and he asked why. The column quoted the following unbelievable response by Rear Admiral Ernest W. Dobie, Jr., commander of the 14th Naval District, which includes Pearl Harbor naval base:

The peace symbol itself has been barred because it has become well identified in Hawaii with dissident groups who have sought to confront the military with matters contrary to good discipline and morale. Because these groups advocate actions of offense to the military and create a potentially disruptive influence on military installations, I have no recourse but to bar the introduction of the symbol of these groups onto bases under my command.

W. Tracy Corris
Kailua, Hawaii

SUBVERSIVES IN SIDEBURNS

Recently, an instruction was issued to hospital personnel of the Marine Corps base at Twentynine Palms, California, on the wearing of hair, sideburns and mustaches. After giving directions for correct sideburn length that could not be followed without the aid of an anatomy book and a set of German drafting instruments, the instruction makes the

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

HOME PREGNANCY TEST

Women who want to get pregnant, and those who fear they might be, may soon be able to end the suspense without visiting a physician. A division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., has announced the development of a safe and simple do-it-yourself pregnancy testing kit that it claims is 95 percent accurate.

The test allegedly determines pregnancy within two to three weeks after conception and is performed merely by adding a drop of water and a drop of urine to the chemicals in a small plastic capsule. After the mixture is shaken and allowed to settle for an hour, a small brown ring at the bottom of the capsule indicates pregnancy. The test works by detecting a protein that is secreted by the placenta only during pregnancy.

DEVIATION POTION

IRVINE, CALIFORNIA—Two scientists at the University of California have reported that the drug PCPA, proclaimed an aphrodisiac last spring (see "Forum Newsfront," April), produces homosexual behavior in male rats. Although the laboratory rats were "sexually experienced . . . vigorous copulators" prior to treatment, the supposed sex stimulant both reduced mating frequency and directed the rats' mounting behavior to other males. "We haven't had much luck with chemicals that are supposed to be aphrodisiacs," glumly reported the researchers.

FEMINISM, VATICAN STYLE

VATICAN CITY—As a gesture of "esteem for women," the Vatican has revived an ancient ritual in which unmarried women can take formal vows of virginity without becoming nuns. The announcement, reviving a rite dating back as far as 500 A.D., authorizes bishops to consecrate as virgins women who promise to abstain from sex. It requires that the women "have never married and never publicly or obviously lived in a state contrary to chastity." Possibly viewing virgins as an endangered species, the Vatican explained that their dignity "is sometimes assailed by society, dominated as it often is by myths of vulgar hedonism."

LATEST DOPE ON DOPE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In the last report from its seven task forces, the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence has recommended the legalization of marijuana for persons 18 and older. The commission based its proposal on the absence of evidence that

pot is either harmful or leads to stronger drugs, and on indications that present pot laws are more socially destructive than the drug usage they are intended to prevent.

Such a finding renders the violence-commission members liable to prosecution under a law proposed by Neil Pruitt, a Georgia-senate candidate. According to Pruitt's extraordinary law, any person or organization that claimed a drug was not harmful without furnishing definite proof could be convicted of a felony. In neighboring Florida, U.S. Senate candidate George Balmer promised that, if elected, he would seek a Federal law instituting the death penalty for anyone, regardless of age, convicted of selling marijuana or narcotics valued at more than \$500.

Moving in a less repressive direction, the California Supreme Court has overturned a 1959 state law that, in most cases, required judges to impose at least the minimum prescribed jail sentence on any drug offender with a prior conviction. The court decided that the law violated constitutional separation of powers among the three branches of Government. In effect, the ruling permits judges to evaluate each drug case on its own merits and to impose light or suspended sentences whenever they feel circumstances warrant.

HEROIN AND CRIME

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The widely held assumption that drug addiction leads to a life of crime has been challenged by findings of the Washington narcotic-treatment administration. After studying 206 heroin addicts, the researchers found that 80 percent of the men and 40 percent of the women interviewed had engaged in criminal activities prior to using drugs. Dr. Barry S. Brown, who headed the program's research division, said, "We are dealing with people who are growing up in an environment that has already predisposed them to getting involved in illegal acts before they ever get involved with heroin." The study also found that most addicts discover heroin through curiosity and peer-group pressures, while efforts to kick the habit are usually motivated internally—by desire to escape a criminal life style.

FATHER OF THE YEAR

CLEFTON, VIRGINIA—When Representative Louis Wyman (R-New Hampshire) learned that his 19-year-old son, Louis Wyman II, had been arrested for possession of marijuana, he at first refused to post bond, saying that some jail time

wouldn't do any harm. Six days later, the senior Wyman relented and paid \$2500, but not until he had obtained a signed contract in which Louis II promised to get his hair cut, keep shaved, visit a barber every ten days, go to school, avoid drugs, not wear hippie clothes and stop living in a commune.

BUGGERING THE DRAFT

SAN FRANCISCO—A young man wrote to his draft board in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, advising that he was a homosexual and, therefore, should be exempted from military service. The draft board responded that it needed more than just his word on the matter. So he sent in photographic proof—and the young female draft-board clerk who opened his letter took five days off to recover from the shock. He was soon fined \$250 and placed on five years' probation by a San Francisco Federal court after pleading guilty to felony charges of sending "obscene, lewd, indecent, filthy and vile matter" through the U.S. mails. The crime may have solved the prospective draftee's problem. While the Army sometimes conscripts homosexuals, it usually rejects convicted felons.

POLICE YOUR LOCAL LIBERAL

DETROIT, MICHIGAN—Carl Parsell, president of the International Conference of Police Associations, is threatening a concerted campaign against liberals in public office. Stating that policemen no longer feel they have the support of the judiciary, the legislature or the public, Parsell (who is a Detroit patrolman) said that his organization will compile and publicize voting records prior to elections in an effort to defeat liberal lawmakers who abide such things as "making it legal for members of the same sex to have sexual relations." Lenient judges were reported to be another possible target of the conference's publicity campaign.

NAVY WAIVES THE RULES

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA—A Wave who became pregnant out of wedlock and later miscarried launched a lawsuit that persuaded the Navy to let her stay in the Service. The female seaman's commanding officer had recommended her discharge because, "To do otherwise would imply that unwed pregnancy is condoned and would eventually result in a dilution of the moral standards set for women in the Navy." The Wave countered that the Navy's moral standards were already watered down, at least as they applied to other sailors, and she was, therefore, the victim of sexual discrimination. She argued that male personnel are not discharged for having sexual intercourse outside of marriage, for fathering illegiti-

mate children or for contracting venereal disease, and, generally, are not held to the moral standards set for women in the same Service. This broadside inspired the Navy to reverse course and retain its Wave before a Federal district court could pass on the constitutionality of naval regulations that set different standards for women.

THINKING BIG

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA—A physician teaching at the University of California extension claims to have successfully induced enlargement of the breasts on 20 of 25 women solely by hypnosis. Dr. Peter Mutke, a surgeon now engaged in hypnotherapy and related research, reports that hormonal changes leading to breast growth began in each of the successful subjects after he hypnotically stimulated memories of traumatic experiences associated with the mammary glands (e.g., being teased about breast size in early adolescence). After the original trauma, he believes, breast growth stopped; and after hypnotic recollection, the growth started again, guided by further hypnotic suggestions. Dr. Rudolf Noble, a clinical instructor in medicine at the University of California Medical Center, described Dr. Mutke's claims as "far-fetched . . . but perhaps not an impossibility." Dr. Richard A. Kunin, president of the San Francisco Academy of Hypnosis, however, was less skeptical, commenting that hormonal changes do occur in psychotherapy and that he himself had observed breast growth in women coming out of depressions.

PROTECTION FOR PROPOSITIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The American Civil Liberties Union contends that "soliciting for lewd and immoral purposes" is protected by the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech. Invited by a District of Columbia judge to participate in the trial of two men who allegedly wore women's clothes on the street and propositioned vice officers, the A. C. L. U. has filed a brief asserting that a conversation cannot be a crime unless there is an offended party, and that when an undercover agent seeks the conversation he cannot claim to be the victim of an offense.

THE REAL MCCOY

After making their debut in San Francisco under a quasi-legal private-club arrangement, genuine hard-core pornographic movies have reached New York. At least one theater in the Times Square area has been screening two-hour programs of relatively high-quality 16mm explicit sex films that make no pretense of being either artistic or educational. The theater was reportedly grossing about \$10,000 a week.

following observation: "Sideburns in excess of this length are not only unmilitary in appearance and eccentric but tending to identify with various dissident, revolutionary, socially maladjusted and even subversive elements of our society in which unkempt hair, sideburn and mustache styles are a consistent stigma."

DT/2 Thomas L. Andrew, U. S. N.
Twentynine Palms, California

Recently, I was refused entrance to the naval exchange at the Key West naval base because of the length of my sideburns. I am a dependent and not in the Service, so, therefore, I'm not subject to their rules. My I. D. card states that I am entitled to all rights and privileges, including the exchange. It does not say that I have to shave my sideburns to use these services.

What is ironic is that my father died while in uniform to protect the very rights I was denied.

Marc A. Quinlan
Duck Key, Florida

NEVER LOVE A STRANGER

Many letters in the *Playboy* Forum bemoan the fact that this country is full of people who harass anyone who wears long hair and unusual clothing. This phenomenon of directing hatred toward the strange-looking person will never be understood if people think it's confined to vicious red-necks and that long-haired youth are all sweetness and light.

I am one who was born too soon for the hippie movement. I sympathize with its goals and its philosophy, but I've dressed and looked like a straight person all my life and it would be phony for me to change my appearance at this point. One night, a friend and I, wearing jackets and ties and relatively short hair, visited a popular hippie coffeehouse in Los Angeles. We'd no sooner sat down than we heard someone say loudly, "There are two narcs in the room." The remarks, for our benefit, got more and more threatening, till we decided, for the sake of peace and love, to leave our espresso unfinished and depart.

While this is the most vivid incident I've experienced, it is by no means the only one. My wife and I have been harassed, cursed at and threatened on the street by kids in hippie garb, only because we're over 30 and look it. The sooner we realize that there are no saintly groups and no groups categorically deserving of contempt, the sooner we'll have a just society.

John Hawkins
Los Angeles, California

THE COP KILLERS

Between January and September 1970, 20 policemen were killed in various cities of the U. S. in snipings, ambushings and bombings—all unprovoked. These killings

of policemen are part of a conscious trend toward increasing violence directed at established authority dating back approximately to 1968. Who are participating in this trend? Not necessarily conspirators, not necessarily members of an organization; just anyone who sees what is going on and wants to add to the carnage.

The year 1968 also saw the adoption and spreading use of the word "pig" as a term of opprobrium for policeman. After August of that year, most underground papers consistently called cops pigs. The promotion of this term was not a matter of lower-class usage but was a calculated campaign conducted by the middle-class intellectuals who created and who largely staff the left-wing press.

We humans have a natural reluctance to kill fellow human beings, but this reluctance can be overcome when we use our rationalizing faculties to withdraw the classification "human" from certain groups. Hitler declared the Jews subhuman, and this facilitated German acceptance of his genocidal policies. The American white man has used such words as "redskin," "nigger" and "gook" to dehumanize opponents and ease his conscience while he enslaves or massacres them. Now, shouting the word "pig," the American radical stoops to the same tactic.

Michael Martin, in the August *Playboy Forum*, points out the responsibilities of President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew in the killings at Kent State University. He calls attention to the Administration's portrayal of student protesters as "animals, bums, irresponsible troublemakers, immoral dope fiends and traitors" and concludes that among the murderers of the Kent students we must include "the Government officials who created the climate of hatred. . . ."

I thoroughly agree with Martin's assessment. But it follows that those who created the climate of hatred toward policemen, those who portrayed them as animals, specifically pigs, must bear some measure of responsibility for the wave of police assassinations in 1970. I grant that we Americans probably would not be at one another's throats were it not for the bigotry, inertia, stupidity and murderousness of our ruling classes, and I grant that individual policemen have been doing the ruling classes' dirty work. But if this much-proclaimed revolution is the mere exchange of one set of murderous bigots for another, then I am against it.

S. J. Goldman
New York, New York

PLASTIC-HATS

A little soldier in the September *Playboy Forum* asked why the men in plastic hats don't "put on real steel pots and replace some of the boys who don't believe in this war and would like to go home." Well, boy, did you ever stop to think that perhaps a lot of them have

already been over there? Many of the men I work with have served their time in World War Two, Korea or the present war.

I have been an ironworker for five years—ever since I got out of the First Division. I wear an American flag on my hat and am proud to do so. As a group, we ironworkers are intelligent, many of us are well-educated and we do difficult work requiring nerve, strength and skill.

The present state of our nation is pitiful. Police and National Guardsmen are daily targets for criticism and violence. The little darlings who get shot on the campuses are wept over by every bleeding-heart politician up for re-election, but when the men in blue get killed in the line of duty, the liberals look the other way. It's no wonder, then, that the hard-hats have come out against protesters, demonstrators, longhairs and such. Somebody has to do something. The police and the National Guard have their hands tied . . . but there's nothing holding us back.

So, don't knock us. We worked to build this country and we will damn sure fight any person or group that tries to tear it down.

William J. Kelly
St. Joseph, Michigan

THE BAD GUYS

I have been studying the bad guys in recent American movies, and I think I can summarize the qualities and characteristics by which contemporary villains can be recognized according to Hollywood. They usually have Southern accents (like the guys who shot Dennis and Peter in *Easy Rider* and the ghoulish bounty hunters in *The Wild Bunch* and the murderously vindictive bushwhacking Texas Ranger in *Bonnie and Clyde*); or they are dumb cops, mechanical-looking robots in gas masks and Nazi-style uniforms (as in *Getting Straight* and *The Strawberry Statement*); or they are Northern factory workers (as in *Joe*). In any of these guises, however, they are from the lower classes and white (exceptions: the villainous blacks in *The Detective* and *Cotton Comes to Harlem*). I get the impression that Hollywood wants me to believe that evil is always less educated, less affluent, less grammatical and less intelligent than an average middle-class good-guy moviegoer like myself.

In spite of all those excellent films, I don't believe that hypothesis. I suspect that the really evil and murderous people in our society are better educated, more affluent, more grammatically precise and possibly more intelligent (certainly more cunning) than me. They usually are from the Northeast, not the South. They run our banks, our State Department, our CIA and our industries, and they create both the international policies that drive us into one idiot war after another and

the internal policies that keep the poor and ignorant in a state in which they are often driven to irrational violence by the total hopelessness of their situation. None of them would ever say "ain't," but they can all discuss "overkill" without feeling that their language reveals their barbarism.

Andrew Smith
Babylon, New York

DISSENT IN HIGH PLACES

The "effete snobs" that Agnew worries about are not only in college; they are also in the Senate and even in the Army. The following remarks by Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio in the *Congressional Record* and the appended letter by four Army officers supporting a fellow West Pointer who refused to serve in Vietnam should be of interest to your readers.

In 1965, I observed that our warplanes bombing Laos were disguised. This was no doubt due to the fact that we had guaranteed the neutrality of Laos. In 1968, our warplanes were openly bombing Laos.

That we are waging war in Indochina is an act of national insanity. This most unpopular war in the history of our republic has now become the longest war in time and the bloodiest in the total number of American soldiers killed, wounded and maimed for life.

Mr. President, *The Washington Post* of May 24 carried a letter written by four young Army officers. These officers are all West Point graduates and three are decorated veterans of the Vietnam fighting.

Senator Young then inserted the following letter into the *Record*.

With regard to your May 4, 1970, article pertaining to Lieutenant Louis Font, we, also graduates of West Point, wholeheartedly support the stand taken by Lieutenant Font. Three of us have served in Vietnam; one of us was wounded. We have earned between us one Silver Star and four Bronze Stars. We have seen the ideals of the republic which we have sworn to defend perverted beyond recognition in the systematic destruction of another people's country. We have seen the price in lives and treasure that has been paid by both Vietnamese and Americans, and we declare it a waste beyond redemption. In the pursuit of a series of myths (self-determination, outside aggression, democracy vs. communism, etc.), this nation has devastated a peasant Asian society—physically with our weapons, culturally with our attitudes—and, in so doing, we have divided and neglected our country, with its own massive



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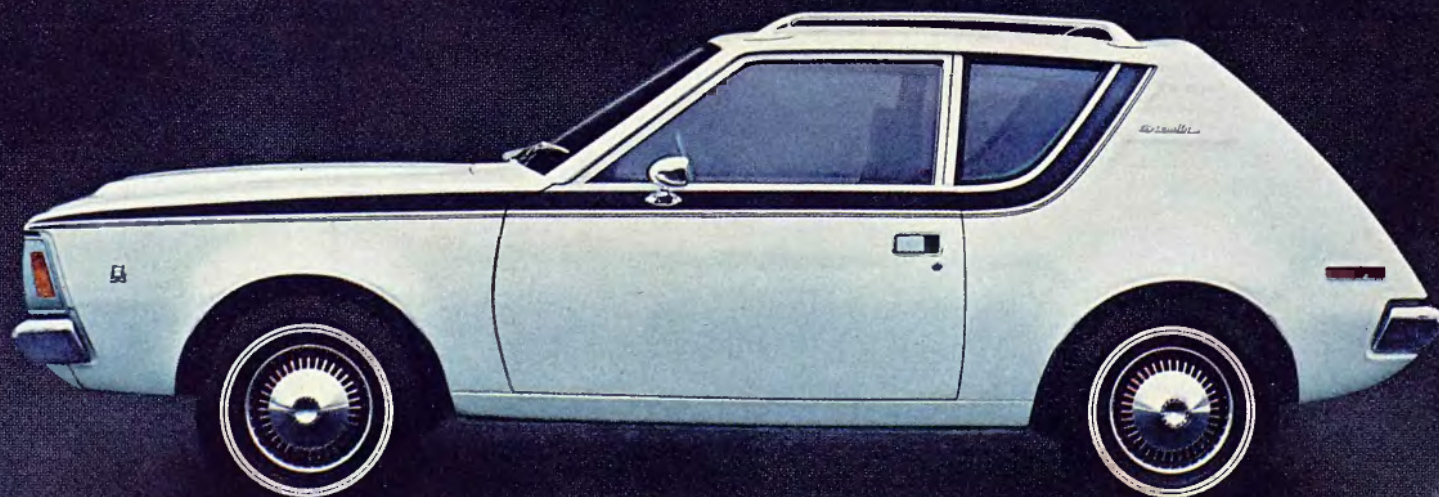
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social problems yet unsolved. This intolerable situation cries out for correction; we are offered, instead, by our President, a program designed to lower American casualties to a level that the electorate will accept—a tolerable level of death—while we inch toward disengagement and Vietnamese continue to die in large numbers at our hands.

In the name of the America of our hopes, we join Lieutenant Font in saying—No.

(Signed by four West Point graduates)

Robert B. Johnson, Jr.
Annapolis, Maryland

THE PAWNS

I've spent the past 12 months working in a clinic at Brooke Army Hospital.

It's been a heart-rending year. The patients here are, for the most part, young men whose bodies have known the ravages of the Indochina war. Each and every unthinking American who blindly supports our Government's actions in Southeast Asia should be given a tour of an Army hospital. They would see amputees, burn victims and men paralyzed with spinal-cord injuries. They would also see brain-damaged patients who will never talk, walk or recognize the mother or pretty young wife who often accompany them. Vietnam is far away and it is easy for many Americans to look at the war there impersonally. I'm certain that visiting a few of the surviving pawns of the conflict will make protesters of those who now support our shameful venture.

Sp/4 Bill Black
Fort Sam Houston, Texas

VIETNAM BLUES

When I'm not being shot at, I'm walking in three feet of mud, fighting insects that defy all insecticides or trying to penetrate an impenetrable jungle. I've had it. Please, America, send over one of the Congressmen who vote to keep this war going or one of the industrialists who are getting rich on all this death and filth and let me come home.

Sgt. G. A. Jederberg
APO San Francisco, California

PLAYBOY'S LONG SHADOW

One morning last week, I arrived at my desk here in Vietnam to find a character-guidance outline in my in box. Only officers and enlisted men with the rank of staff sergeant or higher are permitted to read these literary gems. All lower-ranking enlisted men are subjected to monthly hourlong classes in which this wisdom is presented orally. This particular offering had the redeeming feature of giving a plug to PLAYBOY:

The Bunny Rabbit—not "Bugs," but the Playboy type—has a reputa-

tion. That Bunny Rabbit, whether on a black jetliner or a clear cocktail glass, is to be reckoned with. It sums up a way of life, thinking and loving, acting and reacting—the works! That Bunny Rabbit casts a long, long shadow when it comes to reputation.

Who has conferred this long, long shadow? No doubt, the HMH organization has contrived much of it. Much more has been conferred by the readers and nonreaders, followers and dissenters. Reputation also says what outsiders . . . think about someone or something. For example, ever-growing numbers seem to want to share the news bit, "Yes, I saw the centerfold of the latest *PLAYBOY* magazine!" "Did you read the interview with William Buckley in that issue?" A thing or a group, and especially a person, can have a reputation.

The essay went on to talk about the value of reputation in general—hoping, I presume, to persuade the troops to behave themselves better in public. If *PLAYBOY*'s Southeast Asia sales take a sharp upturn, the lecture will have been of some use.

Sp/5 William A. Moore II
APO San Francisco, California

ABORTION AND VIETNAM

In the September *Playboy* Forum, Rosemary A. Gillespie of New York points out the illogic of demanding that every embryo be protected from destruction while, at the same time, we send grown men to be killed "for an obscure cause in a distant land." I wish to compliment her on her letter and *PLAYBOY* for publishing it.

J. D. Coffey, Jr., M. D.
Natchez, Mississippi

FETAL OVERPRODUCTION

The impression has been promoted by opponents of abortion that God places an absolute value on the life of the human fetus. If so, he has a curious way of showing it. For tens of thousands of years, God destroyed uncountable numbers of fetuses and infants by spontaneous abortions, diseases contracted by the mother such as syphilis and rubella, adverse Rh factor reactions and infectious diseases such as salmonellosis. So high was the mortality rate, both in the womb and out, that the impression we are left with is not of commitment to the preservation of life but just the opposite. God, it would seem, breathed souls into millions of fetal bodies for no better purpose than that they should die before ever having known life.

Today, we no longer allow God the dubious pleasure of sacrificing millions of germinal humans to the principle of

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survival of the fittest. But we are paying a high price for our presumption. By preserving so much human life, we are steadily diminishing the quality of life.

If we can intervene in nature to preserve human life, we can also intervene to enhance and enrich it. This is a challenge to our species that will continue to make demands on us long after the abortion controversy has passed from public concern.

Donn B. Tragnitz
Laguna Beach, California

ABORTION AND CATHOLICISM

My Ph.D. was earned at a Catholic university, but I am not in accord with the anti-abortion arguments put forth by the Church.

To Catholic women, I say consider the equation: more Catholic babies equals more Catholics equals more Vatican power. Think about it and about your role in it.

To Catholic men, I offer the following points: (1) The decision to have an abortion is the responsibility of the woman. If it is a sin, it is *her* sin, and unless you are personally involved, it is none of your affair. (2) Whether or not you approve, it is your duty to see that the woman receives *whatever* surgery she seeks, good medical and hospital care, and is not forced into the hands of quacks. You could have some responsibility for such a woman's death at the final judgment, according to *Matthew* 25, 31-46. (3) If you want to decrease the number of abortions, contribute heavily to agencies helping unwed mothers and charities supporting unwanted children and vote for higher taxes to be spent on the wards of these agencies and charities. (4) You can have a vasectomy and shut up. (I had mine 20 years ago.)

Merle A. Foster, Ph.D.
Houston, Texas

NOT A MURDERESS

A little over a year ago, when I was a junior in college and my lover was a graduate student, I became pregnant. We had no means to support a child. I would have had to give up college, throwing away the thousands of dollars my parents had spent to send me there. My boyfriend would have lost his chance to earn his teacher's license and would have had to forgo his plans for the future and take a job—any job he could get—to support me and the child. But we were able to get an abortion during the eighth week of pregnancy.

Were we selfish, being willing to kill an infant in order to ensure our own happiness? I think not. I did not kill an infant. What the abortionist took from my body was an organism that was alive—as any collection of cells can be alive—and was human in the sense that it had humangenes, but it was not suf-

ficiently developed to be called a human being. A *potential* human being, yes, and deserving a degree of respect, but not deserving to ruin the lives of two *actual* human beings. Far from feeling like a murderess, I believe I have saved two lives—my own and that of the man who made me pregnant. I also have prevented a third life, which would have been stunted and unhappy, from coming into existence.

(Name withheld by request)
Indianapolis, Indiana

TEENAGE LIBERATION

This country needs a teenage liberation movement. Today's pre-adults are subjected to dozens of kinds of discrimination. If we walk into a store or restaurant, the management grows visibly uptight and we are notified, in various not-so-subtle ways, that we should buy something immediately and get out as soon as possible: no browsing, no casual shopping—move. If we stand with friends and talk—merely talk—on a street corner, a cop appears and, again, tells us to "move along." Move where? The next corner will have another cop telling us to move somewhere else. Into a store? The same manager is there, with the same uptight expression, trying to get us back in the street, so the cops can chase us off the street again. Does everybody think we're all shoplifters and/or bomb-carrying revolutionaries?

As for job discrimination: Whatever injustices minority groups face in this sphere, they, at least theoretically, have a certain legal protection. A teenager under 16, who takes an after-school job, has no legal standing at all and is completely at the mercy of his employer. So we're mostly compelled to sponge off our parents and feel guilty when they complain about inflation and the money squeeze.

Finally, just as women are denied the right to control their own bodies by state legislators, who are usually male, the teenager is denied sex education by adults who have no concept of the confusions, terrors and tragedies that sexual ignorance can cause in the modern world.

Barry E. Sullivan
Boston, Massachusetts

OBJECT ALL SUBLIME

James O'Malley can't seem to understand why women's liberationists object to the Freudian term sex object (*The Playboy Forum*, August). After all, O'Malley says, Freud considered that men were sex objects for women just as much as women were sex objects for men.

It is obvious that anybody who thinks that way has never been in love.

I can't consider myself an object for somebody else's use or gratification, nor do I want anybody else to be an object

for my manipulations. The alienation of the subject-object relationship is nothing but hell in modern form. When love happens, there is no longer a subject nor an object, just a joyful merging.

Perhaps this is what the women's liberationists mean when they reject Freud's term.

Ruth Quinn
Laguna Beach, California

BIOLOGY AND DESTINY

The first reaction of a man to the subject of women's liberation is amused incomprehension. Liberation? Liberation from what? This question is usually followed by an enumeration of the facts that women are frequently supported by men, that women spend more money than men do and own more property, that women are deferred to in countless little ways.

These facts are precisely the reasons why some of the most vehement opponents of women's liberation are not men but other women. Many women know they have a good thing going and don't want to see a change in the status quo. I don't mean that women deliberately exploit men, though I am sure a number of them do. But most women are smart enough to take advantage of a situation that is neither of their making nor in their power to remedy.

Men often complain that marriage entails a loss of freedom for them. It is true that they gain material and sexual service, but they also become responsible for the survival of another person. While the wife is physically restricted and completely dependent upon the man, she has been relieved of the responsibility for her own survival and that of her children. The man must not only succeed in his chosen career to be considered successful, he must also fulfill by himself the many needs of his wife and family. The man often believes that he must do all these things just to prove that he is a man.

The vast majority of women love their men in the broadest sense and are willing to make them happy at almost any cost. If a man likes a sweet, docile, dependent little ninny, then a woman will be just that for him. If a woman asserts herself, she is declared unfeminine, because femininity in this society means submissiveness. Who created this kind of society? Men did, out of their deep-seated wish to believe that women are inferior beings. If many women are incapable or unwilling to take upon themselves the responsibility for their own survival, it is because male-created society encourages women to be that way.

There are many women's liberation groups around the country; some are conservative, some radical, some ridiculous. But all, to a greater or lesser degree, are the natural result of the basic urge

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toward self-actualization felt by every woman who belongs to such a group. Woman does not exist to serve man's pleasure; woman is not an object to be used for sexual gratification. Any man who weds or beds a creature he considers his inferior is thereby setting a low value on his own sexuality and proclaiming himself a fool. Any woman who considers herself inferior and believes that she should give up independent life to become a nonentity is a parasite.

Biology is not destiny. Destiny is the sum of one's achievements, and achievement is a product of the mind, not the sex organs. A man is a man when he values his life and his mind above all, knowing their true worth. A man's masculinity is simply his self-opinion, his value of himself to himself. A man is fully a man when he has no need to prove it to others or to himself. All these statements apply to women as well. One half the population of the world should not be forced, morally or legally, to support the other half. Nor should the other half be forced to accept that kind of support. All of life, the pleasures and problems, should be shared equally from beginning to end.

Jacquelyn M. Zoost
Nashua, New Hampshire

DISTORTED LIBERATION

PLAYBOY consistently presents a slanted view of the women's liberation movement in spite of your support for certain aspects of it, such as equal pay for equal work or repeal of abortion laws (which, of course, benefit men and society in general as much as they do women). There is always a greater number of letters printed in your magazine from people who are critical of feminism, and I can't believe that this represents the content of the mail you receive on the subject.

You keep printing the "I love being a girl" letters (like the one from Carolyn Williams in the September *Forum*) from women who describe how much they enjoy male chivalry without any recognition of the prices women have to pay for such treatment—such as unequal pay, menial jobs, the necessity of acting passive, submissive and not too bright (so as to be considered feminine and merit deferential treatment) and so forth. When you print a letter in support of women's lib, it is usually from a fanatical, man-hating, emotionally disturbed person who is far from expressing the views of the majority of women. You give an inordinate amount of exposure to the views of these extremists who are a tiny minority and whose views are abhorrent to the rest of women.

It is understandable that you would present women's liberation this way, since you have a financial interest in preserving the image of women as sexual objects. However, it is hypocritical of you to take

a liberal stand on matters of individual rights and liberties in view of your contemptuous attitude toward women. Your magazine is primarily directed toward insecure men who are unsure of themselves with women and unable to relate to them as people. These men prefer to view women only as sexual objects, since women in this role are much less threatening to them.

The intellectual content of your magazine, which is generally of a high caliber, enhances the egos of these insecure men by using snob appeal and a feeling of elitism that give them the illusion that their interest in PLAYBOY stems from something other than voyeurism. And, of course, it attracts many other people who are interested in the articles and fiction for their own sakes and who would not buy the magazine for its sexual content alone.

I have always had great respect for the views of PLAYBOY as expressed in *The Playboy Philosophy* and *The Playboy Forum*, which impress me as being rational and articulate, but I would have greater respect for the magazine if it acknowledged its bias where women's liberation is concerned and left the topic entirely alone.

Mrs. Jack Rubin
Annandale, Virginia

Between November 1969, when "The Playboy Forum" published the first letter in the recent series on feminism, and September 1970, we printed 31 letters on women's liberation. Fifteen of these were opposed to or generally critical toward women's lib and 16 were favorable. Of the hostile letters, only four were on the theme "I love being a girl." Of the favorable letters, none were immoderate, fanatical or man-hating in tone. In view of this, we'd like to know what magazine you've been reading.

The same applies to your general criticisms of PLAYBOY. The worn-out rhetoric about "women as sexual objects," "directed toward insecure men," enhances the ego by "using snob appeal" and the rest of it sounds as though you are more familiar with either conservative church bulletins or the propaganda of the "fanatical, man-hating, emotionally disturbed" wing of women's lib than you are with PLAYBOY. We have refuted these tired arguments again and again, but—as all politicians know—old slanders neither die nor fade away; they acquire the permanence of fossils. Apparently, it's easier to let one's thinking be guided by clichés than to wade through a lot of tedious facts.

DAY-CARE CENTERS

Many women's liberationists are calling for the establishment of day-care centers so that women will have a place to leave their small children while they work. PLAYBOY has indicated that it supports the civil rights of American women, but

to my knowledge, you've never said anything specifically about day-care centers. It's all very well to crusade for a woman's right of access to birth control and abortion, but what if she has already gone ahead and had the baby? Are you still willing to be helpful?

Mrs. H. Ryan
Detroit, Michigan

Indeed we are. PLAYBOY believes that mothers should have the freedom either to engage in fulfilling careers or simply to work to support themselves and their families if they feel this is necessary. With few exceptions, the only feasible way to free mothers to do this is through the establishment of day-care centers to mind preschool children and supervise older children after school.

The Playboy Foundation has contributed funds to selected day-care centers for the poor in various parts of the country. We hope this example will be followed by other corporations, foundations and social-funding agencies. But trying to fill this need with private funds is like trying to fill a bucket with an eyedropper, since there are nearly 11,000,000 working mothers in the country, while existing licensed day-care facilities have a capacity of about 500,000 children.

It will be necessary for the Government to make funds available, probably through public-school systems, to establish a network of centers. At present, a Government-sponsored program called Community Coordinated Child Care Program, or 4-C, supplies money to groups wishing to form child-care centers. A community organization planning to start a center applies to a Federal Regional 4-C Committee for recognition; if recognized, the organization is entitled to receive Federal funds. Complete details of this program will be provided by the Federal Regional 4-C Committees, whose addresses may be obtained from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Office of Child Development, Donahoe Building, 400 Sixth Street S.W., Washington, D. C. 20024.

SAVE THE MIMI

FADD (Fight Against Dictating Designers) wishes to thank PLAYBOY for publishing our views on the midi. It would be impossible to reply to all the encouraging letters we have received, but we are circulating a newsletter that states FADD's economic philosophy. Our aim is to flood the U.S. with the letter. If women can be persuaded not to buy that first midi, we will have successfully demonstrated female economic strength.

It is unfortunate that we must advocate strong measures to make the garment industry aware of our determination not to succumb to the midi no matter what propagandizing pressures are exerted. The retailers assure us that



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there will be a variety of lengths from which to choose. We believe these statements are designed to produce silence and inaction. We expect that within a short period of time, there will be an insidious substitution and the inelegant midi will displace all other lengths.

The implication now is that women will be able to buy short skirts—in the bargain basement. This is blatant fashion snobbery, designed to coerce by insult and segregate the United States so that the wealthy will be wearing costly dresses far different from those worn by the not so wealthy.

The garment industry must be made to realize that the more perversely it acts, the more determined we become, as a matter of principle, to use even stronger measures. If we are not successful in having the dress length of our choice available to us, then, sadly and most unwillingly, our next move is to withhold our patronage from the stores that do not accommodate us.

Doris S. Sweeney
Patricia Deem
FADD
P. O. Box 5788
Bethesda, Maryland 20014

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

I've been reading with interest the letters in *The Playboy Forum* from people who want to save the miniskirt. Apparently, they are unaware that they are sowing the seeds of disaster. If the silent majority realizes that it has the power to reject commercial propaganda, it is only one step away from a more dangerous situation. Soon, people will not only be demanding products based on their desires but they will also want laws and socioeconomic systems that satisfy their needs. The mute masses on which President Nixon depends to uphold his Administration will become vocal. God knows where it will end—maybe with government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Let's keep our mouths shut so our glorious leaders can get on with the job of silencing us forever.

Sgt. Robert V. Shuff, U. S. A. F.
Traben-Trarbach, West Germany

LAW 'N' ORDER

I quote from a news story in *The Boston Globe* concerning the conviction of a bookseller for violation of the obscenity laws:

Judge Adlow found Pino's client, Anthony M. Viglione, guilty of the unlawful sale of a magazine containing obscene pictures.

"Your Honor," argued Pino, "the Supreme Court has ruled these pictures are not obscene and we are a nation of laws, not men."

"I refuse to live by rules made by

men who have lost their heads by being elevated too high," the judge pronounced.

Pino insisted the magazine was not obscene.

The judge delved further into his philosophy of jurisprudence.

"The Supreme Court," Adlow said, "has put its endorsement on filth, but we in this city will continue to entertain a little decency."

If I understand this correctly, the judge is saying that he doesn't care what the law is, as determined by the highest Court of the land, he will follow his own conscience. Will the pacifists and New Leftists rush to praise him for not following orders and for refusing to be a "good German"? And will the Nixon-Agnew-Wallace fans cry out for his deportation to Russia for not obeying the great god law 'n' order? Somehow, I doubt that either of these reactions will occur. People aren't consistent, are they?

Frank Tucker
Boston, Massachusetts

POLLUTION AND EROTICA

According to the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the Gary, Indiana, police recently seized 631 reels of erotic film from a private home and, on authority of a writ by City Judge Richard S. Kaplan, burned them in a lot near a police station. The newspaper account adds:

"They were the most vile, lewd, mind-destructing films I've ever seen," Kaplan declared as firemen poured gasoline over a drum containing the films. "What's more, they were putrid."

He was not a bit concerned when a reporter suggested that the fire violated Gary's anti-pollution ordinance.

"Of course I know we're violating it," he exclaimed. "But polluting the air is a lesser evil than polluting the mind."

What the judge overlooks is that air pollution is real, while mind pollution is only a metaphor.

Paul Robins
Gary, Indiana

PRE-CENSORSHIP

I am a law student and part-time legal researcher for a law firm and I came across a case that has not received the publicity it deserves. As *PLAYBOY* readers already know, court decisions in the past decade have steadily restricted the area in which pre-censorship is permissible; and in this instance (*Drive-In Theaters, Inc. vs. Huskey*, 1969), the area has been reduced to the infinitesimal.

The case originated when Damon Huskey, sheriff of Rutherford County, North Carolina, announced that he was

banning all movies having X, R or M ratings and would prosecute any theater owner who showed such films. After attempting to comply with this ukase, a local moviehouse, owned by Drive-In Theaters, Inc., found that customers, faced with a steady diet of G-rated films, were staying home, so it sued the sheriff to try to legally prohibit him from issuing such bans.

The U. S. district court ruled in favor of the theater and enjoined the sheriff from issuing or enforcing this type of all-inclusive ban. The court also held:

As far as the seizure of allegedly obscene film is concerned, it is now clear that law-enforcement authorities may not lawfully seize offending film without first conducting an adversary hearing *with the burden* [of proof] *on the prosecution*. . . . Probable cause for violation of North Carolina obscenity statutes is a judicial determination . . . [and] has to be made *film by film* on a local level *after* an adversary hearing, if convictions are to flow therefrom.

Please withhold my name, as the law firm for which I work is extremely conservative and doesn't like any of its employees to be identified, even indirectly, with controversial matters.

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D. C.

GAY REVOLUTIONARIES

I'm angered by some of the rhetoric that has been used in *The Playboy Forum* about gay-liberation fronts, particularly the letter by Foster Gunnison, Jr., in the August issue. In attacking what he calls extremists, Gunnison displays intolerance and prudishness. Such people depress me. If I seem extravagantly irritated, it's because I have spent 24 years of my life in hell and one year trying to break out, only to be arbitrarily labeled by Gunnison as one of the "long-haired, wild-eyed street urchins" of the "Commie-pinko-anarchist fringe."

We, the so-called homosexuals of the more militant, liberationist breed, are taking our lives into our own hands, doing something about the situation in our society, working so that not only we but all people can enjoy complete and total freedom of mind and body forever. While we are out in the streets acting in guerrilla theater about the recognition, prevention and destruction of oppression, Gunnison and his kind are tacitly supporting the war, the destruction of the environment and all the other varieties of tyranny. Gunnison's suggestion that militance and openness will destroy the gay movement is absurd. Actually, without these qualities, the movement won't accomplish a thing.

We want everyone to be free to do gay; homosexuality is not a state of being, nor is it a deviation from the norm

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—it is a *part* of the norm because it is found in almost everyone. In reality, there are no homosexuals and heterosexuals—these are fictitious classifications that our society, with its penchant for putting people in boxes, has developed. Love should be made when you feel love for yourself and desire to share that love with someone who will enjoy it equally, without fear, guilt or shame. Gay is nature.

Ralph Hall
National Alliance of People
New York, New York

HOMOPHILES AND THE BIBLE

Don Jackson writes in the August *Playboy Forum* that the Bible is "a hate book" and should be "dumped on the rubbish heap of history" because of repeated anti-homosexual episodes, such as the destruction of Sodom and the warning of Saint Paul that homosexuals "are worthy of death."

Why does the fate of Sodom bother him? It was an imaginary city full of imaginary evil. Gomorrah was destroyed at the same time, according to the Bible. We know what sodomy is and how pleasurable it is supposed to be. Imagine what gomorrhahry must be like!

As for Paul, he was a late convert to Christianity, and converts tend to be even more extremist than Jesuits. Paul tried to remain celibate, a form of self-denial that often produces an irascible, prohibitionist, puritan mentality.

Reconciliation seems to me what Saint Jude, Saint Thomas Aquinas and Thomas a Kempis were about, and also what modern saints such as Mahatma Gandhi, Sigmund Freud, Albert Schweitzer, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Elena Blavatsky were about. And it seems that reconciliation is what Don Jackson is about, too, in his excellent propaganda for a better situation for the gay community. So, why hate and condemn a book? We all know where book burning leads. God really is love.

The Rev. Thomas P. McNamara
New York, New York

HOMOSEXUAL TRAGEDY

The August *Playboy Forum* printed a letter titled "An American Tragedy" from a woman whose husband killed his boss because, she claims, the man was "a persistent homosexual" who "pressured" her husband. The moral, according to the wife, is that homosexuals should avoid making advances to men who consider themselves straight. One can appreciate her desire to think the best of her husband, but she does say that he had latent homosexual impulses. These may have been recognized by his boss. She also says that he led the man on for a while. Why, then, should the boss have assumed he was dealing with a straight person?

I sympathize with the man's misfor-

tune, but the real culprit is not the poor homosexual who lost his life or homosexuality in general. The villain is the hatred and fear of homosexuality that is so widespread in American society. Psychoanalysts tell us that everyone has homosexual feelings. It follows that everyone has to learn to live with these feelings. If a man can't face and accept his impulses, he has a dangerously unstable personality. The fact that there are men who would kill in order to live up to a masculine stereotype is the real American tragedy.

Kordes Gasquet
New Orleans, Louisiana

TRANSSEXUALISM

Thank you for opening your columns to discussion of the little-known and much-misunderstood phenomenon of transsexualism (*The Playboy Forum*, July). Science has not yet clearly shown if this condition is socially determined by early environment or biologically determined by prenatal hormonal imbalance; but, whatever the cause, these individuals suffer as much social disapproval as homosexuals (with whom they are often confused) and—due to the general ignorance and confusion about the subject—are perhaps even more prone to alienation, self-hatred and suicidal depressions.

Two of the concerns of our foundation are to assist research in this area and to provide services needed by transsexuals. We are also trying to establish a network of doctors who have the sympathy and knowledge to treat transsexual individuals effectively.

Zelda R. Suplee
Assistant Director
Erickson Educational Foundation
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

LESBIANS AND LONG-HAIRS

Women who are attracted to men with long hair should realize that Lesbian feelings are the basis of the attraction. Why virile men go without haircuts in order to be admired by daughters of Sappho will always be a mystery.

Edward John Naumann
Baltimore, Maryland

THE CRACKER-BARREL CODE

Rhondal McKinney, in the September *Playboy Forum*, quotes with disapproval the statement, "Modern lovers have learned to fornicate but not to love." I agree with this assertion, since most modern lovers, when necessary, prefer an abortion to marriage. This demonstrates that they are neither in love nor mature. Furthermore, the climbing rate of social disease among today's teenagers suggests promiscuity rather than love.

McKinney goes on to state that communication leads to love and to claim that the sex act is "one of the most important and natural media of commu-

nication." To me, he has it backward. In a well-ordered life, love leads to communication that may then lead to sex.

No matter how progressive, informed or freedom loving future generations may be, they will all end up realizing a remarkable thing: that the age-old maxims, the cracker-barrel philosophy they are so quick to ridicule, are all true. Heartbreakingly true.

Constance M. Maxen
Jacksonville, Florida

LOVE VS. MARRIAGE

Reading the rather disenchanted letter about marriage in the August *Playboy Forum* made me think of the old witticism that it's too bad people in love have to ruin it by getting married. Though I am a clergyman, I know marriage spoils relationships between some people and I don't think the ceremony is necessary to sanctify what would otherwise be unholy. Coitus is made good through the mutual love of the partners, not by words said before an altar.

The young man who wrote the letter was taken if his wedding cost \$1000. His anger should be directed not at the ceremony but at those who insisted on turning what could have been a simple rite into a vulgar display.

H. Richard Rasmussen
Port Charlotte, Florida

PRUDENCE AND THE PILL

During a stopover in Ontario, I picked up a newspaper and read a very striking, liberal and enlightened comment on the birth-control pill by a canon of the Church of England. I've been unable to find the story since then and wonder if *PLAYBOY* could help me. I'm sure your readers would also be interested in the thoughts of this highly intelligent clergyman.

Joseph Stevens
Buffalo, New York

The following Associated Press dispatch is probably the story you are looking for:

Canon David Jenkins of the Church of England, coordinator of a Christian study on human relations, says the contraceptive pill is here to stay and should not be withdrawn, even if it should lead to a temporary increase of promiscuity among the young.

Canon Jenkins directs the Study of Man, being conducted by several lay and clerical groups of the World Council of Churches. He also is a psychiatrist and cofounder of the British Association of Social Psychiatry.

Canon Jenkins, 44, a former British-army officer, believes the pill may help the young to develop a more complete personality and deepen the relationship between the

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sexes. He says the freedom it brings to people allows them to experiment on the sexual level and, thus, reach beyond to more profound spheres of human relations. He says churches must adapt to the implications of the pill or risk losing their role as moral guide of the younger generation.

Canon Jenkins was asked in an interview to comment on a medical study by the University of Uppsala, Sweden, which concludes that the pill increases promiscuity.

His reply: "That would be no reason for withdrawing the pill." Canon Jenkins said men are meant to have responsibility in the sexual sphere as well as elsewhere.

WAR ON MASTURBATION

The astounding antics of the Tampa vice squad, as described in the September *Playboy Forum*, should inspire a few television writers. I can visualize an episode on *Mod Squad* in which Pete is identified by an old lady as being guilty of masturbating in a theater during a Russ Meyer film. He is in danger of being thrown off the squad, but Linc and Julie prove that the old lady is nearsighted and track down the real pervert, who, unfortunately, is shot while resisting arrest.

But I must confess to dismay at the old-fashioned methods of the Tampa squad; peering through cracks and standing on toilet seats are archaic, undignified and potentially hazardous. More modern criminology techniques should be used, such as concealed cameras, one-way glass and fingerprinting.

Warren Cotton
Northlake, Illinois

ON THEIR OWN TIME

In at least one state organization, the bureaucracy does not entirely stifle a sense of humor. *The Grapevine*, the newsletter of the Florida Department of Natural Resources, a while ago contained the following fake news item:

The Marine Research Laboratory recently hosted a workshop in St. Petersburg where Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson presented a demonstration of research techniques developed at their foundation in St. Louis, Missouri.

Their work was applauded by several members of the laboratory staff who have been conducting similar investigations on their own time. Many innovations presented by these two outstanding members of the scientific community shall undoubtedly benefit similar research in Florida.

When a local newspaper called to check the accuracy of this yarn, they were, of course, informed that it was a

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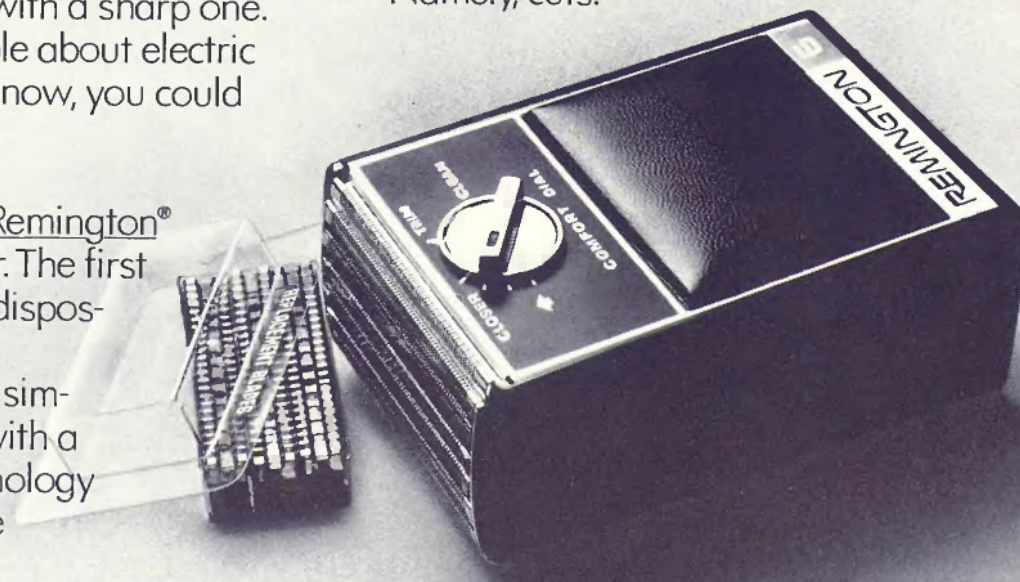
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practical joke and that the scientists here are not moonlighting as sex researchers. The *St. Petersburg Times* began its story, however, with the eye-catching lead: "Sex? In St. Petersburg? On state property?" By this time next year, no doubt, the myth will be better remembered than the facts and weird biological happenings at the Marine Research Laboratory will be part of Florida folklore.

(Name withheld by request)
St. Petersburg, Florida

STOP THE SWAP

My husband and I are both totally against mate swapping because we don't need it. We satisfy each other fully. Advocates of swinging say that the desire for sexual variety is natural. We wholeheartedly agree. But why can't that desire be fulfilled within the bounds of marriage? With a little imagination, a husband and wife can constantly discover new ways to make sexual relations more exciting and enjoyable. If you can't be honest and open with your spouse, how can you possibly be open with anyone else? Probably you haven't really tried to build a close and happy relationship with each other.

In our home, no subject is taboo. In our bedroom, no desire is kept a secret. We know each other's minds as well as bodies, because without knowledge of both a satisfying relationship would be impossible to achieve. Our sex life is full of the variety that so many people think they can find only by jumping from bed to bed. We prefer to leave swinging to the monkeys.

L. D. Gardner
Denver, Colorado

THE LOVING COUPLES

My husband and I weren't sure whether or not we could handle swapping mates with another couple, but we talked about trying it. Then we met a groovy man and woman who asked us frankly one night if we'd like to swing. It rather surprised us when we both immediately answered, "Yes."

Since then, we have enjoyed a close relationship with these people and find that our love for each other has grown stronger as well. We would not foist these views on everyone, but we can certainly say that the variety in our sex lives has enhanced our own sexual rapport. We've also found that it is possible to form an enjoyable relationship with outsiders and still not lose the unique love that we give each other.

(Name withheld by request)
Arlington, Virginia

THE IMPRISONED MIND

Three years ago, I was found guilty of selling about five ounces of marijuana to a friend. After being found guilty, I was turned over to the California Department of Corrections for a probation

report. During an interview with a probation officer, I stated that I would obey all marijuana statutes, but only out of fear of what the courts could do to me, and that I would always be resentful of these laws. This statement seemed to be a pivotal factor that led the probation commission to recommend imprisonment for me. My "negative attitude" and my feeling that I had been "committed unjustifiably," they felt, indicated a lack of proper respect for authority. This was the crucial issue when I came before the judge for sentencing.

My attorney argued that my attitude was one of a very honest person who expressed himself frankly and candidly, that I was following the dictates of my own conscience and that, just as I would not lie about my opinion of the law, I also would not lie about my future behavior, and therefore could be trusted to stay away from marijuana. This did not satisfy the judge, who said that I was resisting the process of rehabilitation. The opposite was true: My probation report stated that my "relationship with officials has been courteous and cooperative. His personal appearance is clean and presentable. Living quarters are neat and orderly. Volunteered for work. Assigned to the library, where he works well with a minimum of supervision." My only resistance to the process of rehabilitation, then, was my insistence on maintaining the freedom of my own thoughts.

I was sentenced to five years to life imprisonment.

Howard N. Ingram, Jr.
Susanville, California

THE CRUTCH THEORY

Many of the critics of marijuana say that people should not need such a crutch. Potheads generally reply that grass is not a crutch any more than baseball, booze, books or any other recreation and diversion. I would like to say, however, that the critics' argument is absurd on the face of it. Does anybody say to a lame man that he shouldn't use a crutch? Do we tell a man with one leg shorter than the other that he shouldn't wear an elevated shoe? Do we tell a weak-eyed person that he or she shouldn't wear glasses? Millions of Americans have been put on tranquilizers by their physicians or psychiatrists, but nobody tells them they shouldn't take pills to help them deal with the cruel realities of modern living.

There is only one sound argument against smoking marijuana: You can go to jail for it. All other arguments are nonsensical or unproved.

Al Warner
Colorado Springs, Colorado

ANGRY FUGITIVE

I was a teacher in Florida when I was arrested for possession of less than an ounce of marijuana. I didn't have the

money to pay for a lawyer and I didn't want to spend time on probation or, perhaps, in jail. So I split the state.

Now I'm hiding in a large Northern city, where I'm accumulating the money to go to Canada or the Far East. I am angry that what talents I have are going to be wasted and I am angry at being made a fugitive because of America's stupid laws on grass. It is all I can do to keep my emotions under control and not become a bank robber or some other kind of criminal. I've never been arrested before and I was never a violent person, but I am on my way to the Bonnie and Clyde scene. If they can ruin my life, I bet I can do a bang-up job on a few of their lives.

So, let the country know that, in addition to the Weathermen, the Panthers and other politically inspired groups, it is building up a big, angry army of pot felons who someday are going to give back what they got.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

DEFOLIATION, U. S. A.

Vietnam is not the only nation subject to defoliation, according to a story in the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*, which states that the Defoliation Unit of the S. F. police has rooted up 2000 marijuana plants and arrested 25 pot horticulturists in a four-month period. Seizures, the story says, have ranged from ten plants all the way up to 600, mostly grown by young people. The paper quotes the following warning from a police officer:

"But all should know that by state law, which we're charged with enforcing, every person who 'plants, cultivates, harvests, dries or processes any marijuana' can face a prison term of one to ten years."

Jerry D. Moore
San Francisco, California

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

I am a former American who, confronted with the "Love It or Leave It" slogan, thought over the choice and decided to leave it. Those who choose to love it might be curious about my reasons. Here are some of them.

My feeling is that one owes his love not to the mystique or ideal of a nation but to its concrete reality. For 30 years, I have watched other countries and now America embark on programs of exploitation against their neighbors, their environment and finally their own people. Where once I was an idealist, now I am a pessimist. I am powerless to stop America's course of stupidity, greed and self-destruction; all I can do is separate myself from the tragic process.

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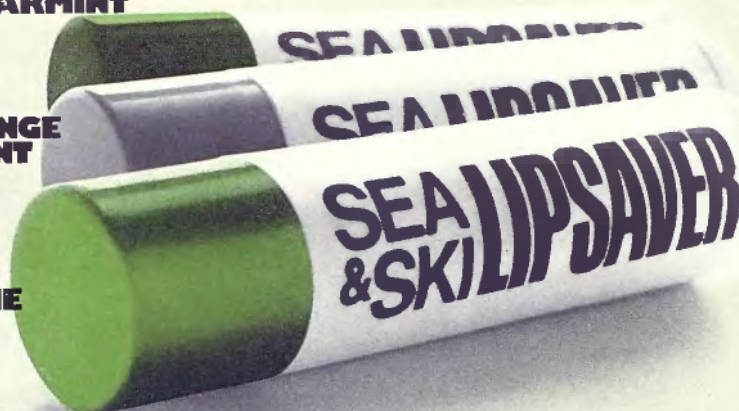
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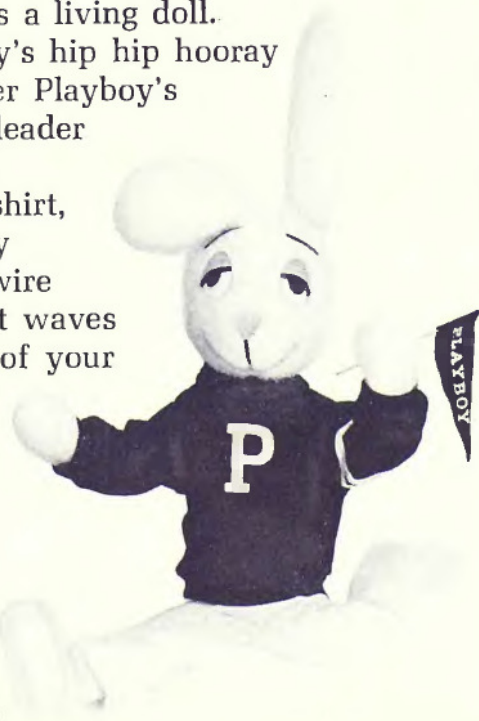


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beings already exceeds safety levels in many places. In parts of the U. S., mother's milk is now unfit for consumption by infants. While millions strangle in American cities, they continue to pour a never-ending stream of soot into the air and filth into rivers and streams. Despite the recent example of Hitler, which should have taught politicians something about the ultimate results of lying to one's own people until you begin to believe the lies yourself, America continues a war in Indochina that has a new explanation every week (each one less convincing than the previous big lie). America is supposed to be liberating these poor people, but all it is doing is liberating them from their arms, legs, eyes and—with napalm—even from their skin. While 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 citizens live below the poverty level in the U. S., they squander billions of dollars on the dead moon, and the Vice-President enthuses about going to Mars. Are the gallant astronauts any improvement over the gallant gladiators set up to distract the miserable masses of ancient Rome from their own slow rotting? Meanwhile, they have enough nuclear warheads to kill every man, woman and child on earth not once *but ten times*—and the military wants more; they have enough nerve gas to kill everybody *30 times*—and still the military wants more. Is that a sane society or an armed madhouse?

D. J. Romano
Mosman, Australia

LANDLORD LIBERATION

Attacks on landlords are prevalent these days, but the other side seldom reaches print. Ninety-nine percent of all landlords in Chicago are decent, honest and law-abiding citizens, but all anyone hears about is the minority that owns slum properties. Meanwhile, the landlords are harassed by building inspectors, fire-department inspectors and the police department, who demand that we remove rubbish, fix broken windows, repair plaster, buy garbage cans and so forth. It is not the landlords but the tenants who are responsible for these violations. The landlords are always the underdogs in court, in public opinion and in the newspapers—but nobody understands that repair costs are rising, that taxes are rising and that they cannot raise rents without losing tenants to cheap Government housing.

Nate Camras
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY AND ECOLOGY

Many thanks for your rational, documentarylike answer to Gary Reed (*The Playboy Forum*, September). People go about repeating that scientific advancement created pollution, while few realize that it was also scientists who discovered the dangers of pollution and alerted the rest of us. Scientific rationality can give



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E. Michael Blake
Illinois Institute of Technology
Chicago, Illinois

TECHNOLOGY AND POLITICS

You quite correctly stressed the most vital point, which is that a kilowatt-hour doesn't know if it is working for a black or a white, a male or a female, a capitalist or a Communist: It raises the standard of living for all without discrimination. Of course, at the same time, this rising living standard (or rising energy level, to be exact) shakes up and cracks the stagnant traditions of the past. Just as technology is breaking up puritanism and fundamentalism in America, it is overturning the Stalinist and repressive aspects of Russia. The choices before us are, as R. Buckminster Fuller said, utopia or oblivion—or, in Technocrat Howard Scott's formulation, abundance or chaos.

W. H. Page
Appleton, Wisconsin

You state that only an acceleration of technology will remove the last pockets of poverty, starvation and disease. I agree—but then you go on to add that the necessary technological advances can occur either under capitalism or under socialism. There I must disagree, for new inventions come forth only from the minds of free men. Only free enterprise can produce the scientific and pragmatic breakthroughs that will carry us forward.

Jon Greckenberg
Tampa, Florida

Your thesis that pollution and the other bad effects of present technology will be cured by ephemeralization is based on the blithe hopes of engineer R. Buckminster Fuller but is not substantiated by reality. The present ecological crisis is the direct outgrowth of an economic system that, far from eliminating waste, exists by means of it. In the capitalist system, contrary to Fuller's cheery optimism, we are not "doing more with less" but are feverishly searching for ways to do less with more. Until this economic system is changed, the ecological crisis can only worsen.

Mark Morss
Biloxi, Mississippi

When you argue that the technological advances necessary to feed all the world and end pollution can occur either under capitalism or under socialism, you are wrong. Under U. S. capitalism, the entrepreneur thinks of pleasing his stockholders first and the public last; under Russian socialism, the minister thinks of pleasing the Politburo first and the public last. Hence, both Russian and American environments are heavily polluted. When power is broken down into small enclaves (face-to-face groups making decisions together in their own territory), real solu-

tions will emerge. In short, the anarchism of Peter Kropotkin and Paul Goodman is the only viable alternative left to us.

Adam Weston
New York, New York

R. Buckminster Fuller has often pointed out that if all politicians and ideologists were sent on a spaceship toward Alpha Centauri, leaving our industrial machinery intact, there would be no great change in human welfare; but if, on the other hand, our politicians remained while the machinery was sent into space, at least two billion people would die of starvation within six months. We think this puts political debate into a context where its relative importance can be seen. The exponents of the various schools of political and economic theory can only debate the most just system for distributing the commodities already in existence; creating new commodities to raise everybody's standard of living is the task of the technologist. Just as the modern world was created more by Guglielmo Marconi, Albert Einstein and the Wright brothers than by Adam Smith, Karl Marx or Prince Kropotkin, a better world will be achieved by practical men handling (and fabricating) machines, not by philosophers debating about abstractions such as technocracy, capitalism, socialism and anarchism—none of which have ever existed in the real world in the clear-cut form in which they exist in the imaginations of their worshippers.

SIMPLICITY OR COMPLEXITY

Technology produces flashier cars and more erotic clothing for the affluent minority, not goods that improve the standard of living of the whole nation. Thus, while a segment of our society goes barefoot, Madison Avenue is busy trying to sell midskirts to women who already own wardrobes of miniskirts. Considering such cruel absurdities—and the rapidly approaching ecological disaster—PLAYBOY's publication of *Portable Playhouse* in the same issue with Gary Reed's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, September) is ironic.

David Smith
Creve Coeur, Missouri

We agree with you and with previous correspondents that the midskirt is a waste of cloth, money and legs (see "*The Playboy Forum*," August, September, November). The *Futuro* portable playhouse is a luxury item, presented as such, for those who can afford it; but the idea behind it is more revolutionary than all the egalitarian rhetoric in the world. As long as houses are individually produced by the medieval craft-industry methods still used in most construction, decent housing for the poor will only come about as Government can be induced to subsidize it, over a period of generations. (Even a revolution—the solution to all problems, according to some

people—cannot make cheap housing really cheap under such technology.) But the modern mass-manufacturing methods and portable-by-air-delivery concepts in housing—first introduced by R. Buckminster Fuller, and employed in this house—solve the problem of "doing more with less." They deliver more luxury at less cost. For instance, a Fuller Plydome, made of plywood, yields more services at a lower price than any other dwelling in previous human history. This innovation will improve the living standard of millions of the underprivileged in our lifetime.

TECHNOLOGY VS. SIMPLICITY

I have been waiting for a long time to see somebody refute the wisdom of Ecclesiastes and Henry Thoreau's *Walden*; and, when I saw PLAYBOY's rebuttal to Gary Reed's letter, I wondered if you would succeed. In my opinion, you failed—like all other apologists for "progress." The truth is that Hiroshima showed once and for all that science is no savior. We should all re-examine the detested Puritan ethic that warned us we could never have a life that was both easy and good at the same time.

Forrest E. Dawkins
Newbury, Massachusetts

The Stoic is he who, observing that there are more feet than shoes, encourages men to become reconciled to walking about barefooted; the technologist is he who says, "Let's find a way to make more shoes." It's obvious that we are on the side of the technologists and that you are on the side of the Stoics. At the time of the invention of Stoicism, the average life expectancy was 18 years, according to John McHale's "*The Future of the Future*." If we had then listened to the exponents of the simple life, the average age at death would still be 18. (In fact, it had risen to only 33.5 years at the beginning of the scientific revolution in 1600.) Life expectancy is now 70 years and still rising—except in a few hippie communes, where the inhabitants have returned to a simplified existence and are being debilitated by hepatitis, venereal disease, malnutrition and other pathologies, some of which (e.g., bubonic plague) have otherwise vanished from the industrial nations.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT GRAVES

a candid conversation with the venerable poet, author, critic and mythologist

The long and distinguished career of Robert Graves began where it might well have ended—in the trenches of France in 1915, when a shellburst nearly emasculated him, “clinically killing me.” But Graves obviously resurrected himself and, in the intervening 55 years, has become a famous, sometimes notorious poet, critic, translator, mythologizer and commentator on the passing scene. Now 75, Graves spans our century. He has explored almost all its dimensions in his 130-plus published books, moving through it with a prickly, idiosyncratic style inherited partially from his father, an Irish poet, and his mother, a Bavarian gentlewoman fond of Gothic castles and supernatural legends.

Graves first wrote poetry when he was 11 years old; he has never stopped. After returning from World War One, he married his first wife, sired four children and continued writing poems and sociopsychological criticism until he could no longer stand the society that was the core of his criticism. He left England and his personal ties in 1929, and his leave-taking book, “Good-bye to All That,” remains both the best description of those troubled times and a characteristically honest self-portrait.

He moved to the then-remote Mediterranean island of Majorca, where he has lived ever since, except during the Spanish Civil War and World War Two, when he returned to England briefly and reluctantly. In 1945, he went back to Majorca with his second and present wife and settled in to raise his second

set of four children. Living on his island, Graves has remained far enough from contemporary social and literary whirls to develop startlingly original notions about the way books and people should be. Catholic taste and a penchant for prodigious scholarship have helped him along the way. As a novelist, Graves pioneered the technique of transcribing past events into present-day nomenclature and psychology—a feat he feels comes from a poetic ability to suspend time in the mind. His 1934 novel “I, Claudius” stands as a landmark among historical “reconstructions.”

As a critic, he has consistently held out for what he calls the native tradition of English poetry, one rooted in love and dedicated to an exploration of the complicated relationship between men and women. He says, “No individual love, no grass, no birds or animals—that is what makes . . . most modern poems so disastrously dull.” He also steadfastly affirms the need for meter and rhyme in poetry, which brings him into headlong collision with nearly every other major contemporary poet. No matter. His gadfly essays have attacked them all, notably Yeats and Eliot, as talented but misled.

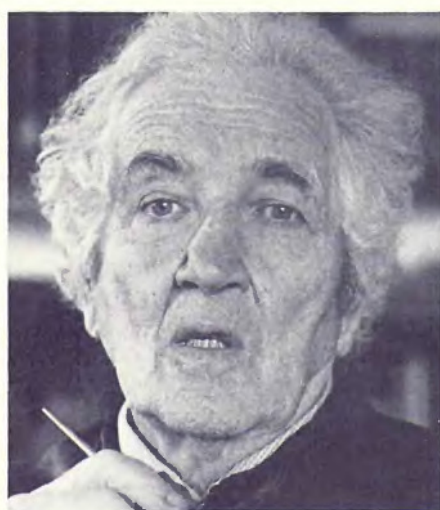
Graves’s mythological researches have shocked and outraged the academic community but have drawn no conclusive rebuttal. Strongly supporting his hypotheses with evidence “intuited” from history, he has asserted that all true poetry begins in savage, prehistoric matriarchal rites; thus, all poets owe fealty

to a cruel, capricious Earth Mother he calls the White Goddess. He has declared that Christ survived the cross and died in his 70s preaching in India and, with equal seriousness, that drinking milk causes homosexuality in some men. He was among the first to claim that hallucinogenic drugs were fundamental to most of the world’s great religions and he himself has tripped to “the land of the dead” via magic mushroom; he reports that it was a fine experience because he could see sounds and hear colors. These are desirable qualities for a man who says that Solomon’s “Song of Songs,” which he is currently retranslating, is really the account of a wedding ceremony.

Yet with all these accomplishments, Graves has never felt himself anything but a poet. His poetry, he says, is his “spiritual autobiography.” He claims he writes all the rest so he can afford to write poems. “Poetry, as I understand it, is written from personal necessity, not for the market. It is made as an oyster makes pearls.” Presumably, Graves means out of sand and time, with a generous boost from the private muse he thinks must inform, through love, every poem worth the name. His latest collection of poems celebrates this belief. And many think his efforts have made him the finest love poet of the century. In 1961, he was elected professor of poetry at Oxford and he has won prizes at two Olympic Games for poems, most recently, the Gold Medal at Mexico City’s 1968 contest. Queen Elizabeth II and the



“Because of its secret nature, you should not talk or write about sex. You can have love talk with the person you’re in love with—that’s another matter. But any talk of sex with others is anti-human.”



“Poetry can’t be planned or discovered. It forces itself upon you. It comes like the tense headache before a thunderstorm which is followed by an uncontrollable violence of feeling, and the air is ionized.”



“At the age of 14 or 15, I believe youngsters should be isolated and fed little, be purged and frightened, and then given a hallucinogen. While under it, they should be taught the moral rules of life.”

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American National Poetry Society have also awarded him gold medals for his poetry, though he returned the American one when he found it wasn't really gold.

Iconoclasm marks Graves's every activity. In lectures to college audiences, he mentions the mind-expanding properties of drugs, then informs his listeners only the "priestly" should use them. His polyglot scholarship confounds and annoys strait-laced academicians, though many pick up his ideas for investigation. Charged with sad, deeply felt emotion, his poetry is carefully wrought and elegantly expressed, which perplexes and delights readers accustomed to more modern modes. Even his day-to-day surroundings set him apart. PLAYBOY correspondent Jim McKinley, a friend and neighbor of Graves, conducted this revealing interview in Graves's Majorcan home.

"Though I've known Robert for some time," he writes, "and been to his house often, there still seems an aura of mystery, of special knowledge, around him and his house. Nothing menacing or forbidding, just special. From our mountain village, you walk out toward Graves's house along a narrow road for about a mile. You go between lemon and olive trees, listening to the finches and sheep bells and looking at the Mediterranean. It seems a fitting setting for Graves, with his interest in the ancients. You can't help visualizing him striding along in a tunic. This 75-year-old, six-foot, three-inch man marches the two miles to and from the post office twice a day, at a pace you can't match even though you're 40 years younger. He always wears a hat on these jaunts, a floppy straw or a tam or a Spanish black pull-down thing that looks like a World War One flier's helmet. It sits on a big head—gray-haired, gray-eyed, with a nose crooked from a low rugby tackle and an occasional left hook.

"We talked in his study, in the house he built when he came to the island many years ago with a poet friend named Laura Riding. She is long since gone. Now the room resonates to his soft speech—a Mayfair accent that can't hide the Celtic burr underneath—and to the sounds of Graves's second family, his lovely wife, Beryl, and their children. A white poodle scratches once in a while at the oak door. His youngest son, Tomas, 16, entertains visiting grandchildren and nieces with a guitar. Graves leans back in a handmade rocking chair that squeaks. He wears a loose gray shirt, open at the neck, and, as always, a bright scarf at his throat. Very calm and serene.

"We are surrounded with leather-bound books, wood carvings, all sorts of 'magical objects,' as Graves calls the innumerable stones, rings, icons, glass marbles, feathers and pottery he has accumulated from around the world. The ambiance is warm, nearly religious. Be-

fore we begin, Graves's wife comes in with tea from Ceylon and homemade bread and the marmalade Robert made from lemons and oranges in their garden. 'I like it tart,' he says. Judging from appearances, Graves is very much the patriarch, the country gentleman at home. Yet for most of his artistic life he has sworn allegiance to woman as supreme. The interview began on that note as his wife carried out the tray."

PLAYBOY: Much of your literary work centers on love and morality and the historical roles of the male and female. Do you think the sexual revolution has altered any of these traditional values and relationships?

GRAVES: If you mean free sex, before and after marriage, it violates the moral principles on which the state was founded. And of course the birth rate will probably go up, despite contraception, and once you have 2.3 births per family instead of 2.0, that sends everything haywire. Then the natural genius of the race for self-preservation calls a halt and the result will be a sharp increase of homosexuality, and also drug taking, some of which may cut down people's lives to the 30s and 40s.

PLAYBOY: Would you explain that?

GRAVES: What happens when you encourage free sex is that you pervert the natural sexual drive into one of excessive sexuality. This excessive sexuality is then manifest in overpopulation, even beyond the check of contraception. Threatened by disaster through overpopulation, man probably tends to rein his heterosexual drive. This leaves the instinct for sexuality, made excessive by free love, to find its outlet in homosexuality or drug taking. And, as I said, heavy use of some drugs cuts a person's life span, because the human body is physically debilitated and later destroyed.

PLAYBOY: You view these trends as a result of permissive sexual attitudes?

GRAVES: To a great extent in cities of the West; and take what's happened in Africa, where there was once widespread emphasis on the sanctity of woman and her role as moral agent. Today, this tribal morality has completely broken down. This is a product of the West, the introduction of Western culture and sexual morality, of missionaries destroying the ancient tribal ways of solving problems, even the population problem. I know of only one place where the old tribal ways are intact and that is in Brazilian jungles, because they are protected by the government. And the most shocking evidence of moral breakdown is in the civilized Western countries.

Two nights ago, I went to a night club in Palma, because some friends of mine were singing there. In the intervals, there was dancing. I hadn't seen dancing for some time, since all the carefree,



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wild, easy jumping around of the 1950s. But here were couples jiggling opposite each other and simulating the sexual act. To me, that was disgustingly public, because I believe the original human instinct, like that of all intelligent beasts, is to perform sexual acts in privacy. But as soon as the ancient taboo on open sex activity—which starts from both natural caution and true affection—is broken down, you develop this cult of obscenity. If anybody had seen this dancing 20 years ago, he'd have either gone and kicked their bottoms or stalked out. The most amazing thing was that these dancers were respectable tourists from the luxury steamship in the harbor.

PLAYBOY: Many would call what you saw symptomatic of a new interpersonal freedom—and your reaction rather prudish.

GRAVES: Many people have no idea how to separate worthwhile things from stupid, even dangerous things. Such exhibitionism isn't free or good. It comes close to mindless perversion. It signals the end of romantic love, and I don't believe people really want that. I even think that they feel a bit uncomfortable with their new freedom, with the attitude that "anything goes." What freedom do you get by the abandonment of all moral sense and the discovery that you can "get" almost any girl you want by giving her enough drink or drugs?

PLAYBOY: True enough. But does responsible permissiveness, if you'll permit us to use the term, necessarily lead to moral breakdown?

GRAVES: You must remember the moral nature of permissiveness. Women dictate morals and you cannot separate sex and morality. Historically, it is the woman who must rule and guide in this realm. She is the moral officer and when she is denied this prerogative—as in today's patriarchal society—a moral breakdown follows, because the only moral code a man has is his sense of honor, and few still have that nowadays.

PLAYBOY: Would you explain?

GRAVES: My explanation lies in history and the changes in societies and cultures which took place centuries ago. You see, before the second millennium B.C., matriarchal peoples controlled the lands in the Middle East and Europe and established a high civilization there. Women ruled. Men were allowed only to have their harpoons, sailing ships, hatchets, slings, and so on. There was no marriage as in the male-dominated societies, where women belong to men. In matriarchal systems, women dictated morality and kept men honorable. A woman had her man for as long as she wanted to and then discarded him. Therefore, all ancestry was traced through the mother: A woman agreed that she had children by a man, but this had absolutely no effect on property, because all lands and houses

were held by women. They set up clans that produced needed goods which were exchanged with other clans. But once a clan produced a surplus of nonperishable goods, the barter system broke down. If one clan had too many copper ingots in reserve, or blue beads, or canoes, say, as opposed to vegetables or fruit, these would become a symbol of power. A superfluity of silver and copper was the start of money. That's how world trade and money started.

All of which was very well, but it weakened the centrality of the clans. And when one clan was able to trade with clans outside the tribe, rather than inside, that clan gained power. When the balance was upset and others wanted an equal share of the power from external trade, this led to piracy and then to war by the men who did the trading. Piracy and acts of violence—wars—are a male affair. Under a matriarchy, women would also arm to keep peace within the tribe and on the frontiers. The female aim was life and fertility. But between 2000 and 1000 B.C., the patriarchalist nomads broke in from the deserts and invaded the matriarchal lands. The patriarchalists, who had never had a clan-exchange system and lived from their flocks and herds, were driven west by desiccation. They invaded the matriarchal lands, where they saw the opportunity to gain more goods of symbolic wealth and power. Also, with these male-dominated invaders, we began to develop our picture of the submissive female. The patriarchalists had no need of women for their sacred rites. Women were little use to them except to bear children, sew skins and milk cows. The English word daughter means milkmaid.

PLAYBOY: That's the same sort of male chauvinism men are being accused of today by militant feminists. How do you feel about the tactics of the women's liberationists?

GRAVES: As soon as women organize themselves in the male way, with societies and memberships and rules, everything goes wrong. For regaining true femininity, the impulse must be a natural woman-to-woman understanding, spontaneous and secret.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as the woman's proper role in our own time? Do we need a change in the attitudes of both sexes?

GRAVES: Attitudes toward women have changed a great deal lately but in the wrong direction. The traditional rules were that a man opens a door for a lady, pays for her dinner if they go out together, doesn't force himself on her in any rude way, gives her presents. But the unisex system aims to abolish this relationship, and that's a great pity. The very act of love is a giving by the man to the woman, and the man is the more

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pleased the greater the sense he gets of her enjoyment. It's very sad today to see old women giving young men presents in order to keep their affection. Women should be limited to the giving of ties and that sort of thing as presents—on birthdays and at Christmas. Anything more destroys the proper relationship of man to woman. I also think that all house property should be in the name of women, not in the name of men, because otherwise they can't be its real managers.

PLAYBOY: Why should women be the managers of property?

GRAVES: Well—to answer a fool according to his folly—that makes a man much more careful about whom he marries. If you marry a woman and give her control over the house you live in, you have to watch your step. Otherwise, after seven or eight marriages, you won't have many houses left.

PLAYBOY: Do you think marriage will continue to exist in its present form?

GRAVES: I think marriage as an institution will be out in a generation's time. There can still be unwritten contracts between a man and a woman if they want to be together, and no one should disturb them. The woman won't be dependent on the man for providing for children, because the state will be doing that. The present arrangement is what makes women so tyrannous and cross when they have to bear the burden themselves.

PLAYBOY: Without marriage, will women be able to function effectively as men's moral officers?

GRAVES: Marriage in the real sense is beyond institution. But you find that only in about one case in ten: a man and a woman who keep an enshrined dependence on each other, year after year, which is not simply sex or children. They are defined a real couple. To find real couples is as delightful as it is rare. When a man and his beloved are concerned about each other even when apart, they can, without making a conscious decision, offer love to one another over that distance. They can miraculously create all sorts of strange happenings. These are part of the miracle and they are created by a love axis between a man and a woman. On this love axis they can do amazing things for each other by twisting time and space into a ring—end to end, so that they perceive and control events and emotional states in an apparently impossible way. The lovers exchange radiant messages outside of time and space, often unknowingly.

When I speak of love, of course, I always differentiate between two phases of love. Many people say they are in love, but being *in* love with a person and loving a person are quite different. Being in love will imply a definite sexual or physical attraction which naturally

asks to be consummated. But one can love people without any need for sexual or physical attraction. One can love people as if a brother or sister. I have a lot of relationships like that. When we speak of lasting ties between a man and a woman, this means that they seldom get divorced while they are still in love. When they are *in* love—that's the time of the greatest emanations or radiations. The electrical forces are enough to bring on a tropical storm or blow a fuse.

PLAYBOY: Does everyone give off these radiations?

GRAVES: Some people don't radiate at all, so they don't really exist, at least not in any noticeable way. If they died, nobody would notice their absence. I don't claim to have any great radiative powers myself. But I know that everything in this room, in which I have lived for so long, has my radiations in it. Most people, through their own emanations, imbue their household property with themselves. For example, my house here, which seems full of spirits, like everything in it. There is practically nothing in this room which isn't handmade—those glasses, pictures, bookshelves, everything. But even things that are machine made can be imbued with your spirit. You can make even a machine part of you. It takes about six months or a year to tame a machine. Until then, it remains inert and sterile. Say a camera which learns to take wonderful photos but which you lose; even if you get another just like it, it will take six to 12 months before it can take your pictures properly. You see, human beings need time to put their spirit into modern machines. And expendability, planned obsolescence, makes this very difficult; things are worn out before we can tame them. Especially cars and musical instruments.

PLAYBOY: You've written that certain places on earth give off mysterious radiations that affect the inhabitants. How?

GRAVES: There are some sacred places made so by the radiation created by magnetic ores. My village, for example, is a kind of natural amphitheater enclosed by mountains containing iron ore, which make a magnetic field. Most holy places in the world—holy not by some accident, like a hero dying or being born there—are of this sort. Delphi was a heavily charged holy place.

PLAYBOY: The increasing use of drugs seems related to what you apparently think is a human need to feel some sort of mystical relationship with other people and places, to sense the radiations. How do you feel about drug use?

GRAVES: Most people use drugs for kicks, without the crucial element of moral responsibility. I have eaten the Mexican magic mushroom myself—but only in a state of grace to explore the ancient

paradise of Tlalocán. I have no need or use for meditation. In fact, I wrote a pertinent rhyme the other day:

*In a small heap triangular
Our budding Buddha meditates.
Gates of Nirvana stand ajar,
He stares unwinking at the gates.
Brown rice his food, water his drink.
Hey, stop that meditating! Think!*

PLAYBOY: How does that poem relate to drug usage?

GRAVES: There is a sort of false mystic who uses the drug of meditation about nirvana to stop himself from active thinking. You see, hallucinogens were originally to be used solely for religious purposes and only in the hands of the priestly elite. In fact, all the big religions of the world, with the exception of Christianity, which is of late and mixed origin, derived their ideas of heaven from experiences with a particular form of mushroom, the *Amanita muscaria*. Its effect is to deny a sufficient oxygen supply to the brain and thereby set loose hallucinations. The Indian, the Oceanic, the Mexican, the Greek, the Sumerian, the Hebrew, the Babylonian and the Vedic religions all originally had their ideas of heaven produced by this drug.

But let me recall the Greek story of Tantalus, which I think best illustrates the danger which historically befell mortals, nonreligious persons, who merely wanted to experiment with this divine ambrosia for their own pleasure. Tantalus was a mortal who defied the gods by partaking of the hallucinatory mushroom. Therefore, the gods bound him up to his neck in water. He was terribly thirsty, but whenever he lowered his head to drink, the water sank away. And above his head hung the most beautiful fruits; but when he raised his hand to grasp them, they also disappeared. This was his punishment for having eaten the food of the gods and inviting his mortal friends to try it. No one who is not priestly is entitled to it.

PLAYBOY: So you liken those who take drugs for kicks to Tantalus?

GRAVES: They will have his punishment. And just as Tantalus was condemned by the gods never to be able to achieve anything he desired, few of them will ever reach their maturity or their goals.

PLAYBOY: Are there any circumstances under which you would condone the use of drugs by people not of a priestly elite?

GRAVES: Well, I have an idea which might be useful. I think that at the time Protestants have their confirmations and Jews have their *bar mitzvahs*, about the age of 14 or 15, children should be isolated and put under very strict discipline for three weeks. They should be fed very little and kept away from all distractions. Then they should be given the sort of treatment one got in the ancient Greek mysteries. They should be

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purged and frightened and then given a harmless hallucinogen. While under that, they should be taught the moral rules of life. This was done in the old days at Eleusis. And that is why, in spite of having a ridiculous state religion with seven gods and five goddesses in which nobody believed, there was basic good faith and proper behavior among those so initiated. The priests of Dionysus screened the adepts for three years. Initiates were promised they would go to the paradise they had visited under the drug if they continued in a state of grace. If any had bad visions, this was because they weren't in a state of grace.

PLAYBOY: In their search for mystical experience, their spiritual wanderings and their renunciation of personal property, many of today's hippies have been likened to the early Christians. Do you see any similarity?

GRAVES: The hippie culture is wholly unreligious; they have no god and no prophet. Yet some of its aspects can be admired, in a way. For example, a man and his "family," a good-sized commune of 20, came here after they were chucked out of Ibiza for hashish. I rather liked him. He was a big Negro who had spent five years in a Mexican jail, but the experience hadn't spoiled him. Instead, it had made a man of him. Here he at once appropriated my neighbor's flute and he tried to get my guitar, but I liked him anyway—he had a great conscientiousness about his family and there was no nonsense about him. He was a strong man and a good man. He could love.

PLAYBOY: Are those characteristics—strength, responsibility, love—what make a man good, as far as you're concerned?

GRAVES: In my opinion, if a man hasn't got honor, he's worth absolutely nothing. And, unfortunately, too many people are tricked out of their honor by some means or other, like having to obey a boss. If he tells them to do things they know are wrong and they do them, they have lost their honor.

PLAYBOY: How do you define honor?

GRAVES: Honor is the sense of your correct relation to your immediate surroundings, including your fellow workers. It's your duty to your clan or crowd, if you belong to one. Yet few of us belong to a real clan now that tribal systems have been dispersed. We're just reckoned to belong to some sort of industrial or agricultural complex. The hippies, of course, have their clans and remain true to them. Even thieves, until recently, had a strong sense of honor among themselves. Their honor allowed them to rob other people but not within their clan.

PLAYBOY: At least for thieves, that would seem to be less honor than professional courtesy.

GRAVES: The difference is small but indicative. I was here the other day when a young Californian wandered in and

started reading my letters. I said, "Here, what are you doing?" He replied, "Isn't that an interesting remark?" and pointed to a letter. Whereupon I said, "Listen, if this were England, I would have taken you by the neck and kicked you out of the room, but as you come from a place where the traditions of manners and privacy are seldom preserved, where people wander through each other's houses, I must only say that one doesn't do that in my house." He stopped and never did it again.

PLAYBOY: Can you generalize about people's behavior from this one incident?

GRAVES: Well, at least I believe people instinctively know what is right and wrong. When you don't realize your behavior is wrong, you deceive yourself. That's a severe punishment, both for you and for the one you've wronged.

PLAYBOY: Hemingway once remarked that what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after. Would you agree with that?

GRAVES: It's rather an oversimplification. I never really trusted Hemingway.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree, then, with Edmund Burke that "all that is necessary for the forces of evil to prevail is that enough good men do nothing"?

GRAVES: That's a very wise remark. But, of course, if good men do nothing, they aren't good men. Good is a positive action—like behaving well in someone's home. But I'm afraid there aren't enough good men acting positively today. That's why I don't think anything can be done for the world the way it is at the moment, because the people at the top are so scared of the people below who are able to destroy them. The police forces all over the world and, to some extent, the soldiers have been so infiltrated with evil elements that no one trusts anybody. Nothing can be done except for good people to avoid evil people and avoid being closely involved in the big lie.

PLAYBOY: What's the big lie?

GRAVES: It's money, which originated when the clans began bartering item for item. It all started with interclan exchange of love gifts. Yet, from this sense of mutual dependence, kindness and generosity, there arose greed, cunning, usury. Still, until recently, it consisted of something you could at least see: gold and silver. Now there is no money left. Money today is all checks, promises. Being promises, it is also lies. And people get caught in the lie and can't get out. The evil people are the ones who worship money. They are held back by no morality, not even the ordinary restraints that are found in any organized religion such as Catholicism or Protestantism or Judaism. The very evil are in control. The number of workers who are free from obedience to money is extremely small. It's practically impossible to be

free from it, because money means power and our world is power oriented.

PLAYBOY: Do you think young people realize the danger and will do something about this evil in high places?

GRAVES: Well, I'm hopeful that they will. They seem to be reaching back for suprarational knowledge.

PLAYBOY: How can suprarational knowledge solve the world's problems?

GRAVES: Because of their interest in occult powers, the young are looking for answers beyond the computer—which was the middle generation's answer. They are trying to control the emanations of our human condition, the sources of thought which extend forward and backward through time, to get direct experience and understanding. A new interest in the occult is a symptom, and a hopeful one in some ways. There are some hopeful young people in California who have taken my book *The White Goddess* as their Bible. They have wild-wood celebrations of her, which is a definite rejection of the ordinary life that California offers. No young people who are searching for suprarational knowledge ever have any quarrel with me. I am 75; their fight is with people from 30 to 60. It's the pre-World War Two generation they're against. Take their attitude toward the computer. They have a great advantage over the middle generation, which has not, like them, been taught to think mathematically. They can take a computer by the hand and talk to it and make it do what they want. So if they wanted to bust the whole system up, they need only put the wrong plug in the wrong place and destroy millions of phony dollars, of business accounts, and the whole money ethic would go to pieces. And I'd not be too sorry to see that happen.

PLAYBOY: How do mathematical training and computers relate to suprarational knowledge?

GRAVES: Mathematics and the knowledge one gets from the occult are allied. In fact, I've found in writing poetry that I have postulated major mathematical theories, including the anticipation or suspense of time. My poem *Alice*, written in about 1923, enunciated what is called in mathematics the theory of parity. Recently, I wrote a poem about *Omega-minus*—the theory underlying ideas of anti-worlds and anti-matter. You imagine a line—everything on one side is positive, everything on the other is negative. Then you can assign phenomena to one side or the other. The concept is used now as a means of outwitting the tyranny of time. I found long ago that I could suspend time while in the poetic trance, which seems to be the top level of sleep. I could capture or recapture events by forward and backward leaps of the mind. I was really where my mind was.

PLAYBOY: Do you think young people will



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use this kind of suprarationality for the good of society?

GRAVES: Possibly. That depends on them. There are some bad young people. There have always been bad ones. On this island, for example, we house a whole lot of both good and bad. The police throw the bad out, the ones who can't face the reality of life here. These are the ones who come around begging for food, who steal clothes off lines and sell pot openly. They have little to offer—usually nothing more than a minor gift of playing their small handmade bamboo flutes. On the other hand, I have elsewhere met a great number of young and brilliant people in whom I have confidence, who will be able to use suprarationality for the good. These people are far from being fools; they realize what the World War Two generation doesn't: They know exactly how much dirt goes on in high places. They represent the coming cataclysm.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

GRAVES: They will revolt against such things as the secret security police now active all over the world. They will try to restore law to its proper place. You know, law has gone right down the river. All the evil things reported from ex-colonial parts of the world haven't been done in the name of war but in the name of police action. Look at the war in Vietnam. First of all, it's not a war, it's a police action. That's why they have been dropping napalm and using poison. They're behaving like the police, not soldiers. I respect soldiers, real soldiers, but I seldom respect the police anywhere. They lurk behind too many governments. The evil they foster has never been so operative as now. None of the troubles plaguing the world today have been planned by decent heads of state, or heads of armies, but by men without honor who have infiltrated and taken control of the secret forces that do all the real damage and fighting.

PLAYBOY: Why have they taken control?

GRAVES: Power, power, power. Evil power. Madness. Why, these people don't even particularly rejoice in their accomplishments—in other people's suffering. They can't even confess, "I've killed a man and I'm not ashamed of it." Soldiers in an honest war can at least say that. But this other sort of people lies concealed. Things can never be mentioned, never taken up, not even to get them in front of Parliament or Congress or any honest people. No, this situation is very different from war, or what we used to call war. The last honorable war was the first part of World War One, and that went to pieces in 1916.

PLAYBOY: Why do you call the first part of that war honorable?

GRAVES: Well, in the case of World War One, the Germans did break a treaty.

The old rule was that when nations broke their word, they had to be stopped. For a nation to lose its honor by breaking a rule or a code is the same as an individual losing his honor; therefore, the nation must suffer the consequences. However, since the Germans in that case were very strong and we were on the verge of defeat, it was only by using dishonorable means halfway through the war that we were able to win. That marked the end of old-fashioned war. Bad as wars had been, there were many cases of old-fashioned courtesy. These persisted into World War One, especially in the fraternization between English and the Germans out in no man's land in Christmas 1914. But in 1915, we were told that times had changed, that fraternization would be punishable by death. Nevertheless, two battalions who had been facing one another on the previous Christmas did get together. But even that was nearly wrecked when some bloody fool started shooting. After that incident, things got worse. The Germans had started the trouble in the spring by using poison gas, which was against international rules. But then, so also were our officers' pistols with dum-dum bullets.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there has ever been a truly good war?

GRAVES: There have been wars of honest defense. Also wars which were fought for fun. I'll tell you the story of one. It provides a parable for us. It was called the War of the Burnt Child and happened in New Zealand. At the time, the Maoris were awfully bored with life, because there were no wild beasts to hunt and very few sharks. The men got restless, tired of telling jokes and wrestling and playing their version of football. The malaise grew. One day, a special, very limited sort of war broke out—a sort difficult to introduce in higher civilizations, because everyone would cheat. In this case, there was a tribe whom we'll call the Cardinals. They were neighbors of another tribe we'll call the Tigers. One day the Cardinals heard of a shocking incident in the Tiger village. A man and a woman had quarreled over some trifle and upset the cooking pot, badly scalding a child. The Cardinals agreed that this was the most disgraceful thing they had ever heard of. How could a poor innocent child suffer for the stupidity and bad manners of his parents?

So the Cardinals decided they would teach the Tigers a lesson. They sent out an emissary to say, "You Tigers are a disgrace to the country. How dare you behave like this? We demand an immediate explanation, for the good of mankind." The Tigers became very cross at this and told the Cardinals to mind their own business, since the accident referred to was caused by a careless dog, not by the parents. The child was burned, true, but received great care and affection

from his parents. The Tigers then demanded an apology from the Cardinals and the inevitable ensued.

The two tribes decided on war for the following Thursday. They agreed on the place and on one major rule: If anybody got killed, they had to stop. Finally, at the agreed place and hour, and after a great exchange of oratory, they clashed. It was a wonderful war—clubs bashing, lots of bruises. Finally, the Cardinals managed to subdue the Tigers, round them up and bind them. They had a tremendous victory celebration, including a feast three miles long, which meant that the catables stretched that far along a road. Before the preparations were completed, the Cardinal chief said, "I think the Tigers should be allowed to witness this victory celebration." So they were invited to dine and the Cardinals made speeches about the heroism of their troops, until finally their chief said, "We must praise the Tigers, too, or the victory is worthless."

Everyone became very drunk. Then came a fine idea from the Cardinal chief. He said, "And now, valiant Tigers, you understand that we have won and that your village is ours. We propose, therefore, to go there at once and live. But, since we think it shameful to make you homeless, you can have *our* village." So the Cardinals occupied the Tiger village and the Tigers occupied the Cardinal village and there was no war for a very long time.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a fairy tale. Can you seriously compare it with a real war?

GRAVES: My example points out the way civilized people who have faith in each other's honor should settle war. It took a breach of faith like that in World War One to degenerate warfare to the way it is conducted today. Another thing I would like to point out about both World Wars is that they were started by the Germans, and the Germans are a peculiar race. I know because I am a quarter German. The funny thing was that the Germans were once the good boys of Europe. They were the artists, the musicians, and they cleaned up the streets and brought in sterilized milk, and so on. Anyway, something happened in the 1860s. The real history has never come to light. But there was a small group who decided on a course of evil for Germany and, because the citizens were malleable, very brainwashable, they fell for it. Gradually, the rearming led to World War One, to Nazism and Hitler and World War Two.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think there have been great men whose leadership was good?

GRAVES: I don't like the word great. It simply means held in public awe and esteem, and too many people are held in public awe and esteem who are not great. In my work, I have often pointed out that all the so-called great figures of

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the Napoleon, Hercules, Alexander type must invariably ruin the country that gave them birth. Men like them will sacrifice anything, including their own country, simply for personal power. They hold a strange fascination for their followers and that's what does the trick. I hope we won't get that anymore. Stalin is gone. He was a "great" figure who did a lot of damage. Hitler's gone, too, though some think he's hiding out somewhere, maybe in Australia. If so, he'd be too old to do much more damage. But other people are doing the injury now—the strong evil elite who are the heads of security services. Unfortunately, they aren't always known, even by their kin.

PLAYBOY: Is there a good elite to counteract all this evil?

GRAVES: Yes, there are many good people around, people who are doing a very fine job. If you'll pardon the chauvinism, the good power and influence of the queen of England is terrific. Without her, we would be right in the refuse bin.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GRAVES: First, she is a woman, and a very intelligent one. Second, she is the key to the British constitution, a symbol of the Commonwealth. We've been lucky at crucial points in our history to have a queen. As we saw in the old matriarchies, female rulers always seem to behave better than kings. And, of course, there are good people who are not in the limelight. The *real* mathematicians and scientists are not known widely. Nor do they want to be, because if they do anything well publicized, they get threatened. I was talking to a cancer specialist recently. I said to him, "Are you aware of the extraordinary figures for bowel cancer in men in their 30s and 40s who happen to be nuclear physicists?" He said, "Yes, and it has nothing to do with their work in physics."

PLAYBOY: Are you implying—or was he—that someone gave them cancer?

GRAVES: That's easy enough to do these days, which is why we need more good people than we have. Good people know and recognize each other. Through them the bad guys can be broken down, their policies reversed. But such goodness isn't an organized thing at all. There is merely an understanding between people when something goes wrong. The very force of that conviction is enough to break the wrong thing. Paradoxically, the evil people are few in number and really very vulnerable. Confronted by good, they recognize its power and get scared. Then they can be defeated.

PLAYBOY: But how can we tell the good guys from the bad guys?

GRAVES: By the pricking of one's thumbs, Shakespeare said.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there are good and bad nations?

GRAVES: I find the Dutch a very good people. They have behaved very well since they lost their empire and they

behaved very well in the big wars. I am also very fond of Hungary, I suppose because they have always brought me good luck and have more poets to the square mile than any other nation in Europe. One finds poets there even among high party officials. The Hungarians, I am told, originally came from Babylonia, from which they were expelled. They retained, however, their extraordinary fineness of thought, honed by centuries of city dwelling before they were forced to become desert horsemen and eventually went down to Hungary.

PLAYBOY: In conversation, you seem to be preoccupied with legend, myth and history. The same is even truer of your poetry, which almost never addresses itself to contemporary topics. Why?

GRAVES: Laura Riding said in our collaboration *A Survey of Modernist Poetry*, "Poetry must act in the vacuum left by the death of historical time to determine values." She meant that all history has already happened, that moral values are not tied to time but, rather, spring from the same magic as poetry. The trouble with people who write poems about current events is that the inspiration comes from a masculine, Apollonian, rational source. Some Americans, for example, are now expending their poetic talents on the Vietnam war. That sort of subject defeats poetry. Of course, there has always been verse based on current events, but it should be satiric. One shouldn't rant in poems against individual political situations. One can describe, in a highly personal way, how outside events are affecting one. But there must be a differentiation made in poetry between the right hand—the truly creative one—and the left, which is the satiric, destructive one. You must differentiate between satire and real poetry. Satires are needed; otherwise, one can't keep the balance between real poems and topical comment. In satire, you can say what you like; you can break all the rules of euphony in describing the threat of evil. But most of the problems I face are universal, beyond topical events and historical time. Poetry based on such universals can establish lasting values.

PLAYBOY: How?

GRAVES: If it emphasizes the extreme dependence of man upon woman for her moral guidance and of woman upon man for his practical doing. Within this man-woman relationship, all values are shaped. By emphasizing and making that relationship clear, poetry can establish the important principles of life. Patriarchal or Apollonian poetry started with ballads about war. *Beowulf* and the Icelandic sagas are examples. Such poems were enough for the men of the time when they sat together in a mead hall, throwing plates and bones at each other. But they lack lasting emotional value, because they are centered on war, not

love. All poetry of value is matriarchal in its origin.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GRAVES: Begin with the most venerated poem in the Western world, *The Iliad*. It starts off, "Sing to me, Muse, of the anger of Achilles and its terrible consequences." The invocation of the Muse is a phrase borrowed from religious rituals which took place in such matriarchal cultures as the early Greek. The women would dance around a pile of stones which represented a phallus. They circled round and round, singing a song. They soon got worked up with the dancing and the singing and would naturally have been taking drugs, the hallucinatory mushroom laced with ivy and laurel. Finally, somebody would shriek, "Sing to me!" Then one of the dancers would become inspired exactly as in voodoo celebrations in Haiti. And, in the same way, the celebrants would know that someone was going to be "ridden" by a deity. In the matriarchal case, it was always the love goddess who possessed someone, and this someone began to sing in inspiration. So poetry originated. And Homer begins *The Iliad* that way, in order to keep the people absolutely still.

PLAYBOY: Then you believe poetry, like drugs, creates a trance in the poet?

GRAVES: And therefore in the hearer, too. An enormously important part of poetry is the incantatory and hypnotic effect. All poetry really is, or should be, hypnotic. Homer, for example, used meter to hypnotize, by recalling the dactylic steps around the sacred hermae. By using this beat, he put the audience in a state which took possession of their minds and they could understand what was behind the entire poem. The point about poetic meter is that it puts people into a semi-trance, so that they can understand what the poet has grasped in *his* trance. All real poems are written in a trance.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that the poet's unconscious mind writes the poem?

GRAVES: I mean that he goes out of himself to magical regions. Trance is the lightest form of sleep, a form in which you can think in a reasonable way and, at the same time, you can dredge up from your memory all the words and images you don't even know you know. All kinds of strange things appear. These images find their own rhythm and their own meter. In this state, one is really thinking in the fifth dimension. In the poetic trance, the poet can apprehend from the future as well as look into the past. That was said of the Greek poets and it's certainly true of the ancient Irish poets. My own poetry is based very squarely on the Celtic. That, in turn, is based on a very early magic which goes back as far as you like.

PLAYBOY: Do Americans write in this tradition?

GRAVES: No longer. Their abandonment

Two things
tell you much
about a man...

His woman
and his scotch.

Pipers will say much about you.
Pipers Scots' whisky. It's born in the
Highlands of craggy, canny Scots, fiercely
independent men who give their lives
to Pipers and give Pipers its life. They
put their hearts and minds and skills into
every precious drop.

Pipers Scots' whisky, proud bearer
of the Seagram name. Purchase it and
learn the taste of pride.

Pipers

It's made proudly. Drink it that way.



of incantation is one of several things wrong with American poetry. To begin with, you have been put under a trance by certain rhythmic patterns in your mind. Soon the words adapt themselves to these rhythmic patterns. But as soon as your modernists start breaking things up and scattering words and punctuation marks around the page, they break the hypnotic order. One should always start a line with a capital letter and indent. That's enough of a command to the reader to read carefully. If he does so, and if the poem is a real one and well written, the various verse systems hidden within the poem will hypnotize both reader and poet. The poet thus brings himself to think in a way in which he does not normally think and which is really a defeat of time.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you like about American poetry?

GRAVES: Not since my friends Frost and Cummings died. When I was a student, we left English alone. We wrote verse in Latin, Greek and French to learn. So anything we wanted to do about writing English poetry, we did on our own but with a classical background. You *can't* be a poet in English, except a peasant poet, unless you're familiar with the whole history of the English language, which you can't understand without some knowledge of Latin. All but a few basic Anglo-Saxon words and a couple of key borrowings from the Spanish and the Hebrew are based on the vernacular Latin as spoken by the French, the Spaniards, the Italians or the Church.

But as for American poetry, I would say that there are more poets—more true poets linked to magic—in the remote climate of Australia than in the whole of the United States. One of the problems is that many American verse writers are paid too well. There is too much money handed out—enormous sums and prizes—for nonpoets. As a result, real poets are so few that I could count them on the fingers of one hand. Look at this book I've just received from America. Nothing but typographical tricks. Poetry *concrète*.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but on the back is this inscription: "Allen Ginsberg says this man has creative genius."

GRAVES: I suppose the author has said the same about Allen Ginsberg, who has a kind heart and a sense of humor but is no more a poet than my Aunt Lisa.

PLAYBOY: Isn't his work poetry, however different it is from yours?

GRAVES: No. And I'm very glad to be able to talk to **PLAYBOY** about such poets and their use of sexual subjects. To me, an important thing about sex is that, apart from farmyard animals and one or two rare exceptions such as doves, the sexual act is always performed in utter secrecy, simply because when one is engaged in it, one becomes very vulnerable. People can suddenly jump from ambush

and crack one in the skull. So lovers must find someplace hidden in the middle of the woods, where they can hear people coming, or on top of a hill, where they can *see* people coming.

Therefore, because of its secret nature, you should not talk or write about sex. You can have love and sex talk with the person you're in love with—that's another matter. But any talk of sex with others is anti-human, especially if one constructs a scientology about it. There are a lot of people who write pretended love poetry but have never been in love, and the poet who has no Muse is abysmally dull. That's what is wrong with Alexander Pope and others of his contemporaries. That's what is right with John Donne. You feel the poet's original vision—it's re-created in you. A. E. Housman's test is also valid enough. He said that when a poem is truly good, the hair on the back of your neck rises. And now we're just beginning to find out about the magnetic properties of hair.

PLAYBOY: Are there any, beyond the static electricity one gets on a comb?

GRAVES: Ask any trichomaniac! I'm convinced that if you cut your hair very short, as the Puritans did, you're limiting your potential for electrical discharges and receptions. If cutting your hair does limit your electrical potential, then it also probably limits your capacity for love and poetry. But aside from reading poetry of the real sort, I've only twice had the hair rise on the back of my neck. In both cases—very strange experiences—it occurred on a moonlit hill where there had been pre-Christian rites.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about them.

GRAVES: I had gone back in time to some primitive situation, by what I would call the television effect. You know, you can revive bygone scenes in some haunted houses by entering them at the same hour and in the same sort of weather that marked the emotional conditions of the original scene. I suppose that I judge poems by a variation of that effect. I get in touch with the poet, his time, his mind, the evolution of his poem. Maybe that's why there are very few poets I can read. Most of the 18th Century is blanked out, apart from a few unliterary ballads. But there is the rich period between John Skelton and Shakespeare. And there are occasional poems of the early 19th Century—such as those by Coleridge and Keats.

PLAYBOY: Though you seem to care most about poetry, you've devoted a great deal of time to writing novels, mythological researches, plays and short stories. Why?

GRAVES: Because I count all that as work and one must work to survive. And sometimes, if some event or historic point interests me, I regard it as my duty to write it down, usually in prose. Poetry does not count as work somehow. It can't

be planned or discovered. It forces itself upon you without your knowing what it's all about. It comes like the tense headache before a thunderstorm, which is followed by an uncontrollable violence of feeling, and the whole air is ionized. You feel absolutely wonderful when you get the first line or two down on paper. Naturally, it takes three or four days before you bring the poem to its final state, and even then, years later, you may spot a word that's wrong. You know that it's been worrying you in the back of your mind all along.

PLAYBOY: Does rewriting ever kill the original inspiration?

GRAVES: No, but it often persuades you that the Muse was not there. Her presence leaps out at you if she really was there. So do your many mistakes. You write a poem and you find it tightening itself up, tightening, tightening—squeezing out the last drop of water.

PLAYBOY: As one who has centered his life and self-expression on writing, what do you think of predictions by men such as Marshall McLuhan that future societies will have no need for the written word?

GRAVES: Even if writing does disappear, there's no reason for gloom. Poetry existed long before the printed word. Long after the poems of Hesiod and Homer had been recorded, great numbers of poems were remembered and handed down orally. This still goes on in the bardic tradition, especially in Wales and Ireland. No, poetry and songs will never vanish, even if print does.

PLAYBOY: Will poetry survive the conflict of good and evil you described earlier?

GRAVES: I hope so. But I'll tell you happily and cheerfully: Nothing can stop the landslide, the coming cataclysm. Nothing can stop the wide destruction of our ancient glories, amenities and pleasures. There will be a bust-up quite soon.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say this "happily and cheerfully"?

GRAVES: Because it's a cataclysm that *ought* to happen. And I know that the human race will survive it. But it will be only the strong, the morally strong, who survive. I think we must trust the new generation, except for the ones who have deliberately opted out of humanity. We must trust the ones who manage to stay in, to stay alive and struggling—young people especially, who have not been corrupted by the intervening generation. They will survive because they will know what they're up against. So I'm not frightened about the world ending. A few nuclear devices may explode and cause immense damage. But we will then be fortunate that the whole loveless system will have given way in a general breakdown. And if good fortune is with us—who knows?—it may be replaced by something at least no worse.





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DEALING, or the Berkeley- to-Boston Forty-brick Lost-bag Blues

Part one of a new novel

By MICHAEL AND DOUGLAS
CRICHTON WRITING AS
"MICHAEL DOUGLAS"

AS A STAND-BY, you get the seat right behind the jets. Sit down, tuck the special suitcase under the seat in front of you, buckle up and look out the window at the Boston rain. Then look over and smile at the two Marines sitting next to you and wait for the goddamned thing to take off.

Once in the air, you get your choice of chicken, swordfish or roast beef; *Life*, *Vogue* or *Sports Afield*. *Life* features an article on the growing menace to our children, the marijuana habit. A follow-up on how one Illinois town rallied to the challenge and pulled itself out of the dope gutter. A quote from a kid at the University of Illinois, who says reality is the best trip of all.

When you can't stand any more, you up and amble back to the can and flip on the OCCUPIED sign. Once safely locked in, you fumble around with the air whooshing up out of the john; you try

not to spill your whole stash on the floor as you roll a neat little joint in your clammy dope-fiend hands. And then you blow it.

After that, things slow down a bit and you amble back and stumble across the two Marines and get your earphones on just in time to catch the flick. Last time it wasn't too bad, some Nazis torturing a prostitute, but no such luck on these daytime ventures—it's Andy Griffith as an iconoclastic but truly lovable parish priest. For the next two hours, you are part of Andy's G for General Audiences struggle to refurbish the church, and it's all pretty wonderful. But toward the end of the movie, high-altitude dehydration sets in and you find yourself feeling pretty miserable. So you amble back toward the can again, with numerous eyes flicking up at you suspiciously as you walk down the aisle—since everybody smelled dope the *last* time—but you fool them all and get a cup of water.

While you're there, you pocket a few of those absurd little booze bottles that they hustle for a buck apiece before the meal. Have a few more cups of water, turning occasionally to face the cabin and smile innocently at anyone who is looking. Then return to your seat, with some ice in the cup, to get thoroughly and quietly juiced.

This doesn't help the dehydration any, but it makes the time go a lot faster. Toward the end of the trip, you even join the Marines in molesting the stewardesses. The stewardesses are very good-natured about them, because they are in uniform, poor fellows, and so young, too. The stewardesses are less good-natured about you.

Finally, the captain comes on to announce that San Francisco airport is still there and that we may be landing soon. The seat-belt sign comes on, the canned music returns and everyone frantically puffs away, trying to get that last little hit of nicotine before the no-smoking sign flashes on, too. Behind you in the next seat, the middle-aged lady searches her

purse for the tranquilizer she always takes before the landing.

And then the plane comes down. It's 3:55 P.M. Pacific Standard Time, 72 degrees, the sun is shining on both sides of the street and it's all before you.

. . .

I was expecting to be met at the airport, but nobody showed. I couldn't believe John hadn't called my friends, let them know I was coming, so I shuffled up and down the arrivals platform, waiting for a familiar face. Everyone was waiting. There were Servicemen waiting for the bus, businessmen waiting for the fat wife and the dog, porters waiting for tips: all of us waiting to see what would happen and waiting then to see what came next.

After an hour, I knew John hadn't called. It pissed me off that he could be so casual. He could afford to be, that was the heart of the matter. John had enough bread to buy himself out of anything that he got into—and into anything he felt out of. He simply assumed that things were the same for other people—and if they didn't measure up to the assumption, then what the hell were they doing hanging around with him? But I was still angry, because I couldn't take a bus across the Bay, not with \$2500 in 20s bulging in my coat pocket. The only alternative was a rented car, and he knew that I didn't have the bread to waste on a rented car. But then he did. . . .

So I went over to the Hertz counter, where a sleazy blonde in a zebra suit was smiling into space. She could be replaced easily by a machine that smiled, I thought, as I stepped into view. But then, a machine would have known that my license was a phony. And anyway, it was all part of the game: I gave her the license and she smiled. I pretended the smile was real and she pretended the license was real. A reasonable bargain, all things considered.

The car was a green Mustang. First thing I did when I got in was to check

The quiet neighborhood of clean pink-and-white stuccos, palm trees and clipped lawns suddenly exploded...



My friend's house

the ashtray. A ridiculous gesture, but the kind of thing I always find myself doing, just to make sure that the ads are really up front. Yeah. Well, the ashtray was clean, but the ignition was burned out and the car wouldn't start, so I exchanged it for an identical green Mustang and rolled out to Berkeley.

Back on the Bay Shore Freeway. It felt good to be ripping along at 65 miles an hour, a cool salty breeze blowing in off the water and the blue-green hills of the city up ahead. It was after five and the lanes going out of town were mobbed, sweaty tangles of bumper-to-bumper steel frustration. But there was barely another car on my side of the road. I suddenly thought of Boston and I laughed. It would be raining there, still, and the streets would be filled with the long, dour faces of people trying to convince themselves that spring really was on its way—or at least would be, once exams were over. Boston seemed so far away and so ridiculous. Just then, I rounded a corner and the whole side of a hill bade me welcome to South San Francisco.

I realized that I shouldn't let myself get too carried away, that I should stay cool for the work ahead. But I felt so good about being back in California that I just couldn't feel anything else. I couldn't get uptight about meeting Musty and I couldn't feel all the small, soberingly paranoid things that I should've been feeling, that I was supposed to be feeling. Just before I had left Boston, John had given me the rundown on Musty, so that I could get good and paranoid about doing business with him. Being paranoid was supposed to make me cautious, discreet, cool about the whole riff. But what John had told me had just made me more confident than ever.

Because Musty was big. At 23, he was one of the biggest, and probably the most successful, dealers in the country. He was successful because he'd never been busted and because he ran a full-

scale, across-the-board operation.

Which meant that his scene was very different from most other dealers'. Most of them when they're doing lots of 10 or 15 or 20 bricks at a time think they're moving a lot of dope. They figure they've got a good hustle going and, for the most part, they do. But they've got one hang-up and that is their dependence on a supplier. In that respect, they're as helpless as the little guy who picks up a street lid now and then on his way home from work. And they can get burned and ripped off and hustled in a thousand different ways, just like that little guy. Because they're not in control of what's going down. They're just taking part.

Musty was in control. He did only one kind of job and he did it extraordinarily well. Musty ran lots of 2000 kilos—no more, no less on any given run—across the border from Mexico. He dumped them in San Diego, in his own warehouses, and there they sat until they were shipped out in broken-down lots to New York. Musty kept his hands in the operation up to the point where the bricks were shipped, his own art-supplies front doing the job. But after that, he was through with it: He took his cut and split. That way, anything that was busted, either in New York or on the way back to California, was almost impossible to pin on him. For all the narcs ever knew, the stuff was coming in through the New York Port Authority, right under their noses.

Musty ran a tight operation, with everyone from the *Federales* to the Customs people to the Mexicans who drove the trucks and airplanes being liberally paid off. He wasn't just careful, though: He had class. When it came time for a shipment, he went down to the Mexican plantations himself. He was friends with the plantation owners he bought from and he spoke fluent Spanish. His concern did not go unnoticed by the sellers and, as a result, his marijuana was only the purest, his bricks the heaviest. They were

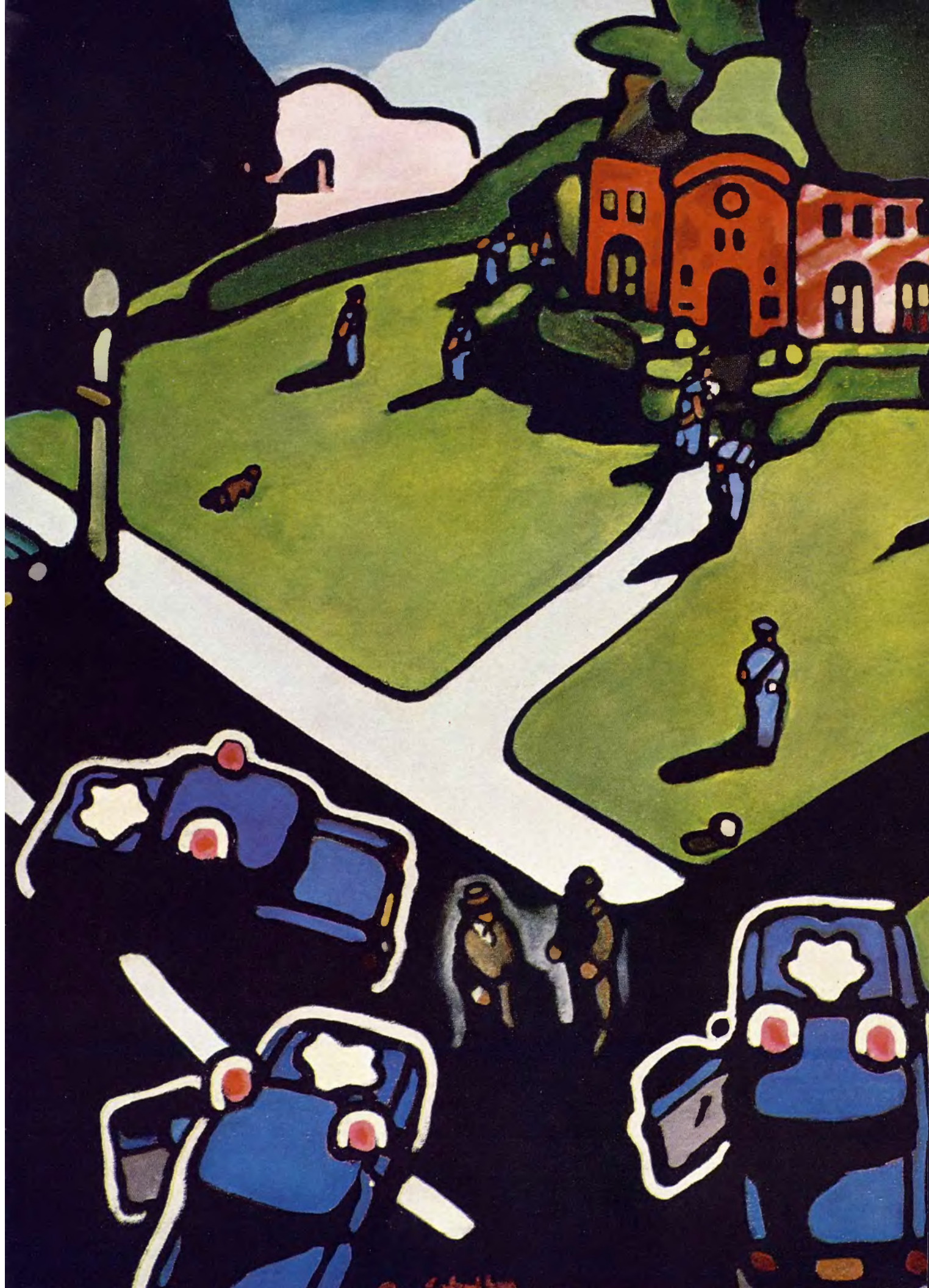
almost always at least 32 ounces—dry—with very few sticks and no stones or clay. On a market that's usually full of oregano, gasoline-cured or otherwise hopelessly souped-up garbage, his dope was highly regarded. And it always brought a good price.

The most impressive thing about his operation was that he'd been running it for almost four years, without a hint of trouble or a cramp in his style. A record like that demands respect, whether you're behind the law or trying to keep ahead of it. The IRS people in San Diego had finally gotten on his back a few months before, but it had been nothing serious, just a lot of irritating questions, and he'd simply stepped out of town for a while. To San Francisco, which was now his base.

John had met Musty earlier in the spring, on the Massachusetts Turnpike. John was test-driving the Ferrari he'd gotten the week before, seeing how it "performed on the road." And Musty was bumming around the East—California style—with a pack on his back and his thumb out, dangling. So John had picked him up and they were rolling along at maybe 80, nobody saying anything and Musty no doubt sitting there, thinking, What a bummer this is, to ride in this car with a straight creep—thinking this because in California, anybody who smokes dope *looks* like he smokes dope, and Musty wasn't used to the Eastern style yet. So when John, with his maroon Ferrari and his J. Press suit and his Newport accent, opened the glove compartment to reveal a pound bag of clean Michoacán, Musty blew his mind. The dope had come from one of Musty's kilos that was nothing but buds and flowers to begin with; he just started laughing while he rolled a few joints. John rolled up the windows so the smoke wouldn't get out and they both managed to get high as the sky before they hit the Newton tolls.

Which is a sad pun, for hit the Newton toll booth they did, going about 25. Drove right up the cement

...as patrol cars and two unmarked sedans loaded with narcs screeched to a stop in front of Musty's house.



fender and piled into the little box the toll guy stands in. Seemed that John, who was never a good driver, had had a little trouble maneuvering his machine after a few joints. The toll guy was terrified, expecting to find some epileptic old lady who'd had a coronary and, instead, being greeted by two very stoned young men, laughing hysterically and wiping the tears from their eyes. Completely unscathed, both of them, but not looking particularly grateful for it.

When the cop came, he told John that he was a very lucky guy. The cop also said some other things about rich motherfuckers and about *Kids Today*. Everybody is interested in *Kids Today*, even the cops. He asked John how he happened to total his brand-new Ferrari and John explained about the faulty disk brakes—these crummy little Italian imports, you know, they're all the same—and the cop farted.

Then he drove John and Musty back to a gas station, where they could call for someone to pick them up. John sat in the front seat, because he had a suit on and looked respectable. Musty sat in the back. The cop talked to John first, giving him some more about rich motherfuckers and damage to public property and asking how his old man liked picking up the tab. Then the cop looked in the rear-view mirror and asked Musty how long it had been since he had taken a bath and whether he thought he was Jesus Christ, with hair like that. The cop also said he had fought in the War, he wanted them both to know, in the goddamn War.

To change the subject, John suggested that it must be tough work to be a state trooper. The cop mellowed at this and admitted that it was tough work. Everybody thought it was a great job to be a state trooper, he said. Everybody thought it was all glory and gravy. Everybody wanted to be a trooper, but they didn't have no fucking idea, it was hard work and no joke.

John got off with a state warning. Musty was ordered out of the state within 48 hours.

That was the way John worked. He needed to be with a person only about 15 minutes before he knew what his weak spot was and how to go to work on him. It didn't matter if that person was a cop or a professor or a freak. Fifteen minutes. Anyway, John put his finger on Musty's weak spot as efficiently as he'd managed with the trooper. And before Musty said goodbye to Massachusetts, he agreed to sell dope to John in small lots, as long as the pickup was made on the West Coast. Musty, who never did anything less than 2000 kilos and never touched his dope after it was in San Diego.

So I was on my way to meet Musty.

• • •

Traffic was heavier going over the Bay Bridge, but I made the corner of Ashby

and Telegraph by six o'clock. From there it was just a few blocks to Musty's address, 339 Holly Street, in the middle of a quiet neighborhood of clean, pink-and-white stuccos with palm trees and clipped lawns. There was nobody on the street to stare at the straight honkie who jumped out of a green Mustang with a suitcase in his hand and went up to ring 339.

The suitcase was a little thing John had rigged up, small enough to fit under an airplane seat and lined with aluminum to keep the dope smell in. It also had internal and external locks to disappoint inquisitive cops. A sealed package of any sort requires a specific search warrant before it can be legally opened. Altogether a neat and reassuring way to travel.

I rang the buzzer beneath the name on the mailbox: PADRAIC O'SHAUGNESSY. No wonder they called him Musty. Then I waited and, when nothing happened, I pushed the buzzer again. The apartment was on the second floor and I could faintly hear it ringing up there. But nothing else, no footsteps or talking or other noise.

I began to get irritated, because I was right on time and they should've been there to open the door for me when I came up the steps. I couldn't figure out where they could be, but then, I didn't really give a damn. I just didn't dig standing around like the Fuller Brush man, waiting for somebody to come to the door.

Finally, I went back to the car and started reading the *Tribe* I'd picked up on Telegraph. What a drag it was, this waiting. I pulled out my own little traveling stash, rolled a joint and blew it, trying to relax.

I'd been sitting there half an hour when I decided to get something to eat. I could never eat on planes and after the six-hour flight, I was hungry as hell. The stoned hungries, I might add, which is what the "now" generation is all about. A normal case of the hungries anyone with a will can sit out, but the stoned hungries are merciless. When dope eventually gets legalized, it'll be the A&P lobby that's responsible. How can you argue against a drug that keeps you eating regularly, sleeping regularly and buying a six-pack of Pepsi every day? No way, in America.

I'd just started the car when I heard sirens. I was wondering how close the fire was when the patrol cars came screeching around the corner, going the wrong way on a one-way street, and pulled up in front of 339. Behind the patrol cars were two Ford sedans loaded with narcs. They had a cop driving, so it looked like they weren't just dropping in to pass the time of day. I sank down in my seat and waited.

The bust moved very quickly and very efficiently. The cops jumped out of the patrol cars and staked out the house, three in the rear and three in front. Two others headed for the front door; one had an ax and one had a portable battery-powered vacuum cleaner.

The narcs spread out behind the cops, five of them going into the house. They were fingering their lapels and hitching up their pants nervously, like they expected some trouble. Which was absurd, because anyone as big as Musty wouldn't hassle cops. But it appeared from my bucket-seat foxhole as though they might be planning to shoot first and ask questions later. Oakland heat, it will be remembered, have that habit.

I was afraid to leave. I suddenly realized why John had been so insistent on my looking straight and so insistent on my schedule. It looked as though the Man had finally come down on Musty. If I took off, one of the plainclothesmen standing near me might notice the car and take down the plate numbers. And then, if he decided to check and found out that the car was rented that afternoon at the airport by a kid from Cambridge, Massachusetts, well, that'd be Fat City for the narcs.

So I stayed. And I sweated it, because the bust was shooting one of our little rules to hell. The three-day rule. It was nothing more than a rule of thumb that we always worked by. All it meant was that the heat were usually at least three days behind anything that was happening. More likely five days, to be sure, but for safety, we usually kept our schedule down to three. So the carrier always flew in within three days of Musty's dope run from San Diego and got out of town within three days of the pickup. It was cool to work that way, because the heat simply couldn't move any faster than that. I mean, the heat are only people. They've got a job and for eight hours a day, they do it. But after that, they go home and watch the box with the wife and kids, like everybody else. So if you worked full time, the way we did, it was easy to stay ahead of them.

But here they were and here I was, curled up in fetal position on the seat, peeping over the dashboard at the plainclothes narc nearest me. He was watching the house, I guess. He didn't look too interested. In fact, he looked bored. The cops-and-robbers glow began to fade from close up and, as the bust progressed, I got more and more into this dude. He had his hands in his pockets now and was staring at the street. God, what a drag, I suddenly thought. What an unbelievable bitch of a drag it must be to work as a narc and spend your whole life rushing around town, trying to bust a few druggies. It was a unique train of thought for me to take, because narcs

(continued on page 190)



“‘After all these years of giving,’ I said to myself, ‘so why shouldn’t I give myself a present?’”

IN THIS AGE of candor and supercommunication, it has been a pleasure to witness the demise of some of the more irrational and pernicious sex myths. True, many boys still may worry needlessly about masturbation, but (presumably) they no longer believe it will grow hair on their palms, or cause warts, or drive them crazy, or even make them sprout wings. And the average man with a modicum of education probably no longer fears that his sex partner, in passionate embrace, will lock up on him—like a dog—to be pried away only with the aid of a bucket of steaming water.

But the pleasure one feels at this progress, which has come about through increased sex education in the communication media, in the schools and in the counseling professions, is tempered by the realization that for every myth uprooted, another rises to take its place. Sometimes the new freedom of communication works against proper sex education, because it merely spreads superstition and speculation, myth and fallacy, much faster. A best-selling book about sex, if not based on facts, can negatively accomplish in months what it took a chain of whispering children generations to do. And the new mythology has a learned aura about it—partly because of the boost given by the media and partly because it doesn't originate so much in boys' camps as in offices with diplomas on the walls—which makes it more difficult to combat. A lot of it is created with the intention of achieving control over an educated and skeptical population, the idea being that this population will more readily accept restrictions that have a scholarly and plausible ring than they will the old thou shalt nots. We have no quarrel with social control, but we feel that when people in authority prescribe fallacies instead of facts, they risk losing the very control they seek to maintain. There are too many credibility gaps already. Moreover, sexual misinformation tends to increase sexual fear (exactly what it is designed to do, unfortunately) and fear is a cause of much of the sexual distress in society today.

We have chosen for this article ten myths, a few of them as old as Methuselah but still running strong, and others almost as modern as today's headlines but likely to be discussed a good deal longer. We trust that discussion will be leavened with a few facts.

THE MOST SATISFYING POSITION IS THE MALE SUPERIOR

The "missionary" position is certainly the one most frequently employed, but it isn't necessarily the most gratifying. In fact, the female partner generally has more freedom and, hence, more satisfaction if she is above. Another position we recommend—particularly for sexually distressed couples—is the lateral, or side by side. It does not put the responsibility on either partner to accommodate the other. Rather, it makes it possible for either or both to exercise whatever activity is desired at a given time. This position allows the greatest freedom of movement for both partners and it gives the male the greatest security of ejaculatory control.

But there should be no guidelines as to the "best" position. Whichever a couple finds most satisfactory at a given moment is the one that should be used. Many couples—particularly those in the higher educational strata—like to vary their coital positioning, rather than follow any rigid pattern.

SEX DURING MENSTRUATION IS UNCLEAN AND HARMFUL

The erroneous notion that a menstruating woman is dirty and dangerous, still prevalent in modern society, dates back to

prehistoric times. J. G. Frazer states, in *The Golden Bough*: "According to the Talmud, if a woman at the beginning of her period passes between two men, she thereby kills one of them. Peasants of the Lebanon think that [the shadow of] menstruous women . . . causes flowers to wither and trees to perish, it even arrests the movements of serpents." The Bible declares that anyone lying with a woman within seven days of the onset of her period—even if it lasts only three—"shall be unclean seven days and every bed whereon he lieth shall be unclean."

This is nonsense. Medically, the menstrual flow is in no sense dirty or harmful. But it has been used as a convenient excuse by women wishing to avoid intercourse. As a pathetic example, we have had many reports at our clinic of mothers who force their daughters to wear menstrual pads when going on dates.

This attitude is a residual of the double standard and, as society approaches a sane sex ethic, women should be able simply to say no if they wish to avoid intercourse and men should be secure enough to accept an honest, well-intentioned rejection without considering themselves humiliated.

Actually, many women feel below par during the height of their menstrual flow and they are frequently bothered by cramps. This, and not an irrational taboo, should be sufficient reason to abstain. But if the woman feels up to it, and a small percentage actually experience heightened desire toward the end of their periods, there is no reason for her or her partner to be deprived of the pleasure of sexual intercourse.

SEX SHOULD BE AVOIDED DURING PREGNANCY

"The ban on coition during pregnancy," writes Alex Comfort in his book *The Anxiety Makers*, "has an interesting history. Hippocrates was against it (together with hill walking, washing and sitting on soft cushions)—Galen was more concerned with abstinence during lactation, since intercourse spoiled the taste of the milk and a new conception robbed it of important ingredients. For the anxiety maker, it was an additional means of cutting down the amount of unpleasant and dangerous coition to which the moral athlete was to be exposed."

The mythology about sex during pregnancy has continued apace since those early bans. Dr. J. R. Black, quoted by Comfort, wrote: "Coition during pregnancy is one of the ways in which the predisposition is made for that terrible disease in children, epilepsy." Dr. J. H. Kellogg said: "Indulgence during pregnancy is followed by the worst results of any form of marital excess . . . the results upon the child are especially disastrous."

Unquestionably, sexual intercourse with a pregnant woman should not be indulged in as lightly as a stroll through the park. There are some precautions to be observed, but they are certainly not of the magnitude dictated by those Comfort rightly describes as the "anxiety makers."

During the first pregnancy, the initial three months may be a difficult period—sexually and otherwise. Many women usually suffer from nausea, vomiting, bloating and a general sense of discomfort. These will tend to blunt her sex drive and reduce her sexual effectiveness. More seriously—but much more rarely—women who have lost at least three early pregnancies may abort when the uterus contracts during orgasm (from either intercourse or masturbation). This has not yet

TEN SEX MYTHS EXPLODED

article

By WILLIAM H. MASTERS and
VIRGINIA E. JOHNSON

*the distinguished researchers
dissolve a host of hoary apocrypha*



been clinically proved, but it hasn't been disproved, either, and in such cases, it's wise to avoid elevating sexual tensions to orgasmic levels—by any means—during the first three months.

It's also possible that uterine contractions will stimulate labor in the final stages of childbearing in a normally pregnant woman. However, this usually occurs during the terminal period of pregnancy and does not represent a danger; postorgasmic uterine response leading into premature labor is extremely rare.

Apart from these contraindications, there is little to prevent a willing couple from having intercourse during pregnancy. Many women report a level of sexual tension during the three middle months that represents a personal high in their experience. Frequently, their sex drive is unlimited, regardless of how many episodes they may have. One of the explanations is the increased blood supply to the female reproductive organs as pregnancy progresses. This may cause many women to remain in a relatively constant state of sexual excitation.

The primary modern taboo on sex during pregnancy pertains to the final six or eight weeks, when many doctors, as a precautionary measure, proscribe sex. This restriction is generally unnecessary, though the woman herself may find that she is growing lethargic and uncomfortable and, as a result, not very desirous of sex. However, if there is no vaginal bleeding, no pain during intercourse, no broken membranes, and if the woman retains some degree of sexual desire, there is no reason to avoid intercourse right up to the moment of labor.

A SMALL PENIS IS LESS SATISFYING TO A WOMAN THAN A LARGE ONE

This phallic fallacy is one of the most destructive of sexual myths, because belief in it leaves men feeling inadequate and women unfulfilled. For, indeed, a woman who believes that a large penis is necessary to satisfy her will be satisfied with nothing less, even though, physiologically, her belief is totally unwarranted.

Here are the facts. There is a great deal of variation in the size of flaccid penises. But when they become erect, the differences are minimized, because the small flaccid penis grows proportionately bigger than the large flaccid penis. The insignificant differences that still exist among the sizes of erect penises are further minimized by the fact that the vagina accommodates to any size. This occurs because it's a potential rather than an actual space and during the plateau phase of intercourse (between initial excitement and orgasm), it contracts snugly around the penis, regardless of its length or circumference. The male who is fearful of penile shortcomings should also take comfort in knowing that the vagina itself is not very sensitive. Once the penis is inserted and the male begins thrusting, he is providing indirect stimulation to the clitoris, which is the center of female sexual sensitivity. It is this that provides the woman with pleasure, not necessarily the contact between the male sex organ and the vaginal walls.

PROSTITUTES ARE EITHER FRIGID OR HOMOSEXUAL (OR BOTH)

It's difficult to trace the origin of this myth, but one would suspect that it's part and parcel of the new puritanism that tends to infiltrate the social sciences. The old Puritans decreed that sex was sin and, counting on the populace's adherence to religious tenets, let it go at that. But in our modern society, where science has replaced the traditional deities for many people, we find new ways to impose the old restraints. So we no

longer point our finger at the whore and declare her sinful; that's too unsophisticated. Rather, we declare that she's *sick*. It's not considered possible for her to be motivated by economic gain (in a society that thrives on such motivation) nor even by sexual pleasure (it offends the sexual restraint we've worked so hard to achieve to believe that anyone can have that much fun). To make our diagnosis more plausible, we define her sickness as unconscious homosexuality or unconscious antagonism toward men, either or both resulting in frigidity.

There was some justification for the belief that prostitutes rarely experience orgasm in earlier times. Then, when bordellos were the fashion and the girls had a quick turnover of clientele, there was little opportunity for them to turn on during the few minutes with each customer. But today's call-girl, who frequently spends an hour or more—and sometimes the entire night—with each John, has infinitely greater opportunity for orgasmic return. As a consequence, and because prostitutes, like all women (and men), respond to time, place and circumstance, they frequently do experience orgasm.

Finally, it's true that some prostitutes are overt Lesbians. But so are some married women. There is no valid generalization to be made from either statement.

ANAL INTERCOURSE IS PERVERTED AND DANGEROUS

"If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination: they shall surely be put to death; their blood shall be upon them." Thus said the Old Testament (*Leviticus 20:13*). A host of

fallacies and legal proscriptions has proliferated since to enforce this Biblical injunction against "unnatural" intercourse (anal and oral). Both are against the law in almost every state of the Union—even among married partners—and have been blamed for nymphomania, cancer, impotence, insanity, blindness—even backache—among other ailments.

Nothing could be further from the truth, although certain elementary precautions should be observed when performing anal intercourse. Initially, it can be painful; but, presuming that the receiving partner is willing to undergo an uncomfortable breaking-in period and that the male partner (in a heterosexual situation) takes care to avoid contamination of the vaginal tract, there is no reason to fear physical harm from the practice. We have had many reports from men that they withdraw their penis from the rectum and insert it in the vagina just prior to ejaculation. When the man does this, he risks transporting bacteria to the vagina, which may produce severe infection, afflicting not only the vagina but the uterus and Fallopian tubes as well. An additional danger in both heterosexual and homosexual anal intercourse is that bacteria may enter the penile passage and cause prostatic, bladder or kidney infections. These usually can be prevented if a condom is used.

Thus, there are certain easily prevented dangers in this practice, but the notion that it is "perverted" requires no medical comment. Obviously, if an individual's aesthetic or religious scruples preclude this or other forms of nonvaginal intercourse, then he should obey his conscience—without making judgments on the practices of others.

Unfortunately, many husbands apply undue pressure to their wives, who may be reluctant to have anal intercourse; but it should be needless to say that no form of sexual activity

TEN SEX MYTHS EXPLODED

article

By WILLIAM H. MASTERS and
VIRGINIA E. JOHNSON



is enjoyable if performed unwillingly. However, when conducted with the consent of both partners and with the routine precautions we've outlined, anal intercourse can afford great pleasure. Indeed, many women report that it provides them with overwhelming orgasmic response.

IT'S GOOD TO SUBLIMATE THE SEX DRIVE FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME

This is a tricky myth, because the concept of sublimation is so little understood and so highly controversial. Some authorities have suggested that it is possible to suppress or repress the sex drive and convert it to higher goals—such as success in art, writing, athletics and other endeavors. We have never seen any evidence, however, that abstinence from overt sexual activity can transform the libido into other kinds of energy.

The next question that arises is, sublimation apart, can human beings simply abstain from sex for sustained periods of time? The answer is yes—with reservations. Human sexual expression is a natural physical-response pattern, like breathing, or bladder or bowel function. But sex is unique among physiological responses in that it can be taken out of its natural context for indefinite periods of time. This quality is useful in a civilized society, for it allows us to delay overt sexual activity until an appropriate time and, accordingly, lets us go about our business. Unfortunately, it should be noted that religious and legal authorities have abused the capacity for the deferral of sex by imposing all sorts of unrealistic restraints on it, thus conditioning people to avoid sex and to fear it even when it is appropriate. For example, the little girl whose hand is slapped for touching her genitals may develop an aversion to sexual touch that can last a lifetime. This negative conditioning contributes to the multiplicity of sexual distresses suffered by so many people today. (We estimate that 50 percent of all marriages in the U.S. are afflicted by one sort of sexual inadequacy or another.)

Unquestionably, there are men and women who have never had heterosexual nor homosexual intercourse, never masturbated and never had sex dreams or fantasies. We believe that these individuals are rare—incredibly rare, we should add.

The final question is: Are extended periods of abstinence harmful? If a person rates sex at the bottom of his value system, he may be able to adjust to periodic or even lifetime abstinence by making suitable adjustments and compensations. These often take the form of defensive armor commonly described as uptightness. But we do believe that he will not be able to turn on and turn off his sex drive at will. Regularity of expression is essential to effective sexual functioning

—particularly if the individual wishes to perform sexually in his later years. Rejection of sexual activity for extended periods of time can introduce a mental handicap when it is resumed and can even contribute toward a mild atrophy of the sexual organs.

We must speculate in conclusion that abstinence is certainly possible but, with few exceptions, it is seldom advisable from a physical point of view.

AN EXCESSIVELY AMOROUS WOMAN IS A NYMPHOMANIAC

Classically, a nymphomaniac is defined as a woman with persistently high levels of sexual tension who constantly searches for orgasmic relief but fails to attain it. This is a fascinating fantasy—the woman in constant heat and begging for fulfillment—that could have been created only by males with great imaginations and little familiarity with female sexual response. Statistically, this type of woman is virtually nonexistent.

We suspect that the men who have perpetuated this notion have been victims of the situation described by Wardell Pomeroy (a co-author of the Kinsey reports), who, with tongue in cheek, characterizes a nymphomaniac as any woman who exhibits even a slightly higher degree of sexual desire than her male partner. Pomeroy's point is well taken, because, in our culture, nymphomania does not refer to objectively measured states of female excitation but, rather, to male concepts of excessive female need. Obviously, the term excessive varies from female to female and from male to male, and in their relationship to each other.

In fact, the human female has an infinitely greater capacity for sexual expression than the male. She has the natural potential for multi-orgasmic response and her orgasmic experiences are more intense and last longer than those of the male.

The American male, who suffers from society's destructive dictum that sexual success rests with him, often attempts in vain to match his partner's orgasmic ability with an equal number of ejaculations. This is ridiculous and self-defeating. It can lead only to a sense of insecurity that may ultimately become a sexual inadequacy.

ADVANCING AGE MEANS THE END OF SEX

The most pernicious of all sexual fictions is the nearly universally accepted belief that sexual effectiveness inevitably disappears as the human being ages. It simply isn't true. Obviously, our vigor progressively declines as we go from our 50s to our 80s. This means that our sexual performance will not be characterized by the same physical energy as it was in our teens, 20s, 30s and 40s. But then, we can't run as fast in later years as

we did when we were young. And we don't worry about that.

Sexually, the male and the female can function effectively into their 80s, if they understand that certain physiological changes will occur and if they don't let these changes frighten them. Once they allow themselves to think they will lose their sexual effectiveness, then, for all practical purposes, they will, indeed, lose it—but only because they will have become victims of the myth, not because their bodies will have lost the capacity to perform.

Here are some of the changes that can be expected. The male's erection will take longer to achieve once he's past his 40s. It may take minutes, as compared with seconds in his salad days. Also, his erection may not be as full or as firm as it was when he was younger. If he has an understanding partner who helps him guide his penis into her vagina, he'll find that it will become sufficiently erect after a few strokes. There is also a reduction in seminal fluid and some men may notice that the force of ejaculation has lessened as well. At the conclusion of intercourse, the older man may find his erection returning to a relaxed state so quickly that it virtually feels as if his penis is dropping from the vagina. And then he'll probably notice that it takes considerably longer for him to obtain another erection. These are natural occurrences and should not be cause for concern.

Perhaps one of the most perplexing changes in the older man's physiology is his reduced need for ejaculation. He simply does not feel the demand for an orgasm that a younger man feels. If he performs once or twice a week at the age of 60, let's say, he may want to ejaculate only every second or third time. This change can be particularly upsetting to a couple, because the man and his partner may think they're not getting the job done. They're both victims of the fallacy of "end-point release"—in other words, they believe, like so much of society, that sex cannot be satisfying and fulfilling unless a goal is set for both partners: ejaculation for the male, orgasm for the female. If the female can be educated to the fact that her aging male partner should ejaculate only when he feels like it, then the odds are greater that he'll continue being an effective lover. *He* needs to be educated, too, to understand that he should ejaculate at whim and not at her urging.

The icing on the cake in all this is that, concomitant with the reduced demand for ejaculation, the male usually is able to exercise much greater control than he ever had before. This means less likelihood of premature ejaculation for him and greater likelihood of orgasm—

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SANTA CLAUS IN THE JUNGLE

fiction By PAUL THEROUX

once there was a white bwana who made love to the beautiful mira and became the chief of the tribe—or did the tribe make a slave of him?

ON THE DAY before Christmas—this was just a few years ago—in a dusty little dorp in upcountry Malawi, which is in Central Africa, a young man sloped down the main road, alone. The dorp's name was Rumpi and the young man's, Calvin Mullet. He was from Hudson, Massachusetts. The quaint raffia suitcase he lugged could have passed for a picnic hamper, but he was no picnicker.

He had been dropped at the *boma* by a banana truck. The truck's dust cloud hung for a moment in the air, then was gathered into a murmuring (continued on page 134)



A woman's face is visible in the background, slightly out of focus, with a soft, warm glow. In the foreground, a glass filled with a light-colored beverage is garnished with a slice of orange and a cinnamon stick. The overall color palette is warm, featuring shades of red, orange, and pink.

HOT



AND COLD HOLIDAY SPIRITS

*new versions of
those staunch potables
applejack and irish whiskey
add their zestfully different
delights to a host of
party-making mixed drinks*

By THOMAS MARIO

IN KEEPING with the ebullient holiday mood abroad in the land, the oldest whiskey in the world and the oldest distilled spirits in the United States have donned up-to-the-minute guises. The new Irish whiskey and the new applejack have gone "soft" and are luring a whole new audience of light-and-dry-drink connoisseurs. December—with its river of punches, grogs, nogs, flips and bowls—is the perfect month to test the versatility of the recently introduced Irish and apple spirits.

Irishmen were the first to make whiskey—around 1200 A.D. They not only demonstrated that barley could be used for something more exciting than gruel but gave us the very word whiskey; they called it *uisgebeatha*—water

of life. Before World War One, Irish whiskey heavily outsold Scotch in this country. Over 400 brands were registered in the U. S., and in England it was the drink of those who dined *en famille* at Buckingham Palace. Between the two Wars, the canny Scots stepped in with their new, lighter malt liquor and ran away with the whiskey market in both England and this country. The Irish, who considered themselves perfectionists in making whiskey, particularly that which they exported, resisted change. In the 19th Century, when John Jameson's foremen were planning to build a new fence in the courtyard of his Dublin distillery, Jameson objected strongly. "It may change the taste of the whiskey," he warned. If an Irishman ordered a cask of whiskey from Power's distillery, which always used the delicate mountain water of the Vartry River in its big mash tuns, he would receive not only his cask of whiskey but a cask of water from the Vartry itself, so that when he diluted his spirits, he wouldn't run the risk of changing the original character. But in whiskey making, perfectionists in one era are all too often the reactionaries of a succeeding one. Over the years, Irish whiskey did change, but only at a drop-by-drop pace. Now it's been remodeled noticeably and notably. Both the old and the new are sipping whiskeys, and we can't imagine a more pleasant bit of indoor research beside a winter fireplace than nosing and tasting the old and the new from generous-size brandy glasses.

The difference between the ancient and modern is that the previous Irish whiskey was made in old-fashioned pot stills and the new Irish whiskey, like almost all Scotch coming to this country, is a blend of pot and column stills. Any pot still produces pungent, low-proof intense flavor; a column or continuous still yields high-proof, light, buoyant whiskey. You can spot the new Irish whiskey by the word *blended* on the label. Unlike most Scotch blends, which carry no age designation, several of the best-known Irish blends proudly indicate their seven-year sojourn in the wood.

Don't assume that the new Irish whiskey is simply Scotch in a Gaelic guise. It's an easy assumption to make, since both whiskeys are made from barley, just as most U. S. whiskey is made from corn and most Canadian from rye. Actually, the two barley-born whiskeys are worlds apart in taste. Scotch barley is dried over kilns where the smoke of peat or coal reaches the grain and gives it its unforgettably smoky flavor. Irish barley is dried over smokeless anthracite coal. There are other variations, but that alone is enough to make Irish as different from Scotch as a harp from a haggis.

Ireland's contribution to modern drink classics is Irish coffee. Its guidelines are simple: A jigger of Irish whis-

key is poured into the kind of goblet you can lift without scalding your fingers; the whiskey must be followed by freshly brewed strong black coffee sweetened to taste; you must leave enough room in the glass for a cream topping; the cream may be whipped or unwhipped but never from a plastic dispenser. Of the standard bar drinks, an Irish old fashioned or an Irish sour on the rocks brings out the best of the new Irish blends.

The fact that most of the Irish whiskeys are now blends doesn't mean that any of them has lost its individuality. Paddy's, for some reason, spells its product without an *e* in the word whiskey, just as the Scotch do. Perhaps the lightest of all Irish whiskeys coming to these shores is Dunphy's. You may have to visit several liquor stores to find it, but it's worth the search. Its special smoothness can be traced to the fact that each year, it's blended by a noted American distiller, Joseph Haefelin, which proves that Irishmen and Americans are bound by a tie that is not necessarily thicker but certainly stronger than water.

The old Irish proverb "How could the apple be but as the apple tree?" might now be paraphrased "How could the new applejack be but as the apple?" Lighter and more satiny than straight applejack, the new spirits don't dissipate the essential flavor of the fruit. A sip of applejack is clearly reminiscent of a bite of crisp juicy Winesap right off the tree.

Like the new Irish whiskey, the new applejack is identified by the word *blended* on the label. Unlike Irish whiskey, which is *all* whiskey of varying intensities of flavor, blended applejack is a union of applejack and neutral grain spirits. As a matter of record, the new applejack—which took 15 years of research, including extensive tasting sessions among young people—is a modern version of one made over half a century ago, when liquor men found a mixture of applejack and neutral grain spirits more congenial to the public's drinking tastes than straight pot-stilled applejack. During Prohibition, applejack fell from its once high estate when it appeared as Jersey lightning or raw apple spirits delivered directly from the still to the bootlegger. But the misdeeds of Prohibition couldn't dishonor a liquor that once was distilled by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and served in Abraham Lincoln's New Salem tavern.

But even more important than what applejack has done for history is what it does for the festive season. As a mixer, the regenerated applejack dances rings around its older version. Blended applejack in a punch bowl endows the punch with a rich fruity essence without the necessity of turning the bowl into a liquid fruit salad. In mulled hot drinks, it's sufficiently vivid in flavor to keep the sharp aromas of allspice, cinnamon and

cloves in a neat balance. The most highly regarded mixed drink for those who love to raise a glass to the apple is the jack rose cocktail—a jigger of applejack, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. lemon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grenadine, shaken well with ice. A surprisingly pleasant new combination is blended applejack in a bitter aperitif cocktail that you can concoct as follows: In an old fashioned glass with rocks, stir 1 oz. applejack and 1 oz. club soda with 1 oz. Punt e Mes, Campari or sweet vermouth.

For those who enjoy the old-fashioned applejack for sipping, the bottle that wears the brightest halo is Laird's 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -year-old 80-proof apple brandy, an incredibly suave version of the liquid apple in its straight form.

Dubliner James Joyce once talked of "the light music of whiskey falling into glasses—an agreeable interlude." The interlude will be longer and the music lighter when any of the following Irish and American elixirs fall into glasses:

IRISH APPLE BOWL (24 6-oz. punch cups)

- 20 ozs. blended Irish whiskey
- 20 ozs. blended applejack
- 10 ozs. Rose's lime juice
- 4 limes, sliced thin
- 2 large red Delicious apples
- 2 large bottles plus 1 pint ginger ale

All ingredients, including spirits, should be prechilled. Apples should be cored but not peeled and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. dice. Pour whiskey, applejack and lime juice over block of ice in punch bowl. Add lime slices and apples; stir well. Let mixture ripen in refrigerator 1 hour. Pour ginger ale into bowl; stir lightly.

HOT IRISH AND PORT

- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. blended Irish whiskey
- 3 ozs. tawny port
- 2 ozs. water
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 1 slice orange

Pour whiskey, port and water into saucepan. Heat to boiling point but do not boil. Pour into preheated mug. Add stick cinnamon and orange slice. Let drink stand on hot tray about 5 minutes before serving.

HOT BUTTERED IRISH

- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. blended Irish whiskey
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. orange juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice
- 4 ozs. water
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 dashes Angostura bitters
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 teaspoon sweet butter
- 1 piece lemon peel
- Whole nutmeg

Pour whiskey, orange juice, lemon juice, water, sugar and bitters into saucepan; add cloves. Heat to boiling point

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"Well, I ain't no partridge in a pear tree!"

SANTA CLAUS IN THE JUNGLE

(continued from page 129)

whirlwind and hurried off the empty road and into the scraggy jungle, leaving behind a strong odor of fragrant patchouli. Rare patchouli grew wild in those parts.

Latterly divorced, Calvin was suffering the effects of paying alimony. He sold insurance (Homemakers' Mutual, Boston and New York, with 56 branches around the world), but all his goods and chattels, so-called, and half his salary, had been awarded to his wife. He roomed in a whorehouse in the capital, Blantyre, and hitchhiked to his several accounts; thus, the banana truck. He had sold his car. The marriage had been brief, unfriendly and faintly squalid, like the hunched-over gust of brown wind that had a moment before swept whispering past him. The divorce was a relief but something to regret.

He stopped walking. He wiped his face with a bunched hanky and read, DRINK LION—YOU WILL ENJOY. Under that sign slumped a larger-than-usual native hut that gave the appearance of being supported by some six or seven Africans who leaned against it for shade. Their heads were stuck under the eaves of the overhanging brooms of roof thatch. In front, there was a smaller but more professional sign, GUINNESS FOR POWER—BIG DRUM BAR, bearing the motif of a black fist punching jagged cartoon lightning; a small scrawl on a pasted label warned, "No hawking."

Ropes of hanging beads were strung over the doorway. Calvin pushed through them, dropped his creaking suitcase and, after ordering a beer, fanned himself with his hat—once a fairly good panama, now a wreck, with grubby crown and bitten brim (it was turned down front and back like a spy's, but very dirty). The bar was dark. When Calvin's eyes grew accustomed to the deep gloom, he saw a row of Africans staring at him. Ragged and with unsteady heads, the Africans squatted on the dirt floor. They had wide machetes across their knees; each man balanced a pint of Lion on his blade. Calvin smiled at them. They nodded back, dark hellos.

Strangely, there was no picture of Dr. Hastings Osbong in the bar. He was the president of Malawi. It was against the law not to have his picture in a conspicuous place in every building in the country. Calvin had one in his office. Apparently, one had hung here; a nail and a rectangle of cobwebs remained.

The bar floor gave off a ripe stable smell and was spread with looping rosaries of black ants. Almost immediately, some ants located Calvin's suitcase. They swarmed into the mesh of the raffia, violating the contents. Calvin put his hat down. He was gasping for breath, trickles of sweat were running down the sides of his face, meeting at his chin and dripping onto his smudged shirt front. A

drop of sweat made its way like an insect down his breastbone to nest in his navel.

The temperature was in the mid-80s, but there was no sun: It had risen and, once off the ground, disappeared into shapeless gray haze. A dull sky made the day throb with sunless heat, a kind of cookery worse than sunshine. The steamy air was a sickness; there was no fan in the bar, no electricity in the dorp.

A dusty bottle of beer was brought and opened, so warm it spewed suds. The bartender—wearing a paper party hat with a sweat-diluted Lion slogan on it—slipped a soda straw into the bottle.

"A glass, please."

"No want straw?"

"No want," said Calvin. Straws gave him gas.

The bartender lifted out the straw and emptied it of beer by blowing through it hard. He replaced it in the cardboard box. Pouring Calvin a glass of beer, he said, "Happy Christmas, *bwana*."

"Somehow," said Calvin, "it doesn't feel like Christmas. No offense intended."

Propped on the counter, a new ad from the Lion brewery showed a comical lion in a red stocking cap and white Saint Nick whiskers; the ad was edged in plastic holly. A small tinsel Christmas tree dangled from a twist of yellow flypaper in the center of the room. Dabs of cotton had been carefully glued onto the smeared mirror at the back of the bar: snowflakes. Calvin wiped the creeks of sweat from his face with his hanky. Snowflakes!

He tipped his glass and drank. He enjoyed drinking; he liked the bitter sting of warm beer on his tongue, the small bubbles needling his gullet, the taste of pickled nuts, a wash of foam, and so on to yeasty fullness; four pints was a square meal. He wasn't an alcoholic; he believed beer drinkers never were. But he was almost certainly a drunkard. It was his choice, not an affliction; it gave pleasure.

"How far to Lilongwe?" He smacked his lips.

The dozing bartender stirred. "Lilongwe. Three, four days on bicycle."

"How many miles?"

"Two hundred-so." The African shrugged. "You going that side?"

"Today, I hope. I want to get the night bus to Blantyre." Calvin sipped his beer. "This is my first trip north."

"You like?"

"Very nice," said Calvin. "You got a nice place here."

"Not like south," said the African. "No Osbong here."

"You mean no money?" Coins the value of a shilling were called osbongs, after the head they bore.

"I am meaning," said the African, "no Dr. Osbong bastard." He said it like the bird, "bustard."

Calvin went silent. He didn't talk politics, not there.

The African was staring at Calvin's glasses. "Good goggles," he said. "You buying here?"

"No, I got them from the States."

"American?"

"Yup."

"We hate Americans," said the African calmly. "They kill black Negroes. Start trouble. Spy on us. Hate us too much. Just big gangsters and cowboys up to now. That their badness. Dr. Osbong say it good to trust Yankees. Myself, I don't trust at all. Osbong is"—the African squinted—"how you say *fisi* in English?"

"Hyena," said Calvin. He put down a ten-osbong note. "Have a beer."

"Eh!" the African kecked gratefully. "Happy Christmas, *bwana*. You with those soldiers?"

"Which soldiers?"

"In the trees," the African said.

"I'm an American," said Calvin. "I sell insurance—or, as you say in this neck of the woods, *assurance*."

"God," said the African, "made everyone the same. I take Guinness." He got himself a brown bottle and inserted a straw and, slurping, his lower lip rolled down, showing bright pink, added, "For power, ha-ha."

"It's a good brew," said Calvin. He watched the African empty the bottle.

"Good goggles," said the African.

"Thanks."

He had six pairs altogether, the five others in his suitcase being trodden upon by ants. Calvin dreaded losing them, breaking the pair he was wearing and not having an extra. Being in Africa heightened his fear; he had bought three pairs since arriving in Malawi a year previous (Don, the Hudson oculist, said it thrilled him to send the specs all that way). But the glasses were all he had bought. The tan wash-and-wear suit he had picked up cheap in Filene's basement; a year of dust and sun, rain and mildew had not been kind to it. It was wrinkled, it sagged, the cuff stitches had given way, the right elbow of the jacket was torn, the knees were swollen and the knee backs creased like accordions. The seat was dark and dead with wear, mainly the friction of sliding in and out of rides he thumbed. He wore suede shoes because they didn't need polishing; they collected stains like blotters. Calvin had a habit, when drunk, of pissing on his toes. He had worn the suit on his trip north, because he thought he might get a lift more easily; but the vehicles were few, the banana truck from the frontier to Rumpi was a stroke of luck. In his panama hat and grimy suit, he looked like a stricken preacher. He was, of a sort: His belief was life insurance. He was pale and tall, a string bean.

"Merry Christmas."

He turned. An African at the far end

(continued on page 296)

New-Model
Model

*haute-couture mannequin
paula pritchett turns
screen star in a most
fashionable ensemble—
her birthday suit*



The pose above portrays Miss Pritchett at ease—an unusual attitude for the model turned movie actress. The 23-year-old Virginia-bred Manhattanite for the past four years has been immersed in a mannequin-killing schedule of shootings

for leading fashion magazines and for video commercials. Her first big movie role, in the Czech-made "It's Never Seven Again," entailed several takes of a nude scene (right) in which Paula, shown with director Jan Kadar, appears to a peasant as a "vision."









Paula's Czech sojourn turned into a real-life adventure that was not in the script. The film company was on location when invading Soviet tanks rumbled onto the scene along a road built especially for the movie and took over the area. The Russian seizure

of Czechoslovakia put a temporary, albeit traumatic, halt to Paula's blooming film career. A year later, she was back in eastern Europe completing the movie. Vision Paula is seen at left finishing the scene in which she rises out of the Danube.

TO A FOOTBALL HERO



You're the idol of the talk shows;
Man, your repartee is quick.
And you've even done a nude scene
In a big important flick.
So why run down a gridiron
And disturb your stylish curls,
When your very greatest passes
Are the ones you make at girls?

verse

By JUDITH WAX

missives and missiles
for the jolly season



TO THE
GIRL IN THE
APARTMENT
WHOSE
WINDOWS
FACE OURS



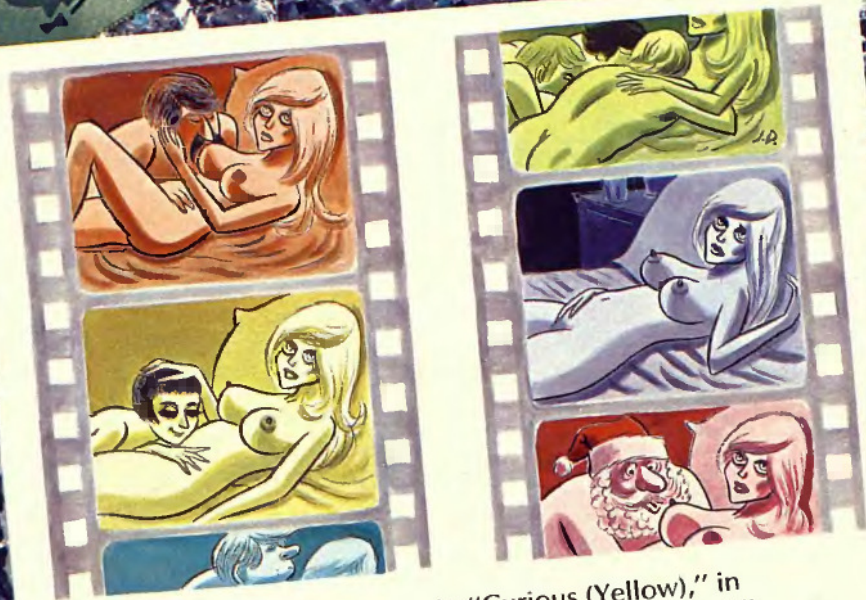
TO A BRA MANUFACTURER

The revolution's here to stay.
You're first to feel its clout,
Since liberated Christmas belles
Say, "Let it all hang out!"

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS



Merriest greetings of
myriad kinds,
But, oh, stay the hand that
lowers the blinds!
We may not yet share the
mistletoe's flutter,
But dear shady lady, adjust
not that shutter.
Reward, please, again all our
eye-straining labors.
As a bard (almost) said, "Good
views make good neighbors."



to a
swedish
movie
actress

In "Curious (Yellow)," in
"Quizzical (Green),"
And then in "Inquisitive
(Aquamarine),"
In "Meddlesome (Orange),"
in "Nosy (Chartreuse),"
In "I Am Explorative
(Purple and Puce),"
Your acting's not great, but
this can be said,
Whatever the color . . .
you end up in bed.



TO A
POLLUTER

Peace on earth, the carols say,
But unless your foulings cease, on
Some not far-off Christmas day,
There'll be no earth to have that peace on.



ILLUSTRATION BY KEN GRANING

LEISURE IN THE SEVENTIES

*a three-part projection of
recreational pastimes and pleasures that
await you in the decade ahead*

AT HOME

Only a seer with expertise in chemistry, sociology and electronics—for openers—could have predicted ten years ago that smoking pot, attending rock concerts and experimenting with alpha-wave feed-back devices would be among the most popular leisure-time activities by 1970. The accelerating pace of change in both technology and life styles guarantees that the way we amuse ourselves five and ten years from now will prove just as difficult to predict. Yet a number of trends are already obvious: Television arrived in the American home just as labor-saving devices presented the middle class with quantum increases in discretionary time; now, 20 years later, the national infatuation with the medium appears to be ebbing in favor of more involving and individualized ways of occupying non-working time. Certainly, the sex and drug revolutions will continue apace, and such Orwellian nonchemical ways of altering one's consciousness as electronic brain stimulation will undoubtedly proliferate. Specialization has become a byword throughout the leisure industry: The fragmentation of facilities that can be observed most successfully in bars geared to such groups as young singles, over-35s, swingers and sports-car buffs is now occurring in restaurants, apartment houses, resorts, even schools and universities. At least for the blue-collar worker, the move is on for a shorter work week, with all the rearrangements of living patterns a three-day weekend will entail. And for many categories of creative people, the very distinction between work and play is beginning to break down, as the home becomes an automated extension of the office. It all adds up to more leisure time for almost all of us—a prospect that frightens as many as it pleases. Shortly before his death this past summer,

psychiatrist Eric Berne described patients who continually showed an inability to keep their lives together when their time wasn't structured. "They're scared to death," Berne said, "that they're going to have to sit down and find out what's in their heads." Nevertheless, the evidence is that most of us will be using our new time more creatively, adopting personal pursuits that will become as much a part of our identities as our jobs. In the following three articles, two writers well known for their ability to point up new directions and the man whose visionary theorizing in the Fifties earned him the sobriquet Mr. Automation explore the prospects of leisure through the rest of this decade. Alan Adelson reports on the most exciting new uses of the home itself, which has always been leisure's headquarters. Frequent *PLAYBOY* contributor Fredric C. Appel investigates the broad range of leisure-time pursuits that will be available close to home—new ways to spend an evening or a weekend on the town. And computer pioneer John Diebold takes us out of town to make informed guesses not only about what regions of the world we will most want to get away to by 1980—and how we will get there—but also about the deeper implications of today's quick, inexpensive long-range travel. All three prognosticators consider the new hard- and software we'll be playing with throughout the decade; they also make the point, in their separate ways, that this new gadgetry can dehumanize as well as enhance life. All, however, conclude that the potential pitfalls of the new leisure are outweighed by the promise of self-exploration and -discovery it affords anyone with the energy and imagination to fill—rather than kill—his free time in the Seventies.



By ALAN ADELSON

THIS IS THE DECADE, the technocrats vow, when the American home will begin to emerge as a total environment—a place where modern man can live completely. By comparison, the houses and apartment buildings in which most of us now sleep and grab occasional meals will no doubt seem only minor improvements on the log cabin. By 1980, we may never need to leave home and, even more surprising, that may suit many of us just fine. We'll work and learn there, be informed and amused there by a battery of communications and entertainment devices that will enrich our lives more than the present facilities of an entire city. And when we feel like pursuing more personal and participational pleasures, we'll be able to do that at home, too, making today's wildest diversions seem like timid parlor games.

Some of the coming developments sound like futuristic fantasy, such as the "pleasure centers" we may plug ourselves into for living dreams of sex, adventure, violence or just plain serenity—that rarest of all commodities. There is justification for some pessimism about such technological projections, particularly at a time when our everyday technology is (continued on page 162)

LEISURE IN THE SEVENTIES

ON THE TOWN

By FREDRIC C. APPEL



ON NEW YORK'S First Avenue "strip"—running from about 59th Street up to 86th—you can tell a great deal about someone just by which bar he enters. The median age of the crowd at each bar, for example, climbs steadily as you move up the avenue, beginning with the teenyboppers at 59th, the low-20s at 64th, the around-30s at about 75th, and so on. You can also find bars catering to singles, swinging marrieds, divorcees or homosexuals, to stewardesses, nurses and interns, jocks, cinema buffs, admen, interracial couples, pseudo sophisticates, the literary or the arty crowd. Since the bars change ownership and sales pitches faster than women's fashions, they offer a continuously changing spectrum of social intercourse—often followed by sexual.

By no means unique, the strip offers in relatively pure form many of the elements that will characterize much of our leisure-time activities and facilities on the town during this decade and beyond: a high degree of specialization and narrowly focused appeal to a particular clientele; a widely varied multiplicity of establishments offering the consumer a much broader choice of recreation than he has had in the past; and, frequently, a concentration of these facilities in relatively small, well-defined areas.

"People have a desire to be with

people like themselves," says Malcolm D. Rivkin, a Washington-based urban planner. This is reflected not only in the highly specialized bars but in residential patterns such as communities designed specifically for young singles, the retired and elderly or young swinging marrieds. By zeroing in on a particular group, Rivkin explains, a bar owner or restaurateur can provide superior service with far greater efficiency. He can tailor his offering to the needs and desires of that group and not worry about having to create a broad-based appeal. The nation's growing population now makes this approach economically feasible by providing sufficiently large numbers of people in these narrow groups to support specialized establishments.

Agreement on the prospects of recreational specialization extends even to the heretofore mass-cult movie industry. Among a growing group of West Coast moviemakers encouraging this new trend is San Franciscan Bill Bushnell. The former managing director of the American Conservatory Theater, Bushnell, with his four partners, now heads a Seventies-style motion-picture company that is presently at work on several films. It's his belief that today's young audiences are far more sophisticated and demanding than their parents. They will no longer be satisfied by the old Hollywood formula that attempts to give something to everyone and offend no one. Moviemakers of the Seventies, Bushnell and others say, will take a different approach. First, by adopting the *cinéma vérité* technique, shooting almost exclusively on location and not worrying about less-than-perfect lighting, etc., they eliminate the monstrous costs of constructing and maintaining the sets and sound stages that brought many of Hollywood's major studios to near financial ruin. Second, by using young, relatively unknown actors, the new moviemakers avoid the other Hollywood pitfall—the fantastic salaries demanded by big-name

stars. Freed from these high-overhead economics, the new moviemakers are already producing films on budgets as low as \$300,000, which make it possible to turn a profit on movies that appeal to a narrow population group and allow them to deal in depth with virtually any subject of importance and make meaningful, personal statements about it.

This new latitude is beginning to spearhead the recovery of the movie industry. "We don't need gimmicks to bring audiences into the theaters," says one moviemaker. "What we need is good scripts and good screenplays. If we put a good story on the screen, the audiences will come to see it." Producers agree that there are also likely to be many *more* movies made in the Seventies, both good and bad, than in past decades. Because of the low budgets and the dispersion of the industry, a number of untalented semi-amateurs are likely to enter the field; but, at the same time, more talented film makers will be offering moviegoers a better selection of superior films. Like the First Avenue bar-hoppers, moviegoers in the Seventies may look forward to a much wider choice than they had before of offerings that have been carefully tailored to the tastes of one or another group.

Also like the bar-hoppers, they may find their choices centered on a relatively small, well-defined geographical area, according to Gordon Stulberg, president of Cinema Center Films in Los Angeles. A number of movie exhibitors, he says, are experimenting with so-called minitheater complexes, in which a single building houses as many as six separate theaters, each somewhat smaller than traditional moviehouses, in recognition of the limited appeal of the new special-interest film fare. In some of the complexes now under construction, says Stulberg, the minitheaters are arranged around a central projection booth, so that one or two projectionists (continued on page 150)

LEISURE IN THE SEVENTIES

OUT OF TOWN

By JOHN DIEBOLD



PAN AM has been talking about a shuttle to the moon; Westinghouse is building a Deepstar to carry passengers to an underwater colony, to live and work 4000 feet below the surface of the ocean—before this decade is half over. You're not likely to go to either place in the near future, of course, unless you happen to be exceedingly brave and utterly fit, and part of the right program. But such journeys will come; and if you're in any of the conventional tourist spots on vacation toward the end of the Seventies—elbowing through the mob scene in the Place de la Concorde, studying the litter of people clinging to every cliff in Yosemite, rubbing the soot out of your eyes on smoggy Waikiki—you may wish that they would come soon.

For the fact is that the tourist business is moving into an enormous boom. The airlines are complaining that business isn't as good as expected, but what they mean is that passenger miles are up only about eight percent over last year, instead of the 12–14 percent that was calculated in the budget. The country has its troubles, but it still boasts an affluent society. Though there is no truth whatever in the popular notion that machines will soon do *all* the work, leaving people with endless empty time—in fact, one of our worst problems today is a desperate

shortage of trained manpower to do all the things everybody wants done—four-week and even longer vacations are becoming commonplace. People reaching out for what were once the luxuries of the rich thus find travel one of the most accessible—especially when air fares are about the only things that actually cost less today than a decade ago. Add the rapidly rising incomes of west Europeans, plus the increasing curiosity of the Japanese (700,000 of whom went touring in 1969, up from roughly zero ten years before), and all those places everybody has to see are likely to become places you'll want to see exactly once.

Despite the numbers, though, the tasks of getting there and back and caring for yourself while you're there are likely to be made much easier as the Seventies progress, thanks to the growth of information-control systems and a telecommunications network to serve them. Today, the sort of personal attention most people want and some need while traveling is available only to the wealthy or to those who are willing to travel in guided groups. By some time in the second half of the decade, such services should be available at much lower cost, without the restrictions on your freedom inherent in guided situations. In fact, by 1980, you should be able to get a preview of any of hundreds of possible vacations by pushing some buttons on a gizmo beside your television set; then you'll be able to study potential air routes to your destination by pushing the buttons a different way and, finally, make reservations for a trip tailored to your own desires (flights, hotel rooms, car rentals, theater tickets) by pushing the buttons again.

Hotel-reservation services have already been computerized for the United States, parts of Europe and some resort areas, and the day is not far off when a single telephone call will produce information about availabilities in tourist-caliber hotels all over the world. More important,

these services will be available to you while traveling, if you want to change your plans en route—something that's almost impossible now in high season, partly because your travel agent is far away and partly because neither he nor anyone else has quick access to changes in the status of reservations at the places you might wish to visit.

Once you pay for your trip (with your credit card, of course—cash is almost obsolete in travel now), the reservations machinery starts operating for you, establishing the channels of communication that move your bags from the air terminal at this end to your hotel at the other end without any need for you to stand around baggage areas. Processing luggage this way on international trips will, of course, require pre-inspection by customs at the airport of origin, but such facilities are already in use in Toronto and Nassau and present no planning problems. Any personal service—someone to meet you at the airport, shopping service where you don't know the stores or the language—can be attended to at about the same prices such luxuries would cost at home. Overall, you will have the comfort of knowing that wherever you go, there will be someone who expects you, who speaks English and who can be reached with a telephone call.

Organizing such a system is, obviously, a complicated job. A much simpler air-reservations system for American Airlines cost an estimated \$90,000,000 of IBM's and A. A.'s money before it could be made to work; and even now, SABRE, as the system is known to its friends, is kept on older IBM 7094 computers, because everyone is worried about the bugs it might develop if transferred to one of IBM's newer, faster and bigger 360 series. What was probably the largest single venture in computerizing reservations for accommodations—the Computicket plan to allot campsites in California state parks—went broke along

with the rest of Computicket in early 1970. My office estimates that fully developed services of this nature are unlikely until near the end of the decade, because the costs will stay too high until the computer-communications net is fully operational for all sorts of activities, not just travel.

But special-purpose information systems for travelers are much easier to run and before 1975, a number of "club" arrangements should be established and flourishing. Such clubs wouldn't try to cover the globe, but they could handle all their members' travel needs in, say, 50 cities. On the other hand, by restricting their membership and coverage, they could offer greater services; they could guarantee their members hotel rooms at short notice, for example, by booking rooms in the club's own name, according to computerized predictions of members' travel habits. The fee would cover any losses from stockpiling rooms that members don't claim and that hotels won't take back. Clearly, such clubs would make their first appeal to businessmen, but the organizations that now run group-fare plans could expand to club status easily enough. The economics of these organizations would call for shared data banks—"inquiry systems"—and once the computer memories are properly stuffed and programmed, the transmogrification of groups into clubs is merely a matter of salesmanship.

The travel clubs of the future will be a far cry from the guided tours of the Sixties, because the devices that give access to information will enable individuals to split off from their clubs, for shorter or longer periods, pretty much as they wish. Nevertheless, the growth of clubs will undoubtedly lead to bigger hotels, bigger resorts, planned to serve as many special interests as the acreage can contain. Especially in areas where the obvious demand is seasonal—which means any accessible mountainous region or semitropical climate—the locals will try for special facilities, from convention halls to climate-controlled indoor tennis courts to raceways for beach buggies and snowmobiles. Some of this increasing complexity of activities may come with diminishing service—more buffet meals rather than captains and waiters, fewer bellhops around to light your cigar. The travel arrangements of the youth world—from the established European bikers' hostel to the new swinging club facility with its homogenized food—are likely models for the future. There's some sense in trying to make the traveler feel like a king, but a club wants to be up and doing.

In this country, the *where* is going to be what President Nixon's political advisors call the Sun Belt, from Florida through Arizona to California—and Hawaii (at increasing distances from over-

crowded Honolulu). Keep an eye especially on the Florida panhandle and the Gulf Coast of Alabama, both presently underdeveloped as resort areas and glorious to visit in spring and fall. South of the border, the west coast of Mexico is already burgeoning into a Spanish-speaking Monterey—and it's not impossible that there will be interesting prospects in Baja California, whose exotic countryside is now inhabited mostly by iguana.

In general, increasing urbanization carries with it an increase in the desire to get out of the city. Even the recession didn't kill the demand for second homes, places out in the woods or along the coast where a man can forget about what went on during the work week. Like much else that looks new, this is yesterday's pie in the sky, brought to reality in the bakeries of affluence. The people who bought that real-estate promoter's acre of desert in the Southwest are moving to it; and up North, the hillsides are being subdivided for sale to city dwellers who will find some way to get there.

The best bet for the money, of course, as the hippies and communards learned early, is the abandoned farmhouse that comes equipped with a well and some kind of dirt road to truck in food and building supplies. However, where the woods are in process of development with roads, water supplies, sewers and schools, the land that's supposedly away from it all may go for \$5000 a quarter acre. But if you're really equipped to make your own way, physically and psychologically, there's still a lot of land less than three hours' drive from any city in the East, one hour from any city elsewhere, that can be bought for less than \$500 an acre. More and more people will be availing themselves of these bargain-basement *pieds-à-terre* as the decade advances.

But for those who have little desire to homestead or who find tent living a less-than-relaxing respite from their high-rise or suburban existence, the second home on wheels may well be the answer. Parked in the driveway and ready to roll with the call of the wild, these new traveling homes are changing the image of camping from the blue-collar vacation to the weekend getaway of the affluent society. Already, such recreational vehicles as the slide-on camper that fits the back of a pickup truck, the buslike luxury home on wheels and car-pulled trailers fitted with the latest accouterments for comfort are commonplace on the nation's highways. Even more traveling homes designed to fit the requirements of the most discriminating or the simplest of tastes are scheduled to appear in the next few years.

But with increasing numbers of vaca-

tioners taking to the road, established camping grounds inevitably will become even more like the cities people are trying to avoid. For most of them, you need a reservation, or soon will. And yet there are still the unorganized places to which you can bike, hike or drive, still much as they were 100 years ago but will not be 100 years from now.

For most people, however, travel means something more than a pleasure dome, a retreat or a mobile home: It means a chance to make contact with—and, if possible, to experience—a life style very different from the folkways back home. Most potential hosts, moreover, are eager to encourage those who might wish to come adventuring among them. Tourism is a highly desirable industry: It allows an underdeveloped country to sell its most plentiful resource (unskilled or slightly skilled labor) for foreign exchange that can be used to buy anything from pig iron to power plants. And visitors put a country on the map. But they can also be uppity and boorish, insistent upon carrying their own culture with them wherever they go—a statement that applies to Germans and Swedes and English as well as to Americans. Some of the apparent best bets for future tourism are not going to enter the race, for political reasons.

"Take the North African coast," says an international-airline executive. "It's not desert—it's lush. No farther away than Europe. Beautiful country, good swimming, historical remains, exotic culture, interesting cuisine. But I wouldn't be willing to gamble on it, because they're not prepared to welcome Americans." (It should be noted that Hilton International disagrees with this analysis and is in business in Morocco.)

The one sure growth area seems to be the Caribbean, which has the world's guaranteed best climate and is as near as next door; from anywhere in the eastern half of the country, it costs less to fly to the Caribbean than to California. These Indies, of course, are by no means undiscovered country, but tourist development has barely touched most of them. "All those islands," an airlines man says greedily, "beaches and water and palm trees, most of them without a single hotel—yet."

Optimists at the airlines speak of Micronesia (goony birds circling Sheraton towers on glamorous Guam) and of East Africa (great game preserves organized to let hordes of tourists mingle with prides of lions). A few enthusiasts expect tens of thousands of Americans to discover an abiding calm in the foothills of the Himalayas. Some even expect a rush to New Zealand and Australia, arguing that what the American tourist really wants is

(continued on page 176)



wild and woolly

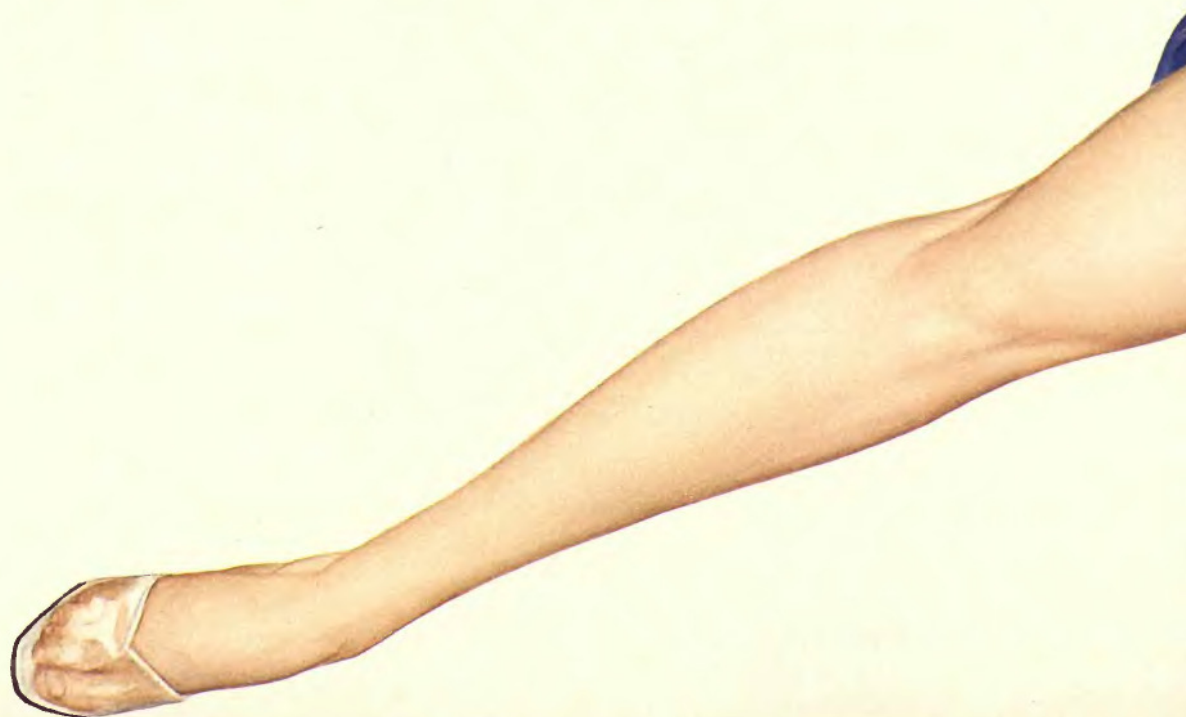
*this paul bunyan
plaid goes to
great lengths as
it boldly covers
the subject*

attire
By ROBERT L. GREEN

That venerable stand-by, the lumberjack plaid, has come in from the logging camps to serve a more fashionable function. As case in point, we direct your attention to this munificently lapelled, eight-button, maxi-midi wool greatcoat, by Renama for Darren, \$175, worn with a six-foot cracheted wool scarf, by Handcraft, \$8.50. When it comes to supplying warmth with élan, the ensemble is second only to blonde foxes.

VARGAS GIRL

*"Don't worry, Mr. Baxter, I've got
another gift you won't be able to exchange."*





Vargas

ON THE TOWN (continued from page 144)

can operate four projectors showing four movies in four theaters at the same time.

Concentration in theater districts is traditional for the legitimate theater, but these districts may be dying, according to impresario David Merrick. Since it's not unusual for six or more Merrick hits to be playing on Broadway at one time, such pessimism about the future of Broadway theater must be taken seriously. Asked what he might be producing on Broadway in 1980, Merrick said he didn't know whether there would be a Broadway theater in 1980. Inflation is killing Broadway, says Merrick. Costs of production have doubled since he opened *Hello, Dolly!* six years ago, and they aren't susceptible to much pruning, even with more reasonable agreements with the stage unions. As a result, he admits, ticket prices are too high. They are becoming a luxury that most people can no longer afford. But he is unable to charge less. Furthermore, it's getting more and more difficult to attract the money needed to back new plays.

Merrick is also distressed by the lack of good new plays and good new talent coming into the Broadway theater today. "Broadway doesn't generate the same excitement and glamor it once did," he says. "It no longer grabs people in the same way." As a result, potential playwrights are no longer attracted to Broadway and they go into other fields. Merrick sees no hope for a theatrical resurgence in most of the theatrical experiments now in progress. Theater in the round has existed for a long time and has been a relative failure. Audiences don't like to have the actors so close to them, says Merrick. And he thinks stage nudism is merely a passing fad and that the new participatory theater—in which the patrons become a part of the show—has aroused strenuous objections among many audiences.

Merrick is equally pessimistic about the off-Broadway and regional theaters. They have lower costs, sketchy sets, cheaper actors and are consequently often amateurish and bad; for these reasons, they have an even higher failure rate than Broadway. All of which may explain why Merrick plans to abandon the theater and turn his energies to movie production. But not everyone, fortunately, feels as he does about the theater. While acknowledging the difficult money problems and a current but perhaps temporary shortage of good new material for Broadway, drama critic Elliot Norton predicts that the theater will shrink for a while, with fewer plays being produced, but that it will come back strong eventually—as it has in the past.

If the future of the legitimate theater looks bleak, at least for the next few

years, the current trend to specialization could provide the key to a resurgence in the even more depressed night-club industry. Enrico Banducci, owner of San Francisco's now-defunct hungry i, says the days of the big, lavish general-audience clubs are over except in a very few tourist centers, such as Las Vegas and Miami. They will be replaced, he predicts, by many small *intime* clubs catering to special groups. The old clubs, he says, were based on principles and conditions prevalent during the days of Prohibition and just after, when audiences could be pulled in merely by offering liquor service, big-name entertainment and lots of pretty girls. To get all that, audiences were even willing to accept generally mediocre food at excessively high prices. This kind of club is no longer possible in most cities, says Banducci, since audiences today can get liquor and better food at home and big-name entertainment on television.

Night clubs in the Seventies, Banducci predicts, will be able to provide the better food, service and entertainment demanded by today's audiences by catering to particular groups whose tastes can be clearly identified and whose pocketbooks can support those tastes and the clubs that satisfy them. He also predicts the emergence of the so-called compartmentalized night club, similar in many ways to today's Playboy Clubs. Instead of a single big room, the club would consist of a series of small rooms, each devoted to a different function. One room might offer quality dining without distraction; another, dancing; and a third, entertainment.

Night-club entertainment in the Seventies, Banducci believes, is likely to be dominated by young comedians making serious social comment. Freed from the limitations of having to satisfy a broad-based audience with varied sensibilities, they will be able to probe deeply into the issues of the day without fearing that they will offend or alienate any significant segment of the public. People will select their night clubs not only because of the quality of the food, drink and atmosphere offered but also on the basis of the social and political views held by the crowd to which the club caters.

Most on-the-town activities in this decade—theater in particular—are likely to get a healthy boost from the restaurant industry, according to Richard Blumenthal of Restaurant Associates Industries. All entertainment activities today, including restaurant dining, suffer from a number of annoying problems associated with parking and transportation from one activity to another, but Blumenthal reports that many restaurateurs are considering "packaging experiences." This

could be achieved either by offering two activities in the same place, such as dinner with theater, or by providing dinner, transportation and theater as a complete package for the customer. A number of establishments already are offering dinner-theater packages, including a New York restaurant that transfers its diners to the theater by special bus and a Washington restaurant that presents complete Broadway musicals, such as the venerable *South Pacific*, right on the premises. Another activity that is or will be offered with dinner is shopping. In Los Angeles and elsewhere, a number of restaurants have made arrangements with high-fashion women's stores to present fashion shows during the lunch periods. In addition to entertaining the diners, the models often present a short sales spiel and are prepared to take orders for the clothing on the spot. In New York, Blumenthal reports, at least one restaurant is working out a deal with a number of Fifth Avenue stores whereby women having lunch could make arrangements, via courtesy telephones at the tables, to be picked up at the restaurant, transported to the store and taken on tours of the store's departments by hostesses. In the sense that night clubs package experiences in this way, Blumenthal seconds Banducci's prediction that night clubs may also enjoy a resurgence.

Just as in other leisure activities, restaurants, too, will follow the trend toward concentration and multiplicity. So-called restaurant rows—small areas, such as Los Angeles' Sepulveda Boulevard, in which many restaurants are concentrated—make sense for the industry, says Blumenthal. In such a district, one could expect to find associated services needed by the diner, such as parking lots and taxi stands. In fact, in any new construction or urban renewal, they could be planned into the project. As an illustration, he cited his company's three restaurants in New York's Pan Am Building: Zum Zum, a fast-service establishment, Trattoria for informal dining and Charlie Brown's for more serious, formal dining. A parking garage is available in the building; taxi stands are right outside; the Broadway-theater district and the Fifth Avenue shops are within walking distance; and Grand Central Station, from which suburbanites can arrive and depart, lies directly below via escalators.

Restaurants are also likely to become more specialized in their offerings and appeals. In addition to the public's increasing sophistication about various exotic cuisines, a growing scarcity of trade personnel—chefs, bakers, waiters, et al.—is forcing the emergence of a new, informal type of restaurant in which diners participate in the preparation and/or service of their meals. The industry has failed to attract young people, despite

(continued on page 294)

Rend Us Asunder

*a sampler of heart-
warming sentiments from
those in a position
to help implement the
president's inspirational
campaign pledge*

“

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ON THE TOWN (continued from page 10)

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Night predicts, food, ser ed by particul clearly it can sup that sat emerger talized to today single b of a ser to a diff offer qua another, ment.

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Most decade—to get a industry, thal of i All ente cluding number with part activity ports the sidering

"Look at democracy objectively. How does an aspirant for office oust an incumbent? By selling himself and his ideas? To a degree, yes; but that is seldom enough. He must attack the policies of his opponent; as he does, people will side with one candidate or the other. Divisive? Of course—but by dividing, we conquer apathy."

Spiro Agnew
Vice-President of the U.S.

"[Campus militants are] part and parcel of the revolution. . . . If it takes a blood bath, let's get it over with. No more appeasement."

Ronald Reagan
Governor of California

"You see these bums, you know, blowing up the campuses. Listen, the boys that are on the college campuses today are the luckiest people in the world, going to the greatest universities, and here they are burning up the books, storming around about this issue. You name it. Get rid of the war, there will be another one."

Richard Nixon
President of the U. S.

"There is much talk about alienation among our nation's youth, but little discussion of what incites alienation. Here we are discussing what is essentially a psychological state, a decision by the emotions to reject the values of society. This rejection is caused not by events nor by the action of our older generation but by a poisoning of the mood of our youth by constant neurotic attacks on their emotions."

Strom Thurmond
U. S. Senator, South Carolina

"Any time you get somebody marching in the streets, it's catering to revolution. My family worked for everything we had. . . . Now these jerks come along and try to give it to the Communists. I want you to crucify Fulbright."

Martha Mitchell

"Some of the radical groups in the country are being led by so-called clergymen. Where many of these men get the 'reverend' in front of their names, I do not know. Certainly, they don't get it from God."

Billy Graham

"We can, however, afford to separate [the student radicals] from our society—with no more regret than we should feel for discarding rotten apples from a barrel."

Spiro Agnew

"If . . . any group was organized on a national basis to subvert our society, then I think Congress should pass laws to suppress that activity. . . . If people demonstrated in a manner to interfere with others, they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp."

Richard Kleindienst
U. S. Deputy Attorney General

"If you want to pinpoint the cause of riots, it would be this permissive climate and the misguided compassion of public opinion. It is not the centuries of racism and deprivation that have built to an explosive crescendo but the fact that law-breaking has become a socially acceptable and occasionally stylish form of dissent."

Spiro Agnew

"As far as this kind of activity [anti-war demonstrating] is concerned, we expect it. However, under no circumstances will I be affected whatever by it."

Richard Nixon

"Make no mistake. This radicalism that infects our Congress and poisons our country is at best a bizarre mutation of Democratic liberalism."

Spiro Agnew

"I'll tell you who's not informed, though. It's these stupid kids. . . . They pick the rhetoric that they want to hear right off the top of an issue and never finish reading to the bottom. . . . And the professors are just as bad if not worse. They don't know anything. Nor do these stupid bastards who are ruining our educational institutions."

John Mitchell
U.S. Attorney General

On academicians: "It makes me sick at my stomach. They're a bunch of sidewalk diplomats that don't know the score."

Martha Mitchell

"[It] is amazing what [Agnew] has done to help the [news] media—helping it to reform itself. . . . You can't underestimate the power of fear."

Tricia Nixon

"As my husband has said many times, some of the liberals in this country, he'd like to take them and change them for the Russian Communists."

Martha Mitchell

"Moratorium demonstrations are organized by people who are 'Communist or Communist inspired.'"

John A. Volpe
Secretary of Transportation

"A sniveling, hand-wringing power structure deserves the violent rebellion it encourages. If my generation doesn't stop cringing, yours will inherit a lawless society where emotion and muscle replace reason."

Spiro Agnew

"It is time to rip away the rhetoric and to divide on authentic lines. It is time to discard the fiction that in a country of 200,000,000 people, everyone is qualified to quarterback the Government."

Spiro Agnew

"Is this any way to run a country?"

Lawrence O'Brien
Democratic National Chairman

*a sampler of heart-
warming sentiments from
those in a position
to help implement the
president's inspirational
campaign pledge*





THE CLASSIC WOMAN

with polaroid camera, the legendary publicist proves a sensitive and skilled photographer in capturing the timeless beauty of his subjects

TEXT AND
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM MORAN

THE INSPIRATION for most of my photographic work, I readily admit, comes originally from the great Renaissance painters who, with brush and palette, captured such hauntingly beautiful women on canvas. Although my medium is the camera, I have found that by adopting some of their techniques, and using muted murals or antique tapestries for backgrounds, my pictures can approach their mood of timelessness and tranquillity.

Like the old masters, I try to find natural beauties for my subjects—not among professional models nor actresses, who often tend to be too thin or too uptight, but among secretaries, students, schoolteachers, waitresses and housewives. Thus, photographing women has become for me both a search for beauty and a labor of love.

I've found, however, that my best work hasn't been achieved through my efforts alone. A model's cooperation and understanding of my photographic goals are as important as lensmanship. Since I use a Polaroid camera for all my work, the model can become as involved in the photo process as myself, seeing—picture by picture—the progress we're making.

Unfortunately, I've discovered that whenever a young lady arrives to be photographed at my sanctuary, a baroquely furnished apartment in mid-Manhattan, her face and bearing often show the strains of her personal daily struggles, her private fears and concerns—emotions that can color the countenances of even the most beautiful women. These strains must be erased before she will photograph at her best. But it takes time for a model to relax, and it's



"A helmet of mail frames an aristocratic face and catches the light in the study above. My portrait of the serenely seductive woman at left, set against a colonnade and statue scene, projects an aura of classical antiquity."

difficult for her to feel comfortable with me the moment she walks in the door. With this problem in mind, I ask a model to arrive in the early afternoon, so that we have about an hour to become acquainted before we start shooting.

The afternoon appointment not only gives us more time to feel at ease with each other and thus work better together, it's also the time of day for the best available natural light. Ordinarily, I'll start our session with black-and-white work about an hour before sunset, taking advantage of the fading sunlight that

streams through the tall, unobstructed windows of my bedroom-studio. This softer light contributes greatly to creating a subdued mood in the final pictures. The light and shadow at this hour also enhance my subject's curves, resulting in more striking nudes.

Usually, I begin a color session in the evening, after the model and I enjoy a quiet candlelight dinner. Since I have a large collection of antique costumes, which can add to both a model's beauty and the picture's mood, I will often ask a young lady to slip into one of my Moroccan caftans or Oriental robes. Then I set her against an unusual background, frequently a Renaissance mural or tapestry much like those in the paintings of Raphael and Da Vinci. To create lighting effects similar to the great painters', I rely on a single light source, a clear photoflood bulb in a reflector mounted on a stand. I must compensate, however, for the somewhat yellow light of the bulb by holding a homemade screen in front of the light.

Although I've made concerted efforts to construct such devices to help achieve the artistic effects I'm looking for, my apparatus actually is very simple in comparison with the numerous cameras, elaborate screens and multiple-lighting devices used by most professional photographers. But the real reason I try to keep my work so simple technically is that I want to continue to enjoy camerawork as a hobby; I really couldn't consider going into commercial photography. I want this most rewarding pastime to remain more like a romance than a binding marriage.





"The languid posture and the pensive expression of this child-woman reveal her sense of self-assurance and tranquillity—an immeasurable contribution to the total picture. While it isn't easy for some women to expose their inner emotions as openly as my model has here, I usually manage to overcome a girl's tensions by what I call a process of 'psychological decontamination'—mainly, just informal conversation."

"While many professional photographers like to shoot only color pictures, I believe that a photographer often can capture a hidden side of his subject's personality—and perhaps a completely different mood—by using black and white. In this study, for example, I wanted to catch my model in strongly contrasting light—to bring out the gently sloping curves, angular lines and soft hollows of her alluring face and figure."

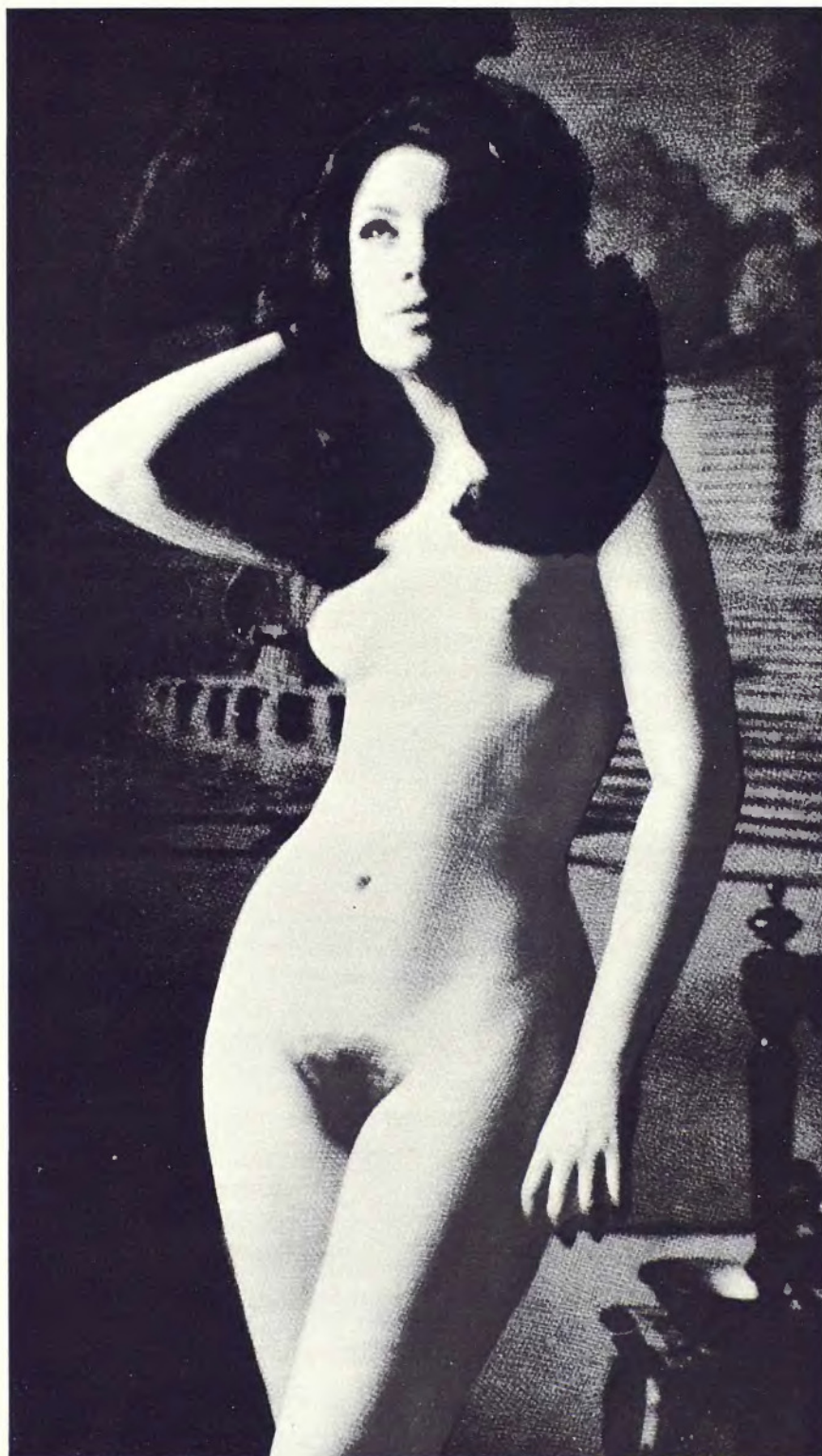
"A reclining woman, I've found, is likely to photograph most truthfully; in repose, she is psychologically as well as physically composed. The results, moreover, are often provocative, particularly when a Raphaelite girl such as the beauty below is back-dropped by a muted Renaissance mural."





"Here again, I made use of black-and-white film and contrasting lighting to create a sensuous mood and to enhance my model's perfect form in this nude portrait. Whether a woman I'm shooting chooses to be photographed with clothing or completely unveiled really makes little difference to me personally. Yet a quality of simple innocence like that conveyed by the Italian painters is better achieved if the model is portrayed in her natural state."

"Those who study the works of the Renaissance artists know that their masterpieces required not only superb technique but also subjects marked by what Herrick called a 'sweet neglect.' I try to find such women for my pictures—such as the charmingly unself-conscious girl of right. Like all my models, she appears innocently untouched by hairdressers or beauty salons. This is the classic woman I choose to photograph; unfortunately, they are very rare these days."





AT HOME (continued from page 143)

failing pitifully, but there is little doubt that the brave new world we've been promised is arriving. What the technocrats and the humanists debate is whether it will be the enslaved, superstructured world of Huxley's novel or a wonderland of free choices for a liberated mankind. To a great extent, it comes down to a question of how much convenience a person can stand.

Already researchers, tinkering with electronic jabs to various brain centers, have successfully stimulated people's hunger and then satisfied it with another pulse of electricity. They've induced deep, satisfying sleep the same way, and see the possibility of totally regulating a person's body to his self-prescribed schedule. Another group of scientists, working under very close wraps, is beginning to apply some new principles of information theory to the development of "feelie" movies for at-home stimulation rather than for the theatrical medium Huxley foresaw. It's been found that it takes only a hint of information to spur the mind into concocting a total impression. The researchers won't say how, but they've managed to give mere projected images the hallucinatory feel of material substance. The result, according to one erotically inclined experimenter, is "a way to give everyone his own Raquel Welch."

Experts from all fields were prodded by Connecticut's Institute for the Future to predict what else is coming. There was general agreement that the following developments will have arrived before the decade ends:

- Central data-storage facilities will be pumping all kinds of information to the public, transforming the home into a part-time school and making individual citizens proficient in such specialized fields as law and medicine.

- Contraceptives will be mass-administered, perhaps even through the seeding of water supplies. Social values regarding childbearing, rearing and sex will be greatly changed and becoming a parent will be considered a privilege rather than a right.

- Cheap, nonnarcotic drugs other than alcohol will be available to produce specific mood changes, bringing on euphoria, nonaggression, heightened perception and increased attention spans. Other drugs may be able to alter life styles totally.

- General immunizing agents will be in use to protect against nearly all bacterial and viral diseases, meaning, among other things, a cure at long last for the common cold.

R. Buckminster Fuller, one of the most visionary of Americans, says that the changes in the years ushering in the

21st Century "will be far greater than in our just completed century and a half. . . . We are engulfed in an invisible tidal wave that, as it draws away, will leave all humanity, *if it survives*, cast upon the Island of Success, uncomprehending of how it has all happened."

A great many of these predictions are coming true before their time. Housewives are already beginning to call on data centers to take over chores that only a few years ago would have been considered distinctly human and well beyond the grasp of your average emotion- and intuition-free computer. When a wealthy Los Angeles hostess held a dinner party for nearly 500 people last year, she hired a data-processing firm to draw up the seating plan. Short biographies of each guest were fed into the computer, which instantly ruminated on the conversations that might result from combining the various backgrounds. The seating plan came spewing out and the party, it's reported, was a great success.

The impending intrusion of technology into the once all-human household frightens many people. Anthropologist Margaret Mead says the technology explosion is "the major cause of the generation gap." Old folks who fret about all the new machinery instead of using it are missing out on a better life, she insists. It's also true, of course, that a segment of the young—communards are the extreme examples—also are in full revolt from technological largess. With this kind of widespread mistrust of galloping gadgetry, it's encouraging that the best thinking being done about the home of the future comes from men and women who share that mistrust. Ironically, much of what they hope to accomplish will be based on technology—but it will be aimed at restoring the primitive functions of a home.

"We keep getting more and more machines, but they don't seem to do much to satisfy our more basic needs and urges," says Joan Sprague, a Cambridge design consultant who is experimenting with functional aesthetics. "If people had more sympathetic environments, they'd be renewed at home instead of ground up. The great challenge is to make technology usable, to get total—not just tranquilized—comfort out of it." Tranquilized comfort is the soporific neutrality of watching television, rarely responding unless it's to laugh mechanically along with a canned audience. Total comfort, she says, comes from fulfillment of the atavistic needs for water, fire, sun, quiet, space—all of which will be built into the ideal home of the future and are frankly lacking in today's housing.

The late Richard Neutra, the renowned technological architect, reached

a similar conclusion when he decided that his homes should be as perfectly joined with nature as birds' nests: securely wedged in forked branches and strategically positioned to yield the desired amounts of sun and shade. These controlled environments—capturing proper air movement, cooling and light—also allow complete freedom for the inhabitants. "An architect of human abodes could start as a bird or animal watcher," wrote Neutra. "Perhaps he should, in order to truly fit a naturalistic age which became increasingly sidetracked into 'glorious technology.'"

The goal is to create what Italian architect Giancarlo De Carlo calls the "intelligent home": a living apparatus that "understands" what its occupants want and is so totally versatile that it can accommodate those needs immediately. Walls would spring up or disappear when the dweller felt the need for insulation or openness. Areas would be illuminated or darkened as an automatic response to the approach or departure of a body. Though this ultimate goal sounds beyond reach, some basic accomplishments in that direction have already been made. The greatest task for an architect is to arrange home space so that specific activities won't conflict with one another—and to do so without subdividing the entire home into claustrophobic individual rooms. Somehow, privacy and sound insulation have to be provided while giving inhabitants a feeling of the space beyond them.

Within the decade, that crucial problem will be solved through the development of "air walls" somewhat like the gusting curtains of heated air at many department-store entrances. Air walls will stop the flow of sound without blotting out space or sight. But, lacking these, Joan Sprague and her husband, Chet, an MIT architect, have already mastered a good deal of the problem by cutting windows, skylights and shafts through their old three-story home, so that even in a closet-sized bathroom on the second floor, one can gaze out at the sky. All the walls on the third floor were knocked out and a good deal of the ceiling, as well, creating a huge open living room with a honeycombed ceiling.

Most architects agree that such control and arrangement of light is one of the crucial factors in making the home a completely comfortable environment. Three recent major breakthroughs will be revolutionizing household lighting. Corning Glass Works has developed what it calls photochromic glass, which responds to increased amounts of sunlight by turning darker and darker. And New York engineer Alvin Marks has developed a means of electrically controlling the transparency of a specially sandwiched window glass. Both products are

(continued on page 336)



Rowland B. Wilson

"Old Ebenezer is a changed man since he had that Christmas vision."

LITTLE MEMOIRS

three tales By RICHARD BRAUTIGAN



CORPORAL

Once I had visions of being a general. This was in Tacoma during the early years of World War Two, when I was a child going to grade school. They had a huge paper drive that was brilliantly put together like a military career.

It was very exciting and went something like this: If you brought in 50 pounds of paper, you became a private and 75 pounds of paper were worth a corporal's stripes and 100 pounds made you a sergeant, then spiraling pounds of paper led upward until, finally, you arrived at being a general.

I think it took a ton of paper to be a general or maybe it was only 1000 pounds. I can't remember the exact amount, but in the beginning it seemed

so simple to gather enough paper to be a general.

I started out by gathering all the loose paper that was lying innocently around the house. That added up to three or four pounds. I'll have to admit that I was a little disappointed. I don't know where I got the idea that the house was just filled with paper. I actually thought there was paper all over the place. It's an interesting surprise that paper can be deceptive.

I didn't let it throw me, though. I marshaled my energies and went out and started going from door to door, asking people if they had any newspapers or magazines lying around that could be donated to the paper drive, so that we could win the War and destroy evil forever.

An old woman listened patiently to my spiel and then she gave me a copy of *Life* magazine that she had just finished reading. She closed the door while I was still standing there, staring dumbfoundedly at the magazine in my hands. The magazine was warm.

At the next house, there wasn't any paper, not even a used envelope, because another kid had beaten me to it.

At the next house, nobody was home.

That's how it went for a week, door after door, house after house, block after block until, finally, I got enough paper together to become a private.

I took my goddamn little private's stripe home in the absolute bottom of my pocket. There were already some paper officers, lieutenants and captains, on the block. I didn't even bother to have the stripe sewed on my coat. I just threw it into a drawer and covered it up with some socks.

I spent the next few days cynically looking for paper and lucked onto a medium pile of *Collier's* from somebody's basement that was enough to get my corporal's stripes, which immediately joined my private's stripe under the socks.

The kids who wore the best clothes and had a lot of spending money and got to eat a hot lunch every day were already generals. They had known where there were a lot of magazines and their parents had cars. They strutted military airs around the playground and on their way home from school.

Shortly after that, like the next day, I brought a halt to my glorious military career and entered into the disenchanted paper shadows of America, where failure is a bounced check or a bad report card or a letter ending a love affair and all the words that hurt people when they read them.



THE LITERARY LIFE IN CALIFORNIA/1964

I was sitting in a bar last night, talking to a friend who was from time to time looking down the bar at his wife. They had been separated for two years: no hope.

She was palling it up with another man. They looked as if they were having a lot of fun.

My friend turned and asked me about two books of my poetry. I'm a minor poet; even so, people sometimes ask me questions like that.

He said he used to have the books but he didn't have them anymore. They were gone. I said that one of the books was out of print and copies of the other book were down at City Lights Bookstore.

He took a look down at his wife. She was laughing at something the other man had said, who was then quite pleased with himself, and so it goes.

"I have a confession to make," my friend said. "Remember that night I came home from work and found you and my wife drunk together on sweet vermouth in the kitchen?"

I remembered the evening, though nothing had happened. We were just sitting there in the kitchen, listening to the phonograph and drunk on sweet vermouth. There were probably thousands like us all across America.

"Well, when you left, I went and got those two books of your poetry out of the bookcase and tore them up and threw the pieces on the floor. All the

king's horses and all the king's men couldn't have put those books of poetry back together again."

"Win a few, lose a few," I said.

"What?" he said.

He was a little drunk. There were three empty beer bottles in front of him on the bar. Their labels had been carefully scratched off.

"I just write the poetry," I said. "I'm not a shepherd of the pages. I can't look after them forever. It wouldn't make sense."

I was also a little drunk.

"Anyway," my friend said, "I would like to have those books again. Where can I get them?"

"One of them has been out of print for five years. The other one you can get at City Lights," I said, busy putting together and filming in my mind what went on after I left the kitchen and went home, glowing like a lantern in sweet vermouth.

What he said to her before he went and got the books of poetry and tore them up. What she said, what he said, which book went first, the way he tore it. Oh, a lovely act of healthy outrage and what was taken care of after that.

I was at City Lights a year ago and saw somebody looking at one of my books of poetry. He was pleased with the book, but there was a reluctance to his pleasure.

He looked at the cover again and turned the pages again. He stopped the pages as if they were the hands of a clock and he was pleased at what time it was. He read a poem at seven o'clock in the book. Then the reluctance came again and clouded up the time.

He put the book back on the shelf, then he took it off the shelf. His reluctance had become a form of nervous energy.

Finally, he reached into his pocket and took out a penny. He placed the book in the crook of his arm. The book was now a nest and the poems were eggs. He threw the penny up into the air, caught it and slapped it onto the back of his hand. He took his other hand away.

He put the book of poetry back on the shelf and left the bookstore. As he walked out, he looked very relaxed. I walked over and found his reluctance lying there on the floor.

It was like clay but nervous and fidgeting. I put it into my pocket. I took it home with me and shaped it into this, having nothing better to do with my time.



HALLOWEEN IN DENVER

She didn't think that she would get any trick-or-treaters, so she didn't buy anything for them. That seems simple enough, doesn't it? Well, let's see what can happen with that. It might be interesting.

We'll start off with my reacting to her diagnosis of the situation by saying, "Hell, get something for the kids. After all, you're living on Telegraph Hill and there are a lot of kids in the neighborhood and some of them are certain to stop here."

I said it in such a way that she went down to the store and came back a few minutes later with a carton of gum. The gum was in little boxes called Chidets and there were a lot of them in the carton.

"Satisfied?" she said.

She's an Aries.

"Yes," I said.

I'm an Aquarius.

We also had two pumpkins: both Scorpios.

So I sat there at the kitchen table and carved a pumpkin. It was the first pumpkin that I had carved in many years. It was kind of fun. My pumpkin had one round eye and one triangular eye and a not-very-bright witchy smile.

She cooked a wonderful dinner of sweet red cabbage and sausages and had some apples baking in the oven.

Then she carved her pumpkin while dinner was cooking beautifully away. Her pumpkin looked very modernistic when she was through. It looked more like an appliance than a jack-o'-lantern.

All that time that we were carving pumpkins, the doorbell did not ring once. It was completely empty of trick-or-treaters, but I did not panic, though there were an awful lot of Chidets waiting anxiously in a large bowl.

We had dinner at 7:30 and it was so good. Then the meal was eaten and there were still no trick-or-treaters and it was after eight and things were starting to look bad. I was getting nervous.

I began to think that it was every day except Halloween.

She, of course, looked beatifically down upon the scene with an aura of Buddhist innocence and carefully did not mention the fact that no trick-or-treaters had darkened the door.

That did not make things any better.

At nine o'clock, we went in and lay down upon her bed and we were talking about this and that and I was in a kind of outrage because we had been forsaken by all trick-or-treaters, and I said something like "Where are those little bastards?"

I had moved the bowl of Chidets into the bedroom, so I could get to the trick-or-treaters faster when the doorbell rang. The bowl sat there despondently on a table beside the bed. It was a very lonely sight.

At 9:30, we started fucking.

About 54 seconds later, we heard a band of kids come running up the stairs, accompanied by a cyclone of Halloween shrieking and mad doorbell ringing.

I looked down at her and she looked up at me and our eyes met in laughter, but it wasn't too loud, because suddenly we weren't at home.

We were in Denver, holding hands at a street corner, waiting for the light to change.





THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

and december's restless-spirited bunny-playmate carol imhof will take them all in stride

THE DOMINANT THEME of Chicagoan Carol Imhof's recent past has been change. At 14, she switched from parochial schools and their austere discipline to the more tolerant public school system—and received one of the larger shocks of her adolescence. “The nuns were strictly old school and had made sure I learned their way of thinking. When I changed schools, I suddenly discovered that there were other life styles.” Four years after that awakening, Carol became part of today's most volatile community: the college campus. Away from home for the first time, she began to develop the most salient quality of her character: a quiet independence of thought and action. When illness forced her to drop out of Southern Illinois University after finishing only half the requirements for her degree, she took it as an opportunity rather than as a setback, returned to Chicago, landed a job as Penthouse Bunny in the Playboy Club and moved into the Bunny Dormitory in Hugh Hefner's Mansion. “I stayed there for eight months and then I got my own place. I liked the other girls, but I wanted to live alone.” Although Carol has remained a Bunny—and even finished as first runner-up in the Bunny of the Year contest (see our March 1970 issue)—she's been drifting away from the urban life of Chicago. “First I had an apartment in the city; then I moved to the suburbs; now I want a place in the country, someplace with a lot of greenery.” And Miss December expects that one day she'll turn in her Bunny ears—but not for a while. “Right now, I'm getting into other things—especially modeling. When I can get enough free-lance work to support myself, I'll probably leave the Club. It's been wonderful, but you can have too much of a good thing.” In her off hours, Carol confesses to one major vice: She loves betting on the horses. A boyfriend began taking her to the track, taught her how to read the *Racing Form*, and

Carol arrives at PLAYBOY's tenth-floor editorial offices for a conference with the writer in charge of her story, stops to get directions from receptionist Karyn Kluz.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER



Carol adorns Assistant Editor Geoffrey Norman's desk, and helps his research by coming up with total recall.

that did it—she was hooked. "After a while, he stopped taking me. Whenever I went along, he lost." She still gets out to the races on occasion—whenever she can find a more compatible escort. For the future, marriage is certain, but not looming; more travel, especially to the tropics, is in the cards. Her modeling career has priority. "I don't really follow fashion much. I would never wear a midi except when I model. It's a designers' conspiracy." Whatever the future, Miss December looks to it with open-minded expectation. "Nobody at parochial school—especially me—would have dreamed I would become a Bunny and a Playmate. I'm sure I'll be just as surprised by whatever happens to me in the next seven years." We think readers will agree that Carol makes a nice Christmas surprise herself.

PLAYBOY's Production Director John Mastro uses a light box to show Carol a color transparency of herself.





After visiting the magazine's editorial offices, Carol leaves the Playboy Building and heads for the nearby Chicago Playboy Club, where she checks in for her evening shift as Penthouse Bunny. Before Carol goes on duty, she helps Bunny Raxanne with a costume adjustment, shares the dressing-room mirror with Bunny Starr and examines the bulletin board with Bunny Cheri, who joins Carol on many of her promotion appearances. Her backstage preparations complete, Carol reports to the Penthouse and is soon busy serving drinks to a keyholder and his guest as they dig the sounds of the Serendipity Singers. A Chicago Bunny for two years, Carol continues to find the work enjoyable and the hours ideal: "I prefer working afternoons or early evenings, so I can sleep late and go out at night. That's the perfect situation for me."





MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Outside the Club after work, Carol endures the uniquely urban experience of waiting ten minutes for a cab. "They're all over the place—except when you need one in a hurry," she says. When Ray, the Club doorman, finally captures one for her, she's off—not yet too late—for a seafood dinner with friends at Slicker Sam's. "Eating crob lote at night is one of my favorite indulgences—even though I sometimes pay for it with weird dreams afterward. But a great meal is worth a nutty dream or two." Later, at her apartment in a Chicaga suburb, while awaiting the consequences of her gastronomic indulgence, Carol tries out a new hairdo. "Some girls find one look and stick with it; but I like a change—whether it's in what I do, the way I look or the way I think."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Stunned by the incredible beauty of their new secretary, the two executives resolved to make her adjustment to the firm their personal business. "It's up to us to teach her the difference between right and wrong," said the first.

"Agreed," exclaimed the second, excitedly taking in the girl's generous endowments. "You teach her what's right."

A married friend of ours comments that the only thing worse than coming home with lipstick on your collar is being caught with leg make-up on your ears.



Certainly, America has its problems," the pompous politician roared. "But we're still the only people in the world who are free to criticize our courts, our Congress and our President."

"That's what you think," the foreign diplomat retorted. "People all over the world are criticizing your courts, your Congress and your President."

The attractive blonde was standing at a busy intersection waiting to cross the street when she was approached by a handsome young man. "I couldn't help but notice the V that's embroidered on your sweater," he said. "Does it stand for Vassar?"

"No, it stands for virgin," she cooed sweetly, "but it's a very old sweater."

A real-estate man's imperfections
As a lover caused female rejections.

"I'm deflated," he moaned.

"They're erogenous-zoned,
But only for high-rise erections."

The middle-aged suburban father was reading his newspaper when his daughter's boyfriend came to the house and asked to speak to him. "I realize this is only a formality," the young man declared, "but I want to ask for your daughter's hand."

"And where did you get the idea that this was just a formality?"

"From her obstetrician," replied the boy.

And, of course, you've heard about the wild office Christmas party in a completely automated company—the computer got drunk and tried to undo the electric typewriter's ribbon.

A 70-year-old man met a fellow geriatric on the street one day and asked him what he'd been doing lately. The friend said he'd just spent six months in jail, after being convicted of rape. "Rape!" shouted the first man. "At your age? That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

"I know," replied the other, "but I was so flattered, I pleaded guilty."

I've just invented a cotton gin," Eli Whitney declared proudly as he emerged from his workshop.

"Big deal," his wife grumbled. "Who needs a fluffy martini?"

When Mr. Kreggemeier returned from Europe, his partner in a men's clothing store hung on his every word. "And I even was in a group that went to the Vatican," reminisced Kreggemeier, "where we were blessed by the Pope."

"The Pope!" exclaimed the other chap. "What does he look like?"

"A very pious man, reverent, spiritual, almost saintly," Kreggemeier answered. "I figure a size 38, short."



A newlywed couple established a household routine that included having sexual relations each evening at 5:15. After several weeks, the bride contracted the flu and received an injection that killed all but three germs. The trio of survivors frantically discussed how they might escape. "I'm moving to the tip of her ear," said the first. "They'll never get me there."

Thinking for a moment, the second bug chirped, "I'm going to the tip of her toe!"

"You guys do what you want," retorted the third, "but when that old 5:15 pulls out tonight, I'm going to be on it."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"Surprise, Grandmother! We've come to spend
the Christmas holidays with you."*

OUT OF TOWN (continued from page 146)

to travel far and find a place like home. Such developments would be bonanzas for the airlines, because profits on long hauls are always better than profits on short hauls; the costs on the ground are about the same, regardless of the length of the flight (the company sells the same ticket, moves the same bags, pays the same landing and take-off charges to the airport), while the revenues rise for every additional mile flown.

Most analysts at the airlines, however, believe that these very long trips can't command a mass market in this decade, simply because the fares must stay too high. They are especially gloomy about prospects in South America ("always a sure place to go broke"). Distances are huge: Chicago is two hours nearer to any place in western Europe than it is to Rio de Janeiro. Social conditions are terrible and nearly certain to get worse in an area that couples the world's highest birth rate with the world's least effective governments. The Chilean Andes, which offer first-rate skiing when it's summertime up north, certainly look attractive, and so do the Chilean lakes, which doomsday experts regard as the safest civilized place to be if the bomb goes off—but for sociopolitical reasons, the travel forecasters don't even expect much from Chile.

Apart from the Caribbean, eastern Europe is the only region the smart money considers odds-on for major tourist development in the next half-dozen years. The Soviet Union itself may not make it, because the food and accommodations are terrible and unlikely to improve much (though in their unsuccessful bid for the 1976 Olympics, the Russians indicated a desire to pull up their socks in the tourist race), and because foreigners are allowed to move around the country only in the custody of approved tour guides. But the Warsaw Pact countries have been opening up fast. One of the big differences between the Russian crackdown on Hungary in 1956 and the one on Czechoslovakia in 1968 was that Prague was full of tourists as the Russian tanks clanked in, and they were not molested.

East European tourism, once established, can be maintained during off seasons by relatively large numbers of Americans traveling to catch a glimpse of ancestral soil. Prices will continue to be low by American and western-European standards; in 1970, the best hotel in Bucharest charged \$14 top for a double room with bath. The visitor finds churches, museums, palaces and finely cultivated countryside little, if any, below the west European level, plus

such exotica as boar hunts and professionally polished folk festivals—without the mob and the ritual (and the super-comfort) of west European travel. The rapid growth of interest in Yugoslavia throughout the Sixties—to the point where Dubrovnik is one of the most popular spots on the Continent, especially with the young—argues strongly for a big future to the east.

To date, the Rumanians have done more than any of the other east European countries to pull Western tourists. Ads for Mamaia, a Black Sea resort with white skyscraper hotels and beautiful girls in net bathing suits, can be found on billboards all over western Europe. Rural Rumania can offer spectacular hunting for the club market and some Danube gorges for the scenically minded; and Bucharest night life has forgotten its rather shallowly learned Marxism-Leninism. Bulgaria has even more Black Sea coast line than Rumania and a growing interest in foreign exchange other than rubles.

Eastern Europe also includes non-Communist Turkey and Greece, the last of which is good enough for Mrs. Onassis and, thus, must be good enough for lots of others, despite widespread hostility to its military junta. The Aegean has almost as many islands as the Caribbean (though they don't all have much drinking water) and the sea is so clear that it's dangerous for scuba divers, who usually judge their depth by how far they can see and thus go down deeper than they should.

Turkey shares the Aegean with Greece and the Black Sea with the Russians and their friends. Most Americans find the hustling, modern Turks extremely attractive; the cuisine ranks with the French and the Chinese as the world's best; and Istanbul has been one of the sights of the world ever since Constantine the Great raised his first column overlooking the Golden Horn. At Hierapolis (now Pamukkale), you can dive into hot mineral waters to explore a Roman ruin inundated when an earthquake changed the path of the hot springs. And the world's most storybookish, best-preserved medieval castle sits on the shore of the Bosphorus, where you can sail your own boat, in the wake of a Russian destroyer, up from Istanbul to the Black Sea.

Getting to any of these places is likely to be less fun—but maybe less nuisance, too. The era of the big plane is already upon us; and the big plane—Lockheed honestly calls its version an airbus—is essentially an unglamorous, utilitarian vehicle. The Boeing 747 is a beautiful aircraft seen in flight; it's so big it seems

to be going slowly, which is very dramatic. But inside, there are a great many people in an area too small to permit them to do the kinds of things the television commercials have been suggesting they can do.

One of the worst problems the airlines have had in this introductory year of the 747 has been the inability of the stewardesses to serve meals at the pace necessary to get 300-odd passengers fed at dinner-time. The logistics involve carts that must be wheeled down the two aisles. When the FASTEN SEAT BELTS sign flashes off, however, everybody stands up and starts walking around, and the girls can't move the carts. On one of the early flights from Paris to New York, a 747 had to circle Kennedy Airport for 45 minutes to give the girls a chance to clear the trays. This problem will be licked, of course, perhaps the way Trans Caribbean licked a similar problem posed by convivial Latins on its 707: When the time comes to serve on Trans Caribbean, the captain turns on the seat-belt sign and solemnly warns of rough weather ahead, which clears the aisles. But no partitioning nor provision of sexy movies will wholly disguise the fact that a 747 moves about as many people as used to be found in cabin class on a big liner—in a space smaller than a cabin-class lounge.

Yet the 747 and its upcoming medium-range rivals, the Douglas DC-10 and Lockheed L-1011, represent an immense advance in the productivity of airplanes. Once they are in common use, they should assure a continuing decline in the per-mile price of air transportation. Because they can carry more people on fewer flights, they diminish clutter in the air lanes, wait for take-off and stacks for landing—and they give a much better cost-benefit ratio to the planning of really sophisticated computerized Air Traffic Control installations.

During the first half of this decade, the weak link in the chain of tourism is going to be the airport itself. In fact, our inability to handle the airport problem when introducing larger aircraft is a fascinating, rather scary demonstration of how difficult it is to change any ongoing system even in the face of the most obvious need. The Boeing 747 weighs so much that it can't cross the runway bridges at Los Angeles Airport; its engines create a different pattern of jet wake and its doors are so high that none of the existing ramps from waiting area to plane can be used. Worst of all, of course, is the sheer volume: The 747 swamps existing baggage-handling facilities, ticket lobbies, lounges, parking lots, roads. A few terminals are ready for it,

(concluded on page 263)

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE ISOM



ANOTHER CHRISTMAS CAROL

*diet or die, said
his doctor; eat or go
broke, said his aunt*

fiction By P.G. WODEHOUSE

CHRISTMAS EVE had come around again, as it so often does, and London was at its brightest. Garbage collectors whistled at their work, policemen sang, "Noel, noel," as they directed the traffic and one would not be far out in saying that happiness reigned supreme, except that Egbert Mulliner had got a funny feeling on the left side of his chest when he breathed. Probably nothing serious, but sufficiently funny to make him look in on Dr. Wilbraham Potter, an old school friend of his.

"And what can I do for you, Pudding?" *(continued on page 186)*



Top row, left to right: Multilayer bronze relief, by Stephen Edlich, \$1400. AM/FM receiver that comes with the pair of 360-degree orange speakers standing on either side of cart, by Philco Ford, \$219.95. Atop receiver: Battery-powered leap-year calendar clock, by Actuelle, \$175, and two adult puzzles of removable Lucite pieces that form abstract sculptures, by Iteration, \$7 each. Plexiglas-and-bronze chess set with board, from Continuum, \$150. Middle row, left to right: The Great Downhill Ski Game, by Franklin Merchandising, \$4.50. Circular solitaire game, by Rathcon, \$20. Aquarius-1 lacquer-finished speaker, by J. B. L., \$315 including floor base. Chrome, stainless-steel and marble-topped bar cart, from Etco, \$280. Under cart: Infinity 11 desk clock, by Movado, \$125. French bilboquet game, from Hoffritz, \$7.50. Dyna Sphere AM/FM clock-radio with circular speaker mounted on top, by Midland, \$69.95. Swiss pocket microscope, from Karl Heitz, \$39.95. Bottom row, left to right: See-through Plexiglas trunk, from B. L. Design, \$200. Inside trunk: Silk-lined corduroy bed throw, by Design Group, \$175. "Larry Rivers," by Sam Hunter, from Harry N. Abrams, \$25. Flying Scotsman Executive HO-gauge train set, by AMRO, \$69.95. Plexiglas wall clock, by Howard Miller, \$19.95. Infinity Model 200 reflected-light decorative cube, by Westminster, \$24.95. "London: The Biography of a City," by Christopher Hibbert, from William Morrow, \$12.50. "The World of Hirschfeld," from Harry N. Abrams, \$22.50. Atop books: Mad Maze game, by Gametime, \$10. Continuing right: Model 724A tuner preamplifier, by Altec Lansing, \$550. Atop tuner: Lucite phone, \$90, and L-shaped chrome lamp, \$60, both from Georg Jensen. Electric coffee grinder, by Salton, \$19.95. Lazy Susan-type Super Bowl, from Tablerie, \$17.

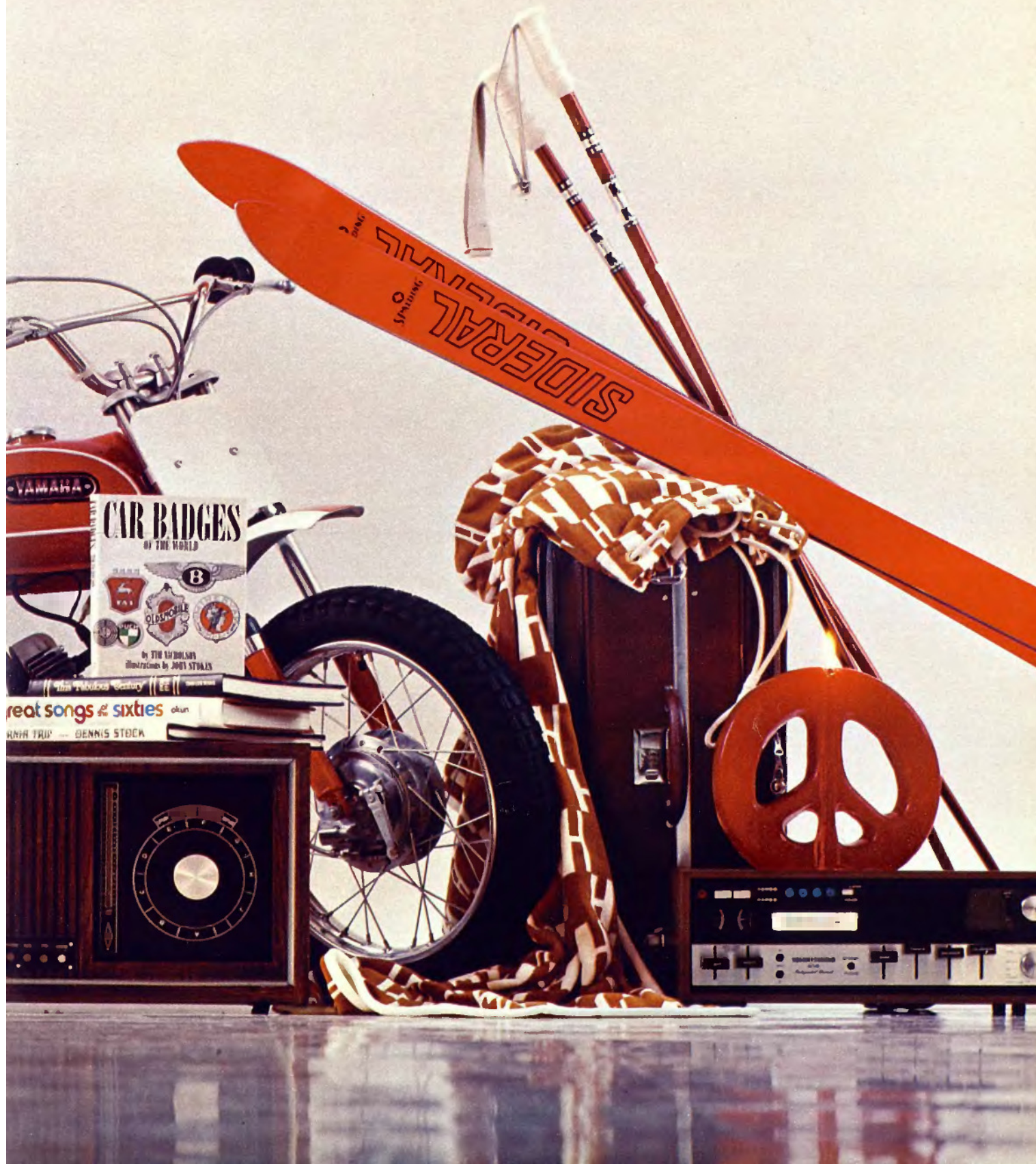
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

*peace on earth
and good-will offerings
for friends, lovers—or yourself*



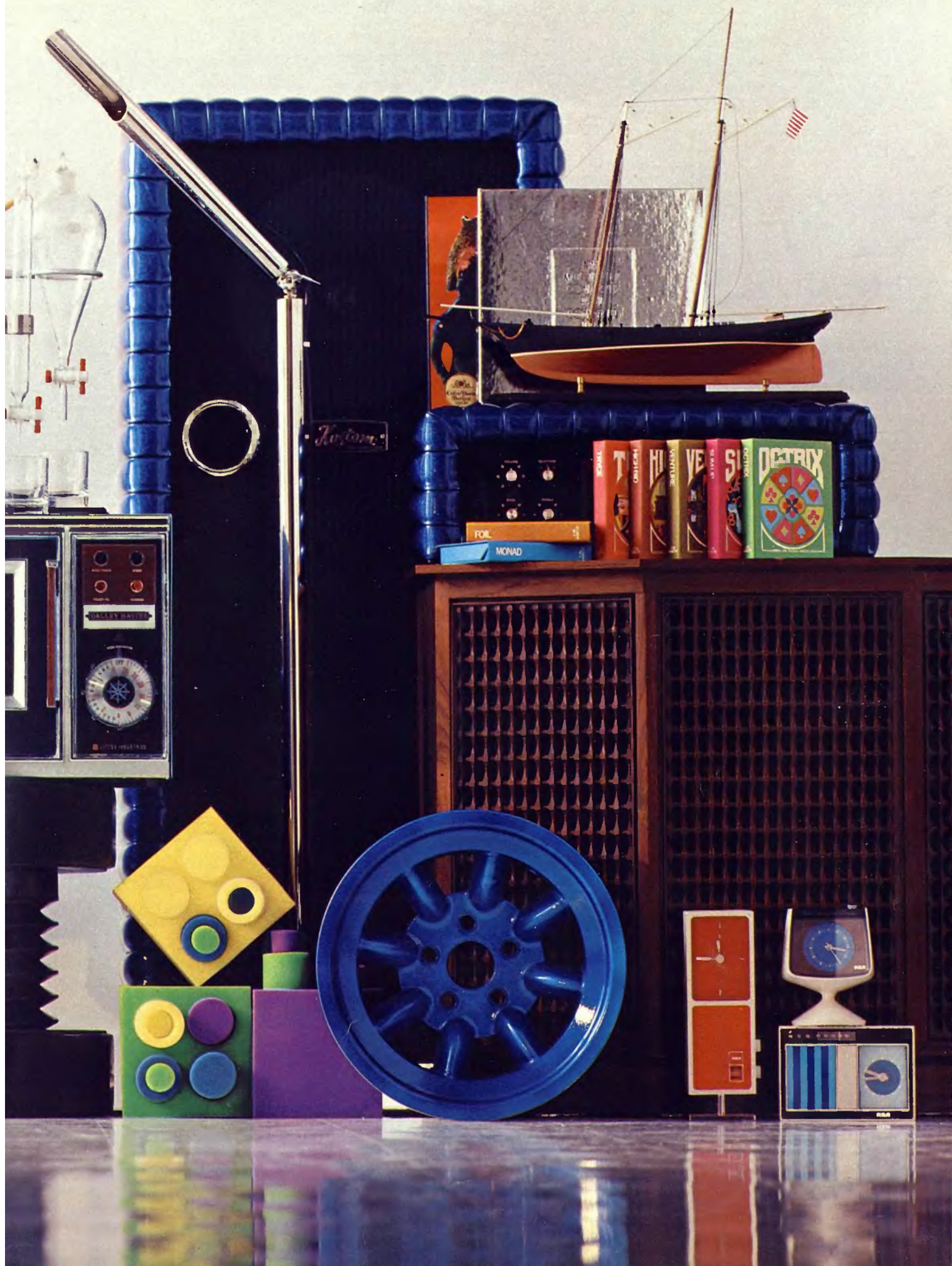


Left to right: Bronze-and-teak 24-inch ship's wheel, by Edson, \$109. Teak butcher's-block table, from Etco, \$150. Atop table: Astrasphere limited-edition 12-inch globe depicts mythological origins of the constellations, by Replogle, \$170. Aquarius-2 HF lacquer-finished speaker produces a diffuse sound that allows for optimum flexibility of placement within a room, by J. B. L., \$447. Lucite, chrome and rubber suspended sculpture, by Rudolph Rochelt, from Bonniers, \$150. Below sculpture: Mini Enduro motorcycle weighs 120 pounds, features 4.5-hp single-cylinder engine and 4-speed gearbox, by Yamaha, \$299. Teak chopping block with stainless-steel cleaver, from Etco, \$52. Glass-lined leather-and-brass Canadian and Scotch decanters, from Hoffritz, \$12 each. Stereo 6000 tape deck contains a permanently mounted tape providing 81 stereo tracks with total capacity of over 30 uninterrupted listening hours, by MMF, \$399. Books atop stereo include: "Car Badges of the World," by Tim Nicholson, from American Heritage Press, \$6.95; "This Fabulous Century, 1900-1910," Volume 1 of 7, from Time-Life Books, \$7.95 each; The New York Times "Great Songs of the Sixties," by Milton Okun, from Quadrangle Books, \$14.95; and "California Trip," photographed by Dennis Stock, from Grossman, \$10. Hermes extra-large terrycloth bath towel, from Bonwit Teller, \$40. Combination three-suiter and vacation bag, by Ventura, \$80. Model 814 8-track stereo cartridge recorder and AM/FM stereo radio features an exclusive logic-circuit recording system, which automatically indicates location on tape, by Telex, \$309.95. Sideral double-layer fiberglass skis with laminated wood core, \$200, and Kerma metal-alloy ski poles with two-year guarantee against breakage, \$30 a pair, both by Spalding.

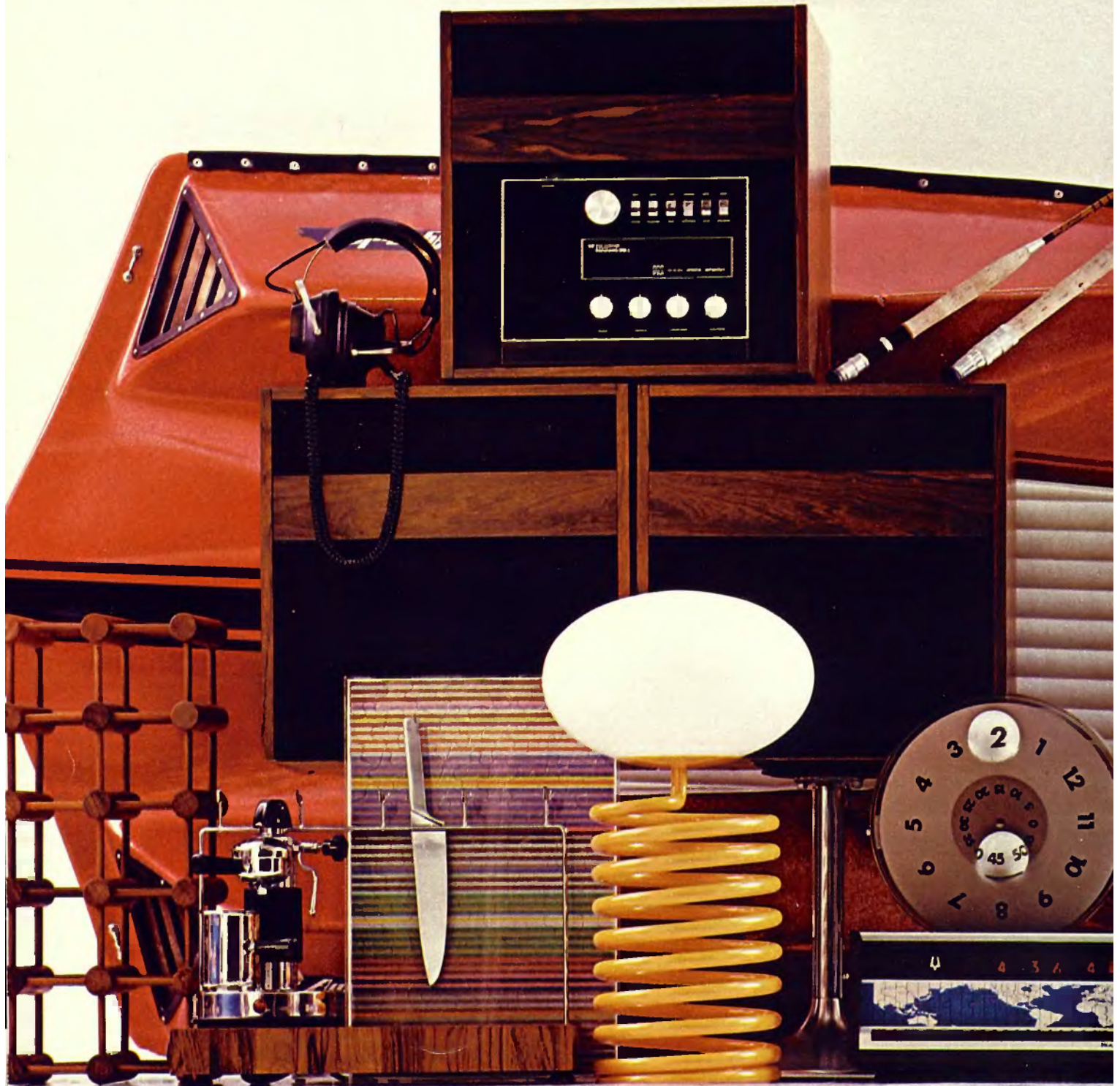


Left to right: Ghro chair opens into a bed, from Beylerian, \$450. Model of 1931 Alfa Romeo with working parts, by Sinclair Auto Miniatures, \$250 assembled or \$95 for kit. Extendable chrome lamp, from Georg Jensen, \$220. "Cowboy Kate and Other Stories," by Sam Haskins and Desmond Skirrow, from Crown Publishers, \$10. Pentax camera uses 120 or 220 film, by Honeywell, \$895. Nikon battery-powered 7x50 binocular camera with 35mm lens, from Toys for Men, \$320 including case (not shown). Rollei 35 lizardskin-covered camera, by Honeywell, \$500. Walnut cigarette box-style TV and FM antenna, by Vorta Systems, \$14.95. Super-800 Electro movie camera, by Yashica, about \$285. Drexothane Nut and Bolt table, by Drexel, \$109. Atop table: Galley Master microwave oven, by Litton, \$595. Atop oven: Barware includes half-shot dispenser, \$24.95, martini aspirator and vermouthe container (not shown), \$49.95, and vino dispenser, \$24.95, all by Owens-Illinois. Swedish cocktail glasses, from Crate and Barrel, \$1.50 each. Continuing right: Chrome floor lamp, from Georg Jensen, \$220. Musical-instrument amplifier and speaker system, by Kustom Electronics, \$775. Berlioz' "Les Troyens," 5-record set, by Phillips, \$29.95. Igor Stravinsky 6-record set, by Columbia, \$29.98. Hand-carved model yacht, by S. T. Preston, \$185. Gamettes below yacht include: Monad, Foil, Tryce, High Bid, Venture, Sum Up and Octrix, all by 3M, \$4.50 each. Foreground, right of table: Polyester foam sculptures, by Pleasure Products, \$14.95 for three. Mini Lite colored magnesium-aluminum-alloy car wheel for Camaro, Mustang, Javelin and Firebird, from Auto World, \$634 for four. AM clock-radios include: The Goblet, The Metronome and The Big Switch, all by RCA, \$29.95 each. Barcelona 2873 Bi-Amp speaker system, by Altec Lansing, \$750.





Top, left to right: Aqua Jet fiberglass boat with 25-hp air-cooled engine reaches speeds up to about 35 mph and can turn 180° in its own length, by Fiber-Tec, about \$3500. Model KO-727B stereo earphones with foam-and-air-filled inner cushions, by Koss, \$34.95. Dimension 111 walnut-finished stereo system includes two speakers, 150-watt amplifier, Garrard changer, and comes with parson's table (not shown), by Teledyne Packard Bell, \$550. St. Leonard 8-foot fly rod, \$34, and 9-foot spinning rod, \$38, are handmade in England, both from Norton S. Remmer. Nylon Stars-and-Stripes warm-up pants for skiing, by Bonne Bell, \$30. "Wall All" storage panel with varying-size pockets for holding kitchen utensils, from Tablerie, \$40. Bottom, left to right: Teak wine rack, holds 12 bottles, from International Designers Group, \$28. "Charcuterie" teak sausage board with stainless-steel knife, from Etko, \$30. Espresso coffee machine with cappuccino attachment, from Higgins Cutlers, \$90. Jigsaw puzzle designed by Gene Davis, \$30, and coil-shaped metal-base table lamp, \$230, both from Georg Jensen. Computron clock features keyboard controlling electric readout that gives the time in any of the world's 24 time zones, by Bulova, \$575. Atop clock: Lucite circular clock, from Georg Jensen, \$150. Model 5040-2 200-watt stereo receiver with FM linear dial scale for more precise tuning, by JVC, \$440. Atop receiver: Computer-programmed push-button cocktail maker can mix any of 40 drinks from 22 separate ingredients, by General Analog Computer Corp., \$3500 (not including liquor). Cassette Italian gourmet cutlery set, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$75. Hanging shelf unit, from Georg Jensen, \$45. Atop shelves: Chrome-plated nut press, \$10, and English pewter pitcher, \$25, both from Hoffritz.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HODDER

CHRISTMAS CAROL (continued from page 177)

asked Dr. Potter.

It was a sobriquet that had been bestowed on Egbert at their mutual school, for even then his ample frame had invited criticism. He had started life as a bouncing baby, had grown into a bulbous boy and was now, in his 42nd year, a man beneath whom weighing machines quivered like aspens. In common with all his ancestors, he had a passionate love of food; but while they had worked off their superfluous adipose tissue by jousting, going on Crusades, dancing old English dances and what not, on him it had accumulated. Beside him, Orson Welles would have looked slender.

"I don't think it's anything much, Bill," he replied, "but I thought I had better get a medical opinion. It's a sort of pain . . . well, not a pain, exactly, more a kind of funny feeling on the left side of my chest. It catches me when I breathe. What do you advise?"

"Stop breathing," said Dr. Potter, for at Christmastime, even Harley Street physicians like their little joke. "All right, let's have a look at you."

"H'm," he said, the examination concluded. "Ha," he added and threw in another "H'm" for good measure. "Yes, just as I supposed. You're too fat."

This surprised Egbert. He had sometimes thought that he might be an ounce or two overweight, but he would never have applied such an adjective to himself.

"Would you call me fat?"

"I'd go further. I'd call you grossly obese, and the fat's accumulating around your heart. We'll have to get at least twenty pounds off you. If we don't. . . ."

"What happens if we don't?"

"All the bother and expense of buying wreaths and turning out for your funeral."

"Good heavens, Bill."

"It's no good saying 'Good heavens.' For a year, you've got to knock off all starchy foods, all rich foods; in fact, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you knocked off food altogether."

It was a crushing blow, but there was good stuff in Egbert and he was prepared to follow doctor's orders. Though nothing could make such a regime agreeable, he was confident that he could go through with it. It was not as if he were not used to roughing it. Many a time he had attended cocktail parties where the supply of sausages on those little wooden sticks had given out while he was still hungry and a sort of reserve strength had pulled him through.

His upper lip was stiff as he left the consulting room. It remained so till he was in the street, when all the stiffening suddenly went out of it. He had remembered his Aunt Serena, with whom, as

usual, he would be taking Christmas dinner the next day.

As regarded his Aunt Serena, he was curiously situated. As from boyhood up he had shown no signs of possessing any intelligence whatsoever, he had gravitated naturally to England's civil service, where all that was required of him was to drink tea at four o'clock and between lunch and four to do the *Times* crossword puzzle. But though he could drink tea as well as the next man and had a gift for crossword puzzles, he did not really like being in his country's service, however civil. What he wanted was to buy a partnership in a friend's interior-decorating firm, and this could only be done if his Aunt Serena, who was extraordinarily rich, put up the money. He had often asked her to do so, but she had refused because she thought that haggling with customers about prices would bruise his gentle spirit.

He had planned to make an eloquent appeal to her after Christmas dinner, when she would be mellowed with food and drink; but how could he do that now? In what frame of mind would a touchy hostess, who prided herself on the lavishness of her hospitality, be to finance a nephew who refused every course of the banquet she had taken such pains to assemble? He would alienate her irretrievably as early as the soup course.

Two minutes later, he was back in Dr. Potter's consulting room, agitation written on every feature of his practically circular face.

"Listen, Bill," he said. "You were only kidding just now about that diet, weren't you?"

"I was not."

"Exaggerating, surely?"

"Not a bit."

"What would happen if I ate caviar, turtle soup, turkey, plum pudding, mince pies, biscuit tortoni, hot rolls with butter and crystallized fruit and drank a good deal of champagne, port and liqueurs? Would I die?"

"Of course. But what a jolly death. Were you thinking of doing that?"

"It's what I shall have to do when I have Christmas dinner at my aunt's. If I skip a single course, she will never speak to me again, and bang will go my interior-decorator partnership," said Egbert and, in the clear concise way civil servants have, he explained the delicate position in which he found himself.

Dr. Potter listened attentively and, at the conclusion of the narrative, said "H'm," added "Ha" and then said "H'm" again.

"You're sure that your abstinence

would offend this aunt of whom you speak?"

"She would never forgive me."

"Then you must get out of this dinner."

"I can't get out of it."

"You could if you had a good excuse."

"Such as?"

"She could hardly blame you if, for instance, you had contracted bubonic plague."

"But I haven't."

"That can be arranged. I can inject a serum into you that will give you all the bubonic plague your heart could desire."

Egbert weighed the suggestion. He appreciated its ingenuity, but nevertheless, he hesitated. There was something about it—he could not say what—that did not quite appeal to him. He sought further information.

"What's bubonic plague like?"

"In what sense do you use the word like? It's just an ordinary sort of plague."

"Is it painful?"

"I've never had it myself, but I'm told it gives you a sort of funny feeling."

"Don't you come out in spots?"

"I believe that is the usual procedure."

"And your nose drops off?"

"So they tell me."

Egbert shook his head.

"I don't think I'll have it."

"I could do you leprosy, if you prefer."

"No, thanks."

Dr. Potter clicked his tongue, annoyed.

"You're a hard man to help," he said.

"Well, it seems to me that the only thing you can do is have an accident."

"What sort of accident?"

"Get yourself run over by a taxicab."

"Yes, I suppose I could manage that. Have you ever been run over by a taxicab?"

"Dozens of times."

"Did it hurt?"

"Just a kind of tickling sensation."

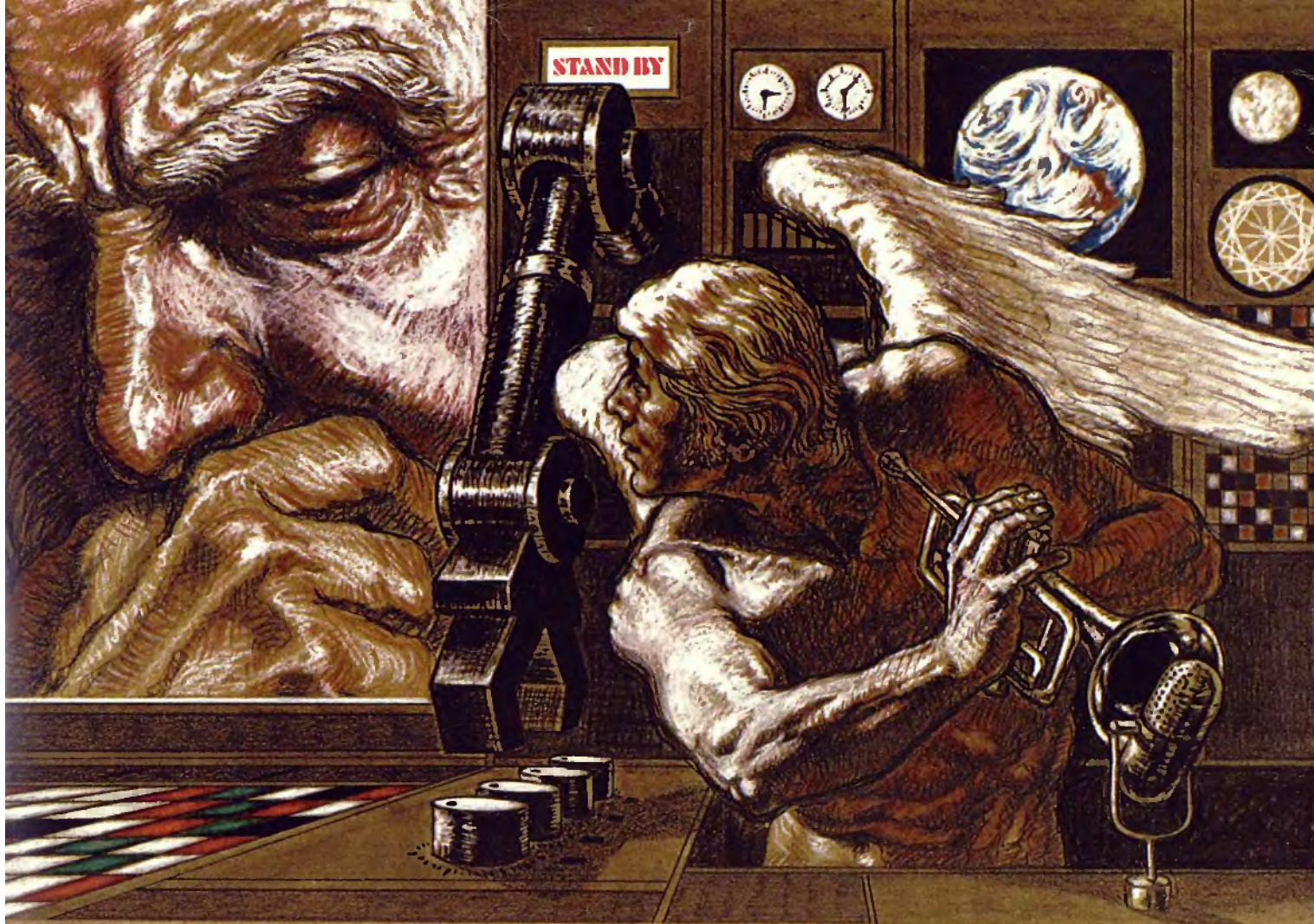
Egbert mused awhile.

"That does seem to be the best thing to do."

"Much the best. Your aunt couldn't expect you to have dinner with her if you were in the hospital. And no need to be actually run over. Just step into the road and stick a leg out. The charioteer will do the rest."

Christmas Day dawned with its sprinkling of snow, its robin redbreasts and all the things one has been led to expect and, as it progressed, Egbert's determination to follow the doctor's advice became solidified. He was not altogether persuaded of the accuracy of his doctor's statement that getting mixed up with a taxicab caused merely a kind of tickling sensation, but even if the results were far worse, they must be faced. As he walked to his aunt's house, he was encouraged to see that there was no stint of the

(concluded on page 271)



THE END

humor **By SHELL SILVERSTEIN**

when you're dropping the curtain on a bad last act, what do you play for the finale?

AND GOD LOOKED DOWN over all the earth and He was sick unto His stomach.

"OK!" He said. "All right! I am fed up. I am disgusted. I have had it. Enough is enough. Gabriel," He yelled, "blow your damned horn! I am putting an end to all that crap down there."

"Well, it's about time," said Gabriel, taking his horn out of its case. "Do you want a nice modern riff or something military, like taps, or maybe one good long, strong——"

"I don't care what you blow," said God, "just blow! Make it loud; make it solid and final and of all eternity—make it ring from heaven to hell and back; make it reach into all men's souls and fill them with the realization that this is *it*. Make it bang!"

"T. S. Eliot says the world ends with——"

"I don't give a damn *what* T. S. Eliot says—you just blow that horn like I tell you!" said God.

"All right," said Gabriel, "all right, but you don't have to yell at me. After all, I'm a musician, not a plumber. I've waited a long time for this gig and I'm

not going to goof it. You just tell me how you're going to end it and I'll come up with something that cooks." And he fit the mouthpiece into his horn. "You going to have it rain for forty days and forty nights again?"

"Well," said God, "I haven't really given it much thought."

"Well, if you're thinking of having it rain, you'd better forget it—they got new drainage systems down there!"

"Maybe I'll make an earthquake," God said. "That would really——"

"No good," said Gabriel. "I could give you some great quaky music—but lots of those houses are quakeproof, and I imagine you want to get them all at the same time."

"Of course, of course," said God. "I know that. I wasn't seriously thinking of earthquakes. . . . A plague is more my style—maybe a plague that——"

"They're all vaccinated!"

"Vaccinated? Hmmm . . . of course . . . that is a shame, though. . . . In the old days, you could make a plague that would strike down every male child that——"

"You could try to *blast* them," Gabriel said.

"That's right," said God, "a few good thunderbolts would really——"

"But their ABM defenses would probably stop them."

God sat back and thought for a while. Gabriel fingered his valves.

"I suppose everything is fireproof," God finally said.

"Everything but the slums," said Gabriel, "and if you burn those out, they'll only rebuild with modern developments."

God was silent for a long time.

"Listen," He said, smiling weakly, "what the hell. Maybe . . . maybe we'll just forget about it for now. Maybe I'll give them a little more time—after all, they *are* my own children, aren't they?"

"OK by me," said Gabriel. "You want to hear a little somethin' anyway . . . I mean, as long as I already got the horn out?"

More silence.

"All right," God finally said softly, leaning back wearily in His chair and closing His eyes.

"Play me some blues!"



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

ECOLOGISTS AND CONSERVATIONISTS repeatedly warn us that many species of animals are threatened today. Most of us, in fact, are aware that the whooping cranes, peregrine falcons, alligators, grizzly bears, California condors, ospreys and bald eagles are, thanks to the wonders of science and technology, in danger of extinction.

Such concern about our lower-animal neighbors is certainly laudable, if belated, but unfortunately it overlooks a far more imminent ecological threat. Though field investigations and spot checks are still going forward, and are far from complete, preliminary results clearly indicate that the American virgin—a species that once covered the length and breadth of our land in seemingly limitless numbers—may soon disappear completely.

It is fairly certain that virgins will never become *completely* extinct, so long as there are pre-schoolers around, but their numbers are gravely threatened. Most of us grew up in a palmier time when virgins abounded; we take their existence for granted. But consider: When was the last time you encountered a virgin? You see? It's a vanishing creature.

The true extent of the species' decimation is difficult to determine, since no one has devised a definitive method of counting the *Virgo intacta* population. Moreover, a similar creature, *Virgo falsa*, or Mock Virgin, has effectively adopted the protective coloration of the threatened species. Both are characterized by modest, understated plumage and innocent eyes; when seated near a male, both tightly cross their legs (although *falsa* is not nearly as consistent as *intacta* in this trait); and both share the same unique, plaintive call, which sounds something like "No, no, no, no, no, I'm not that kind of girl, no, no, no!" Only experts with a truly discerning eye and a wealth of experience can distinguish the two species—but preliminary figures show that Mock Virgins currently outnumber the real article by at least 8000 to 1.

To some authorities, the drastically reduced virgin population indicates that the species has migrated en masse to, say, Swaziland or Botswana. This view, however, isn't generally accepted. A more demonstrable cause of their decline is the fact that our American virgins are being lured and trapped in unprecedented numbers by ruthless male predators. Spring, summer, autumn, winter—all are open seasons for the pursuit and capture of these rare trophies. In summer, parties of male hunters, wise to the migratory habits of their prey, descend upon our beaches and shores to seek out potential victims, whom they attract with whistles, winks, smiles, sportive banter and the skillfully aimed glances of admiration that are all but irresistible to virgins at any time of day, night or year.

Winter, with its house parties and holiday festivities, is equally hazardous to the dwindling flock. To describe the ease and rapidity with which an experienced Nimrod can stalk and snare his anxious prize, or to detail the simple methods by which multitudes of the most attractive specimens are annually despoiled, can only arouse new enthusiasm for the sport, and thereby hasten the extinction of this natural resource.

A further strain is frequently put on the virgin population by the virgins themselves. Rather than reacting to pursuit like the timid deer, which flees at the slightest indication of danger, many virgins seem to experience a mental disorder that makes them behave more like lemmings. Although they don't swarm into the sea, virgins suffering this malady commit an equally self-destructive act: In what appears to be a naïve or deranged attempt to confuse the predator, they frequently rush toward

him and try to smother him with love and affection. This tactic generally fails so miserably that only a small percentage survives this crucial period in the life cycle of the species.

Since the scarcity of virgins already threatens to upset the ecological balance of our entire sexual domain, some few members of this rapidly vanishing breed must be preserved at any cost.

Surely, no serious conservationist would question the desirability of preserving a few treasured specimens of a species that has brought so much pleasure to man. Indeed, *Virgo's* survival now requires society to accord her the same sort of protective attention that our conservationists have lavished upon the roseate spoonbill, the light-footed clapper rail, the Hawaiian honey creeper and the tule white-breasted goose.

To prevent further decimation of their sparsely scattered numbers, we should borrow a fig leaf from the wildlife conservationists' book and urge our Federal, state and local governments to provide fenced-off areas suitable for use as purity preserves—secluded dull-life sanctuaries, where a given number of virgins could be kept safe from the danger of seduction. Known as Virgin Villages, these cheerfully bland communities would be geared to meet all virginal needs, save one. Days of

wholesome activity in simulated stenographic pools, etc., would be followed by evenings devoted to washing and setting the hair, playing ping-pong, watching selected television shows or reading carefully screened issues of the *Reader's Digest*. Colas and snacks for each double-locked dorm would be stocked in a Lydia E. Pinkham Memorial Fridge and closed-circuit Princess phones would permit unlimited conversation between rooms—each of which might be decorated to the virgin's own taste, with the understanding, of course, that wall posters and mottoes would be confined to such suitable subjects as Doris Day, the Trapp Family Singers, SPIRO'S OUR HERO AND THINK.

Since the number of voluntary virgins has never been great—and is now at an all-time low—recruiting maidens to occupy these unnatural habitats may prove something of a problem, although when polled on the subject, a

few virgins did appear eager to join. (For the most part, though, their motivation proved suspect—one virgin was fleeing her fiancé and another was obsessed with ping-pong.) In the long run, a draft lottery would probably work best, with each reluctant loser required to serve a dateless three-year hitch. But until someone can figure out how to keep the villages safe from male intruders, and prevent a lively two-way traffic over and under a 40-foot electrified fence, the whole program will be stymied.

While awaiting solutions that won't require heavy artillery, nerve gas and a standing army of eunuchs, our vanishing virgins will continue to roam at large, fair-to-beautiful game for anyone fortunate enough to stumble upon them. Which brings us to a final word of caution: Intrigued by their amusing antics, and moved by concern for the virgins' plight, the male nature lover will inevitably be tempted to smuggle one home for a pet. Indeed, the prize will prove more adorable than a puppy, and friendlier than a turtle or cat. A pet virgin will respond to kindness with all the warmth of her affectionate nature, and it soon becomes impossible to keep her from jumping up on the furniture and leaping into one's lap. As a result, few pet virgins are able to retain their virginity for long. Hence the absolutely overriding need for a crash conservation program. For, blonde, brunette or redhead, not *one* has ever been known to survive once she started to shed. ♀

Our Vanishing Virgins

*a renowned wildlife authority proposes
an ecologically inspired plan to
preserve and protect nature's
most imperiled species*

*humor
By William Iversen*

DEALING (continued from page 122)

have achieved a certain hard-earned prominence in the mythology of dope smoking. They're cast as relentless, evil and thoroughly mindless cogs in the great machine of repression. Wowie-zowie, I thought. This guy didn't look evil, he didn't look like much of anything. Just a tired, dull, underpaid stool for the law.

But then I thought, what the hell. I wasn't going to get suckered into that routine again, into thinking of that pig as just another person. Because he wasn't and it was dangerous to think of him as if he were. The danger was a personal one. I'd just be setting myself up for a rip-off, if I ever got into any kind of a hassle with the dude.

Because if I got into a hassle, I'd still be a person, but he'd have to be a pig. It had happened to me so many times, that whole riff. Like, you talk to any cop who's hassling, and after a while—if you come on like a regular chum—after a while, he'll swear up and down the line that he's real sorry to have to do this to you. He'll tell you that if it weren't for the blue he was wearing, he'd take you home to have a beer and meet the wife. But then he'll lay it on you: He's real sorry and you're supposed to understand, because you're a regular chum, but he's got no choice but to run you in. His job is to enforce the law. And then it'll all come tumbling out, all the excuses, all the lies, all the jive about how he doesn't have anything to do with anything. He's just doing his job and he's not really running you in. It's the law and he can't change the law, he just has to do his job, so. . . . So? On go the cuffs and on go the masks—and off you go.

A couple of minutes went by and I could hear walls coming down inside the house. If they hadn't found any people, they probably wouldn't find any dope. But they were giving it the old pig try. The worst suddenly seemed to be over and I lit a cigarette and sat up. And then:

"Hey, you, what're you lookin' at?"

It was one of the cops from behind the car. The narc I had been watching was startled into action by his voice and flashed me his best piercing narc stare. They both came over to the window. "You hear what I said, boy? What're you lookin' at?"

"Oh, nothing, officer, I was just—"

"You were just what? You want to get run in, huh, for obstructing the law?"

"No, sir; you see, I was just driving through when—"

"I didn't ask you what you were doing, wise guy, I asked what you were lookin' at. Heh? Now, you gonna answer me or you want to double-talk the captain down at the station?"

"No, sir."

"No, sir, what? What d'you mean, no,

sir? I asked you a question. You gonna cooperate or not?"

"Yes, sir, I certainly will."

"Then what were you lookin' at, just then?"

"Nothing, sir, I was just on the street when I heard the sirens and I thought it was a fire, so I pulled over—"

"That was a long time ago, boy, a long time ago you thought it was some fire, and I'm asking you *now*! What've you been lookin' at just *now*?"

"Well, sir," I was scared shitless again. The suitcase was in the car and if they took me in, it wouldn't take long for them to pick up on what was happening.

"Whatsamatter, boy, you tongue-tied? Heh? I asked you a question. You gonna answer me or not, 'cause if you're not, I got other places I can ask you, understand?" Suddenly, he stepped back and took a fresh look at me. "You a college boy? Is that what's wrong, heh? College boy, don't like to talk to no police, think your girl won't like you anymore, is that it? Heh?"

I decided the only way out was to kiss ass.

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, what?"

"Yes, sir, I am a student."

"A student. A student, heh? Oh, I beg your pardon, student. I thought you were a college boy. Well, tell me something, student, where'd you get this car, heh? Did your student studies get it for you or what? Heh? Tell me about this car you got here."

"Well, sir, ah, my, ah, my father bought it for me."

"Oh, I see, your father bought it for his student."

"Yes, sir."

"When your father bought this car for his student, did he by any chance make sure that his student was a student of driving or did he just give it to the college boy?"

"Ah, well, sir, I, ah—" I, ah, was, ah, scared shitless that he, ah, was going to, ah, ask me for my license. Ahhhhhhh.

"What I'm asking you, boy, in plain language that even I can understand, see, even me who never was no college graduate, what I'm asking you is if you know how to operate this vehicle."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, then, why don't you do yourself a favor and operate it right out of here right *now*!" He was almost yelling.

"Well, sir, I was going to do just that, but"—I pointed feebly at the massed cop cars that blocked the road.

"Well, then, put the car in *reverse*, goddamn you, and *git out* of here!"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir, yes, sir," as I started the car again and backed out of there as fast as I could and, at the end of the street, moving off at good speed, I leaned

out and shouted, "Fuck you!" as loud as I could, but it didn't make any difference.

. . . .

I stopped at a Peter Piper drive-in and got a sandwich. I felt better after eating, all primed and ready to go. Where I was going to go was another question entirely. I didn't have the slightest idea what I was going to do next—all I really knew was what I *couldn't* do.

I couldn't find Musty. I didn't know how to even begin to look for him. He was John's connection, not mine.

And I couldn't call John in Cambridge, because he had been convinced his line was tapped and had had his phone taken out. I could try to reach him at Sandra's place, which was the phone that we always did business on, but John wouldn't be with her at this hour.

And I couldn't go back to Cambridge without scoring, because that would be \$160 in plane fare down the drain and, more important, all our timing thrown off.

Which left me with no leads, no place to crash, \$2500 in my sports coat and a connection who was probably busting ass for Mexico, unless they'd already caught up with him. Not a particularly cheerful prospect. So I just drove around Berkeley, looking for somebody I knew and trying desperately to remember a single street address out of the dozens I knew in that town. I'd spent time in Berkeley before—mostly on three-day dope trips like this one—but there had been a trip last spring that had lasted a month. It hadn't started as a month trip, but that's the way it had worked out. And I'd met a lot of good people—I'd been things and seen places, as the saying went. But just then, when I needed them, the addresses and names wouldn't come back and I wound up parking the car in the municipal lot off Channing, so I could walk up to campus and look around. It was late in the day and the avenue was jumping. The freaks were out in their usual positions: stoned hostile funky greaser freaks on the west side of Telegraph and stoned outasight panhandle peace freaks on the east side. The bikers were lined up in full formation in front of Pepe's and I could hear some pickets up on Sproul Plaza. I hurried on to see what they were putting down, forgetting that I still had on my Weejuns and jacket. That was a mistake, because I looked like I should've been up on the hill, drinking keg beer with the jolly mindless frat brothers, and since I wasn't, it could only mean that. . . . The street punks jumped into action, edged toward me; and all around me, their soft liturgical drone filled the air: "Lids, speed, acid; righteous lids," as the street people decided they had me figured. What a drag.

Up on campus, a heavy scene was
(continued on page 279)



article By MURRAY KEMPTON Crime does not pay when pretty much every sin comes for free. The grindings of this law explain the penury and even the desperation that afflict the affairs of the Mafia these days.

The Mafia has always existed to serve the personal habits that society outlaws as vices. But those make up a market continuously shrinking. Let any vice get itself popular enough and some state somewhere will license and tax it. The Mafia's pitiful efforts to penetrate legitimate business are only a tardy response to legitimacy's insistent incursion upon its hereditary domains. Organized crime was generally driven from the whiskey trade when Prohibition was repealed; the Mafia discovered Las Vegas and then had it stolen by its accountants, bit by bit. The lieutenant of Carlo Gambino who was caught selling dirty movies in his Staten Island meat market could hardly hope to compete with the capital and the imagination of Denmark. Nothing is safe from outsiders; the most admired pizza establishment in New York City turns out to be named Goldberg's.

The kingdom of the organized illicit has been reduced to street gambling and loan-sharking. We need no better witness to the uncertainties of such enterprises than Angelo "Ray" DeCarlo of Mountainside, New Jersey, who cannot afford to retire at the age of 68 after years of service crowned by the rank of a Mafia *capo* and a claim to pieces of at least two mayors and of so many policemen that it must be as hard for him to count as it seems to be to trust them.

One of his juniors asks him, "Ray, who's been winning all the money in the numbers business?"

"The detectives. The ice," DeCarlo answers.

COSA NOSTRA— THAT'S ITALIAN FOR "OUR HEADACHE"

*a rat-fink fearlessly unmasks
the mafia's pitiful record of flops,
fumbles and "family" squabbles*

We need no rebuttal more crushing for the notion that *mafiosi* do not pay taxes. The Jersey City Police Department's license fee for dice games reached a level so excessive that the FBI agents recording the conversations in DeCarlo's command center must have wondered about their status as a law-enforcement elite when they set down his complaints:

"DeCarlo said that everybody is trying to make a connection; and, as a result, you have to pay so much for it you can't make any money. [He] cited Hudson County as an example and said Bayonne Joe [Zicarelli] ruined Hudson County. Ray claimed that formerly, protection in the county cost \$500 a month, until Zicarelli started paying everyone and now the price is \$5000 a month, which keeps you from making any money."

New York City, of course, is priced out of the market, demanding, as it does, the care and feeding of 7000 policemen ("You'd have every sergeant in that precinct calling you up"); and even Jersey City ("the best department in the world") has become too expensive

DEALING (continued from page 122)

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"Oh, I see, your father bought it for his student."

"Yes, sir."

"When your father bought his student, did he by any chance make sure that his student was a college graduate or did he just give you a college boy?"

"Ah, well, sir, I, ah——"

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"What I'm asking you is, in plain language that even I can understand, see, even me who never graduated, what I'm asking you is, do you know how to operate a car?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, then, why didn't you get a favor and open the door for me right *now*!" Heh?

"Well, sir, I, ah——"

"But"—I pointed to the cop cars that were parked on the street.

"Well, the, ah——"

"goddamn you, sir!"

"Yes, sir, you, ah——"

"the car again, sir!"

"as fast as I can, sir!"

"street, moving on!"

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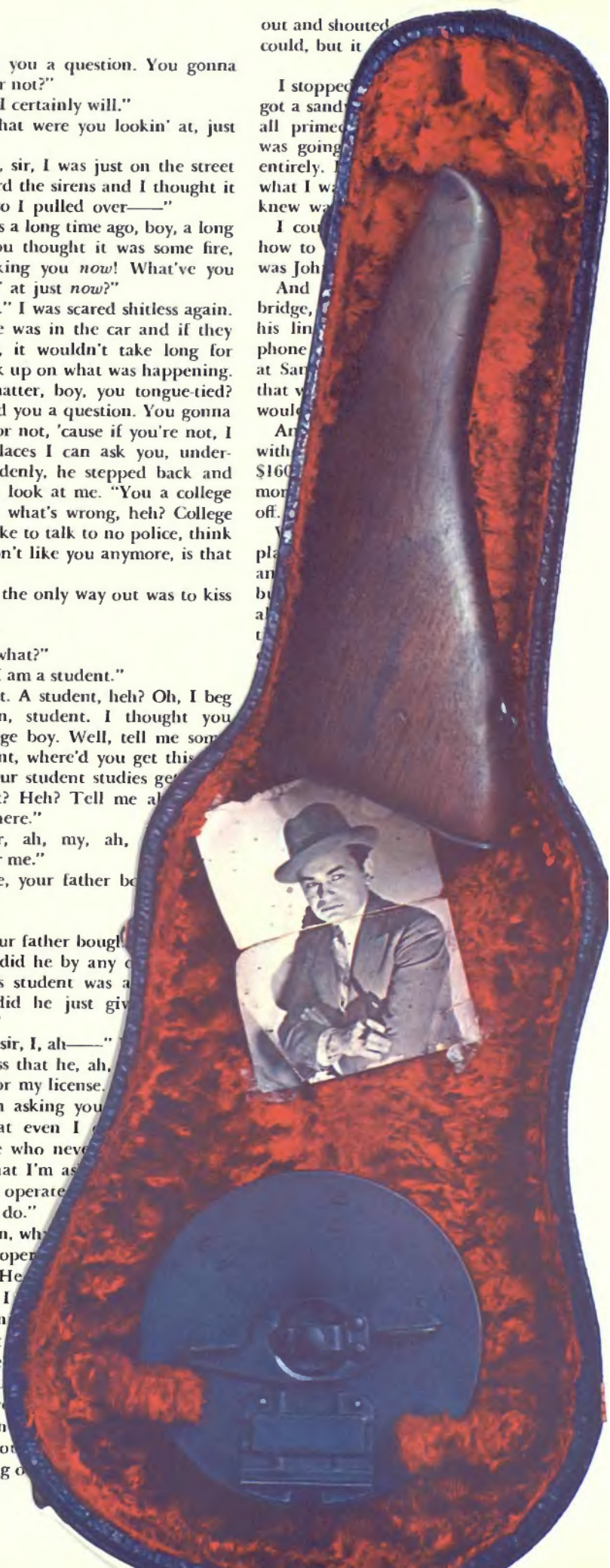
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fumbles and "family" squabbles*

We need no rebuttal more crushing for the notion that *mafiosi* do not pay taxes. The Jersey City Police Department's license fee for dice games reached a level so excessive that the FBI agents recording the conversations in DeCarlo's command center must have wondered about their status as a law-enforcement elite when they set down his complaints:

"DeCarlo said that everybody is trying to make a connection; and, as a result, you have to pay so much for it you can't make any money. [He] cited Hudson County as an example and said Bayonne Joe [Zicarelli] ruined Hudson County. Ray claimed that formerly, protection in the county cost \$500 a month, until Zicarelli started paying everyone and now the price is \$5000 a month, which keeps you from making any money."

New York City, of course, is priced out of the market, demanding, as it does, the care and feeding of 7000 policemen ("You'd have every sergeant in that precinct calling you up"); and even Jersey City ("the best department in the world") has become too expensive

for middle-income Mafia families and has forced them to flee to the suburbs.

"Carteret [population 23,000] is the only town that's OK right now," Ray DeCarlo says. "Perth Amboy [population 40,000] is too big. You'd have fifty cops and all the detectives coming around to get on the payroll. You got to have a little town like Carteret, with about ten or fifteen cops. You put about ten of them on the payroll for a sawbuck a week, you can handle them."

Yet emigrations from urban blight are not often enough rewarded with the find of such a nest of simple folk; every country constable seems all too sophisticated about the going rate these days. A dice game is proposed for New Brunswick; Ray DeCarlo explodes when he hears the police department's service charge.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars a month, and you don't even know if you can get a crap game started down there. People who are handling these things are asking enormous prices, so you can't get no money at them. Who's going to open for them? Now, you know what you got to pay the state [troopers]? You got to pay the state at least \$1500 a month. You guys are crazy if you think you can't lose money at a crap game."

All in all, the New Jersey police seem never to have been better at enforcing the law than when their greed forced the price of their favors too high for the lawbreakers to meet. For Ray DeCarlo, the Sixties were a continuous confrontation with the agony and delusions of power: In 1962, he thought he had purchased a new state-police official; by 1963, the policeman was only a bitter thought:

DeCarlo: "Do you know what this [man] wants?"

Louis Percello, one of his branch managers: "He wants \$1000 [a month] for Long Branch and \$1000 for Asbury."

Carmine Persico, another of his branch managers: "For each town?"

DeCarlo: "Yeah. Each town. And for the whole county, he wants to make a different price. . . . He's no good. He knows every racket guy in the state. We'd have been better off with a dumb guy."

The police official whose perfidy was the subject of these moralizings left office with a reputation horridly spotted by the FBI's recordings of them; yet we owe him the compliment that an imagination too ambitious to conceive of any limit to extortion made him at least as effective a barrier to wrongdoing as the most passionate commitment to duty could have done.

The FBI has lately yielded up the records of its long eavesdropping on the business offices of Simone Rizzo "Sam the Plumber" DeCavalcante of

Elizabeth, New Jersey, Angelo Bruno of Philadelphia and DeCarlo, three Mafia nobles who, if they are below the throne, are certainly closer to it than anyone whose name has been mentioned within the hearing of strangers. Thanks to these transcripts, we know more about their lives and have to believe less in their legend than we ever have before.

The FBI's transcripts of the DeCavalcante (2220 pages, \$95) and the DeCarlo (1888 pages, \$150) conversations have been photostated by Replica printers, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Both are worth the price. Yet, the money market being tight, the thrifty may be forced to choose one or the other. Which you choose will depend on your taste. The DeCavalcante transcripts introduce us to a gentleman trying to maintain his standards in a bad profession; it thus deals largely with manners and will appeal to those to whom novels appeal. Ray DeCarlo, on the other hand, is an industrial manager contending with a trade recession; his discourses will be most useful to persons who enjoy market analysis, money and banking, economic history and other dismal sciences.

To recognize these conversations as an unprecedented resource is not, of course, to accept them as either unguarded or honestly intended. We can no more expect a businessman to be candid with partners, customers and employees than we can a policeman with a jury. But there are different kinds of lies: the constipated lie to, say, the Internal Revenue Service and the expansive lie to the companions of one's daily life. The second sort of lie is the only one useful to sober inquiry: There is a great deal to be learned about a man from the fantasies he tells his friends and even more from the fantasies he tells himself. These anxious boasts and diminishing illusions provide only the thinnest cover for the revelation of men too frequently near the ragged edge, with more to fear from the tax collector than to hope for from their own depredations, and more nearly victims than oppressors of honest people.

The lesson of the Mafia experience seems, in fact, to be that he who deals with respectable Americans walks on water. No matter how many cops you pay, there will always be one you overlook. The dice game on Staten Island is closed down by a police raid:

Ray DeCarlo: "[And we] were paying the borough and everybody else."

Monk Marrone (a lieutenant): "It's a new captain in there."

Jack Panels (another lieutenant): "He's been there three weeks. He came in from Harlem."

DeCarlo: "That's the end of that game. Close that game forever. No more crap games. . . . This is the last crap game we're going to have."

To go with the untrustworthy nature

of the people you buy, there is the additional trouble of the untrustworthy nature of the *things* you buy. There is a persistent myth that, granted the cooperation of the police, any proprietor of a numbers bank might as well own the telephone company. The irony of this notion is suggested by one lament from Joe Ippolito, whose loyalty to Sam DeCavalcante, his Mafia boss, had been rewarded with the gift of a lottery franchise:

Ippolito [said] that he is making \$700-\$800 a week in his mason business. Ippolito claims that he is doing better at the mason business than with the numbers. . . . Ippolito claimed he lost \$1300 one day and \$1200 the next, paying off hits, and believes that his numbers business is on the decline. . . . He would give up his numbers in a minute if DeCavalcante would let him. Ippolito says he owes \$50,000 to various people and DeCavalcante will not let him give up the numbers until he repays all the money he owes. Ippolito says he sweats out all day to six p.m., when he finds out what the day's number is.

Joe Ipp must have been flattered, if hardly gratified, when a Federal grand jury indicted him last January as one of the paladins of what it called "a \$20,000,000 gambling ring."

The Mafia's clutch at legal enterprises may then be, more often than not, an effort less to disguise the profits than to conceal the losses from its illegal ones. DeCarlo's numbers bank in one New Jersey county did so poorly that he had to direct the harshest economies: He cut in half his payments to the police, and "Even the detective told us when we told him, 'We were wondering how you could pay us that much.'" Sam DeCavalcante owns a plumbing-supply business and plainly cherishes it as insulation against the vicissitudes that are so much more frequent than the rewards of being a Mafia overlord.

"Bob, we're doing real good here," he tells his cousin. "I don't know how long it's going to last, but we're doing OK. If I can continue for two or three years, I will be able to show \$40,000 or \$50,000 *legitimately* and can walk out. Then my family situation will be resolved."

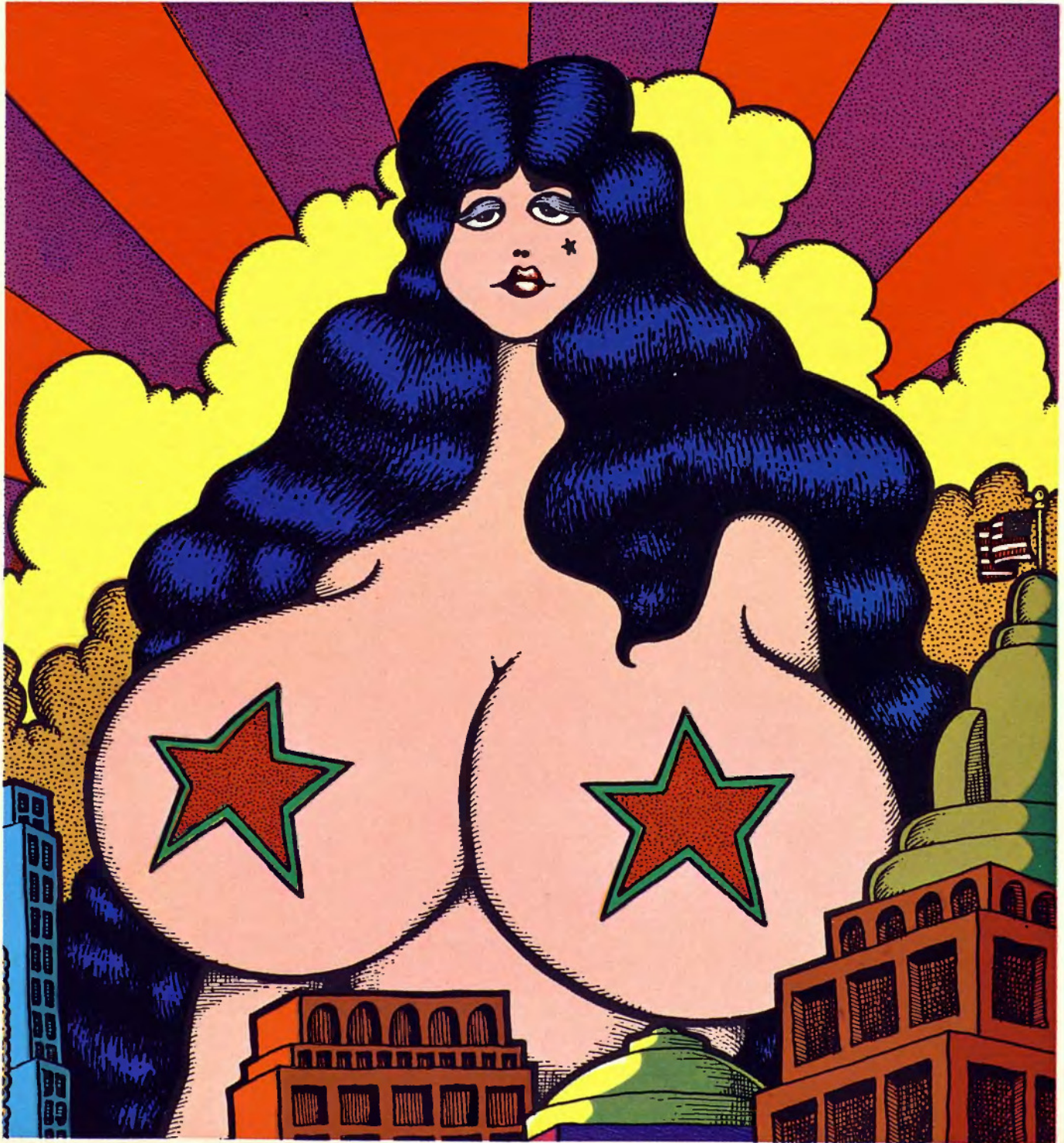
As long ago as 1961, when the FBI was still only a helpless eavesdropper upon his affairs, Ray DeCarlo, except for wistfully wondering where he could steal the azalea bushes to landscape his headquarters, was ready to abandon as profitless all crime except usury.

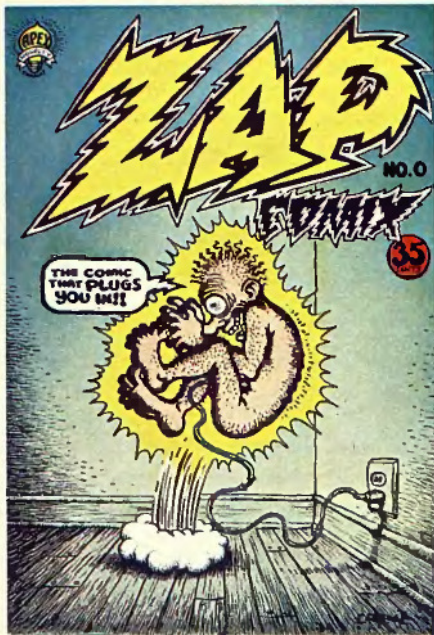
His friend Sammy Sinatra comes upon him saying goodbye to a customer. "We're getting away from all gambling," DeCarlo tells Sinatra and the FBI afterward. "The best racket in the

(continued on page 272)

THE INTERNATIONAL COMIX CONSPIRACY

article By JACOB BRACKMAN *obscene, anarchistic, sophomoric, subversive, apocalyptic, the underground cartoonists and their creations attack all that middle america holds dear*





Robert Crumb pioneered the comix movement in 1968 with his creation of Zap Comix (top) in San Francisco. The first issue was privately printed and sold on street corners. He later produced and distributed Snatch (center) and drew for Yellow Dog (above).



A Gilbert Shelton rendering (above) thumbs its nose at those who feel the underground comix pervert and subvert.

And then I'll know that all I've learned, my kid assumes / And all my deepest worries must be his cartoons. . . .

—Younger Generation
JOHN SEBASTIAN

From what I can remember of my academic year 1953–1954, Mr. Randazzo's double-session fifth-grade class at P. S. 181 in Little Neck, Long Island, was far from heavy. Nonetheless, I had one educational experience there that totally blew my ten-year-old mind. Warren Reier, my friend that year—my only friend during the several surrounding years—introduced me to *Mad* comics. Warren was a blond, bespectacled boy who, like me, had been pronounced "morbidly precocious," hated pledging

allegiance, hated gym and Little Neck in general. The two of us would often huddle in the very back of Mr. Randazzo's classroom, playing Hangman for an imaginary Schmaltz Herring Cup. Or, near bursting with hilarity, we'd pore over our *Mads*, forever pointing out new "potzrebies" to each other—weird stuff we'd never noticed before going on in the corners of the frames.

In retrospect, even our herring cup was *Mad*. At the conclusion of Hangman games, one of us would announce dementedly, "And the winner of the Silver Schmaltz Herring Cup is . . . [sudden clutching at the heart, throat or abdomen] aaarrgh!" Probably doesn't crack you up, but in those days, it rarely failed to send us into fits of strangled giggling.

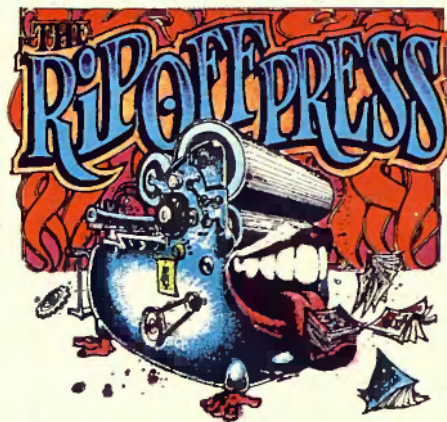
Randazzo, having a rough enough go



Clamorous 23



"HONEY BUNCH" KAMINSKI, 13 OF L.A. WHAT A LITTLE BUNNY!

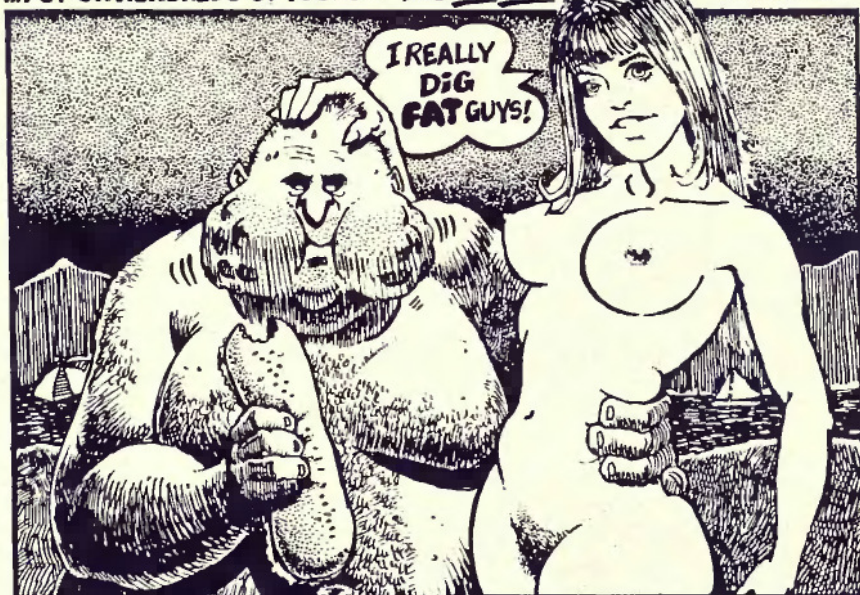


Tabaos tumble as Crumb shows two tykes combining pleasure with pleasure (above left), offers an invitation to statutory rape (above right). Dave Sheridan says fat is beautiful (below).

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OUR NEWEST PLAN-

teaching fractions and state capitals, would get p.o.'d. His irritation, and the incomprehension of our parents—in whose incorrigible blindness *Mad* seemed just another comic book—intensified our bond. Looking back, I understand that *Mad* isolated us, and gave us a kind of strength, too. We laughed at different jokes from the rest of the gang at P.S. 181. We were the first to see that cheerleaders were ridiculous and that the smallest tube of tooth paste you could buy was "large." Grossly outnumbered, we had no glimmer of doubt that our material was riotous, theirs dumb. Harvey Kurtzman, who created the early *Mads*, created our sense of "Humor in a Jugular Vein": mocking, subversive, aggressive.

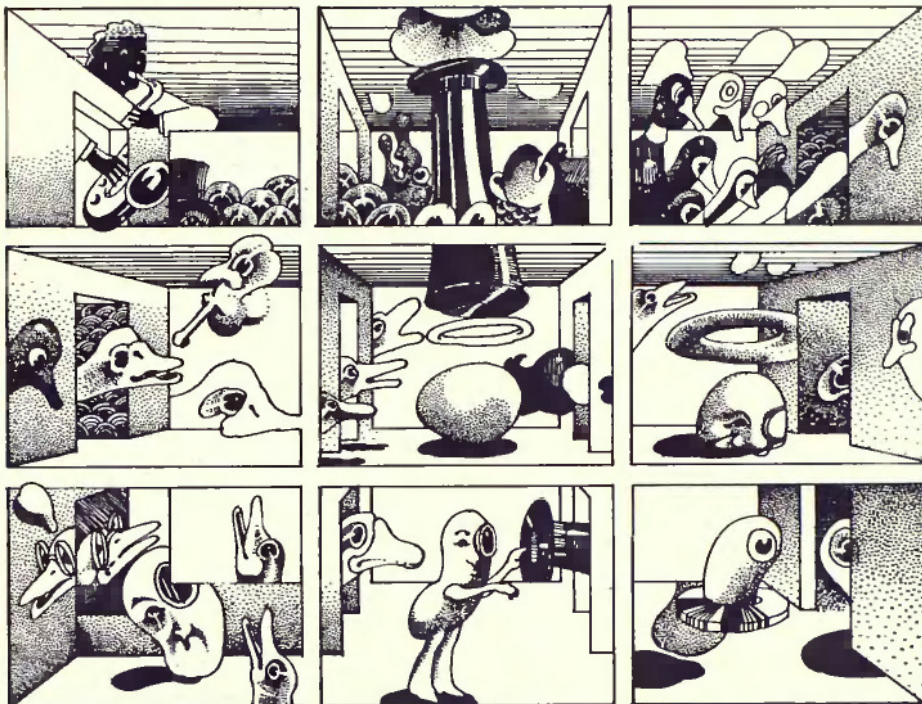
Back then, the folks who put out *Mad*, E.C., were also pushing a fairly far-out

line of adventure comics—a line that aroused my most intensely ambivalent emotions. E. C. stood for Entertaining Comics or Educational Comics or other brand names—depending upon exigencies that remain mysterious to me. They produced a facsimile of *Mad* called *Panic* ("humor in a varicose vein") and lots of "jolting tales of tension" with such titles as *Shocksuspensestories*, *Crypt of Terror*, *Frontline Combat* and *Weird Science-Fantasy*. Oh, I admired their vitality and graphic flair compared with pat action comics like *Captain Marvel*, *Red Ryder* or *Wonder Woman*. But I admired from a distance—publicly disdaining them as hard core, secretly excited by them and confused by my excitement.

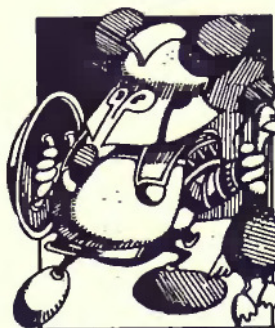
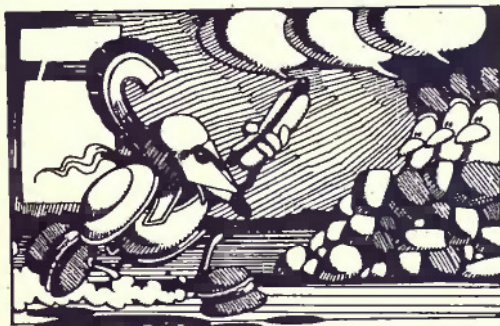
Untypically for a *Mad* fan-addict, as



Sheridan created a symbol for Rip Off Press (top), started by comix artists so that they could reap a bigger share of the profits from their work. Like several other comix creators, Greg Irons often lets his political leanings hang way out (center and above).



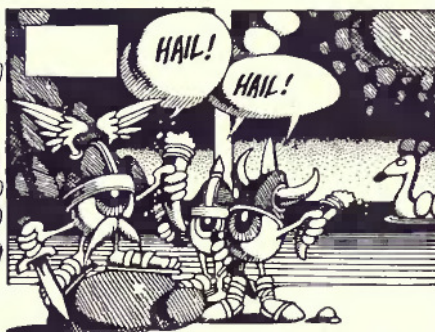
Victor Moscoso drew the peanut-into-penis cover (above left) for Zap #4, which was grabbed by Berkeley police as it came off the presses. His work (above) is essentially non-narrative.



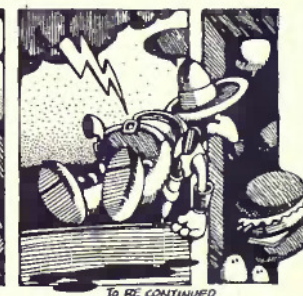
Though fascinated with floating exclamation points, idea bulbs and speech-thought balloons, Rick Griffin uses words only nonsensically in his fantasy creations (above and above right), leaves their meaning and

198 significance for the beholder to decipher.

VAL
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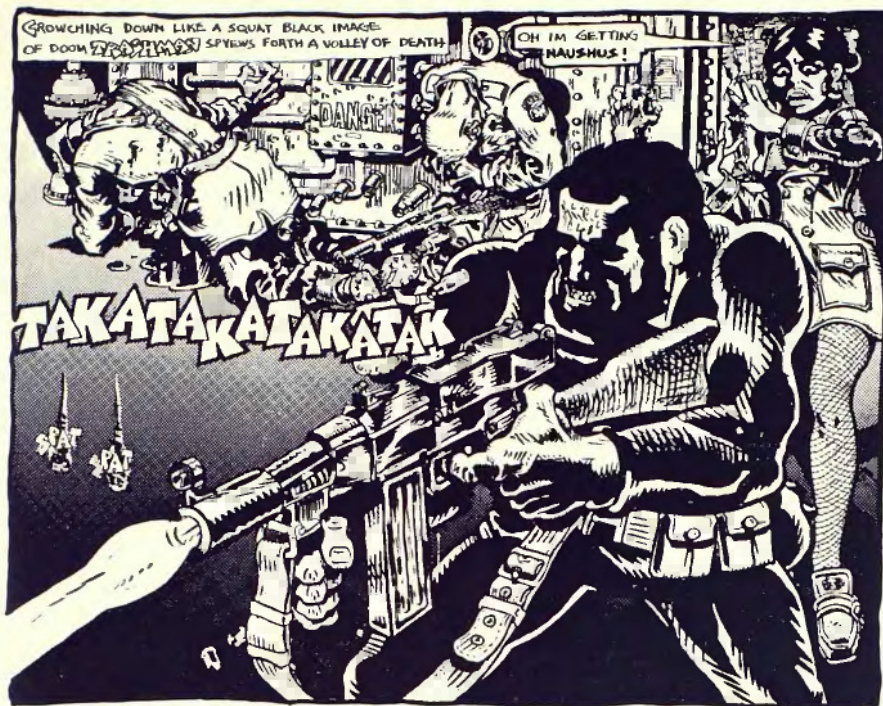
OMO
BOE



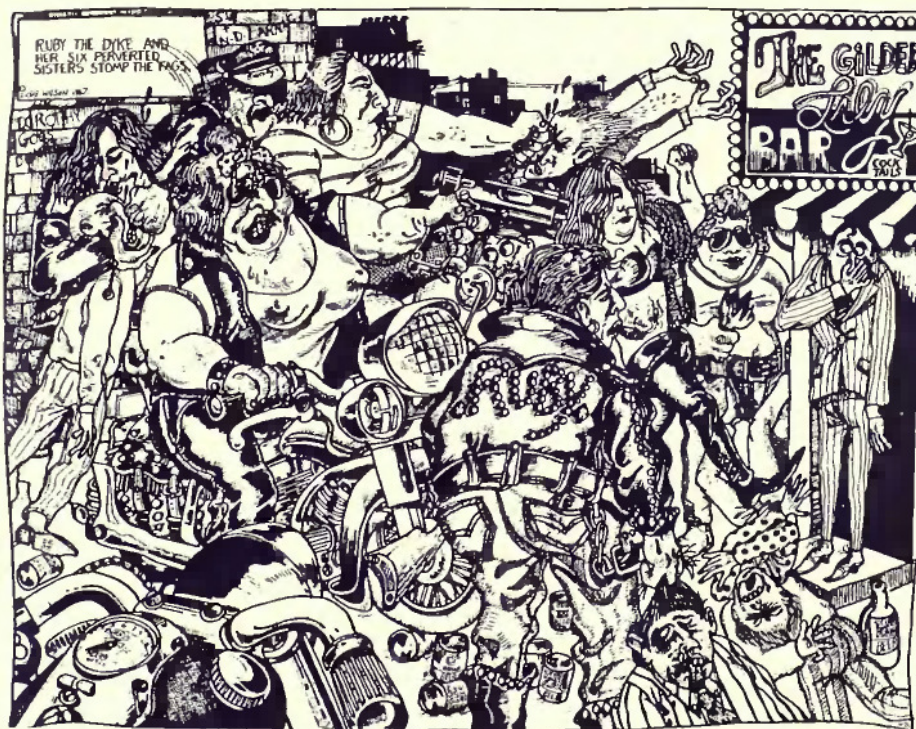
the publishers called us, I never bought or traded for E. C. jolters. Yet they fascinated me. I would read them on the run, feverishly, at cigar-store racks. Looking back, I realize that the brutal fantasies they dramatized must have been too close to my own for comfort. It was years before images of amputation and those other E. C. stand-bys—decapitation, uncoiled intestines, injury to the eye—welled anywhere near the surface of my daydreams.

The E. C. line passed out of my life, with Warren and Mad, when I left Little Neck in sixth grade. I vaguely under-

stood that E. C. had become the target of a righteous public furor—the result, largely, of a silly best seller called *Seduction of the Innocent*, in which psychiatrist Fredric Wertham attributed juvenile murder, suicide and maladjustment to the overstimulation of horror comics. Wertham became the chief “expert” witness before a Senate investigating committee, chaired by Estes Kefauver. A Comics Code Authority, controlled by the folks who publish *Archie*, pressured national distributors into dropping comics that lacked their own censor’s Seal of Approval. In effect, the entire E. C. line



Most of the work of "Spain" Rodriguez (above) and S. Clay Wilson (below) is a wild phantasmagoria of rampant violence suffused with sex. Wilson is heavily into the bull-dyke/cycle scene.



except *Mad*, by then a 25-cent magazine, was busted. Anyway, Kurtzman left *Mad* during that period of upheaval and, without him, *Mad* stagnated.

Hindsight is easy. Kurtzman, a man who never quite enjoyed his moment, played a gigantic role in modern American culture. (Because the influence he exerted was upon us kids, it passed largely unfelt during the Fifties. In the Sixties, Kurtzman turned to the sexy satire of *PLAYBOY's* *Little Annie Fanny*.) Along with the rest of the culture in the early Cold War years, comics began quietly congealing in an establishmentarian mold:

Steve Canyon, Terry and the Pirates, Dick Tracy, Dagwood and Blondie.

A few years later, introducing neurosis, Jules Feiffer broke out of this mold. But Feiffer was and is strictly a newspaper comic, a *PLAYBOY* strip or a large expensive paperback. A Feiffer comic book would have been unthinkable. Comic books were for kids, of course, and Feiffer for grownups. After a few more years, the *Evergreen Review* strips appeared, also for "grownups": *Barbarella* and *Phoebe Zeitgeist*. Sex-ridden, but kinky and repressed. The heroines never got laid.

Although it (continued on page 328)



Sex runs the gamut in the underground comix. Top to bottom: Crumb, Shelton (with his Wonder Wart Hog) and Wilson approach it on different levels. They present the subject in varied settings that are, respectively, slapstick, bizarre and grotesquely malevolent.



SEX STARS OF 1970

pictorial essay

By **ARTHUR KNIGHT**
and **HOLLIS ALPERT**

in a year of erotic abandon, filmdom's old guard—and a few of the avant-garde—gives way to a wave of fresh new faces and figures

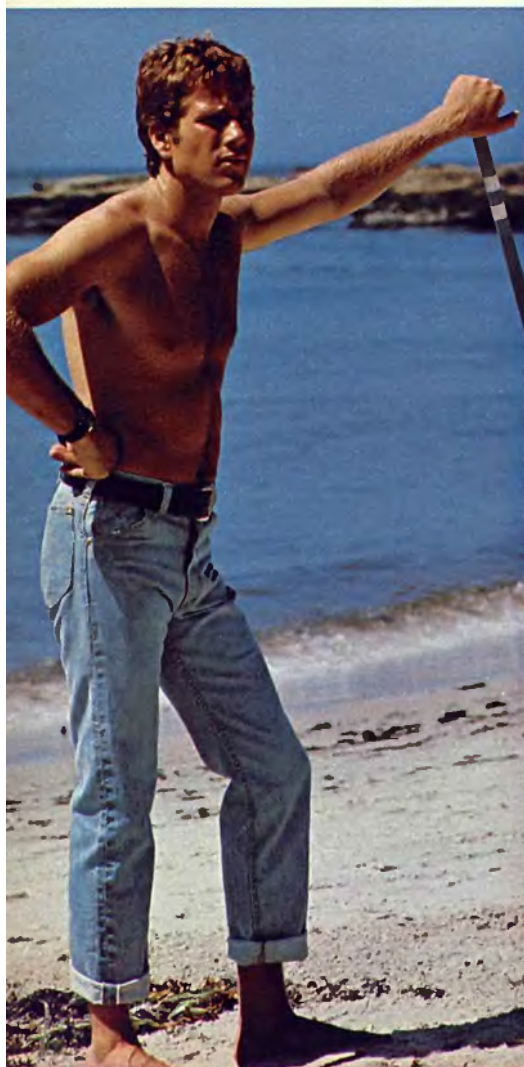
THE STAR AS SEX SYMBOL is a phenomenon familiar to anyone who has ever thought twice about the movies. What's changed in 1970 has been the substitution of sex for symbols—and, concomitant with that, a singular paucity of new star names and faces. What film makers seem to want today are *bodies*—and so, apparently, do moviegoers. In hundreds of hard-core stag-film theaters across the United States, nameless males and females are demonstrating the arts and techniques of lovemaking in all its manifold variations; in many instances, even the pictures themselves lack titles. In perhaps 800 soft-core sexploitation houses, the actors have names of sorts—but few moviegoers ever bought a ticket for *Meat Rack* because it starred David Calder or *Love Me Like I Do* to catch a glimpse of curvy Dyanne Thorne. Even Russ Meyer's splendidly endowed heroines, such as Erica Gavin of *Vixen*, remain anonymous to most of their ardent admirers.

Hollywood, perennially in a state of financial crisis, is now faced with a sex crisis as well. In today's raunchy film market, mere titillation is hardly enough, and most studios, with an eye to self-preservation, have entered into outright competition with the sexploitation moviemakers. By and large, they have taken up the genre in much the same manner; with bigger budgets and more lavish sets, of course, but plenty of skin—and no names, please. The one exception to this exercise in self-mortification was *Myra Breckinridge*, a marriage of the majors with the sexploitation that provided, in the time-honored tradition, something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. The film itself, borrowed from Gore Vidal's novel, is certainly blue enough. For something old, there is the venerable Mae West, still smoothing her hips as if she were seducing Cary Grant in *She Done Him Wrong*—but looking like nothing as much as a grandmother in heat. And for the something relatively new, *Myra* starred America's sexiest symbol of the moment, the loquacious Raquel Welch.

If, as Shakespeare observed, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them," Raquel Welch discovered a fourth course—she was managed to success by her second husband, former



BIG THREE: The top sex stars of 1970 were undoubtedly the abundantly endowed Raquel Welch (opposite page), who played the title role in *Myra Breckinridge*—and was the subject of a memorable *Playboy* Interview; Elliott Gould, seen at top right with Paula Prentiss and Genevieve Waite in *Move*; and Robert Redford, getting acquainted with Linda Goye Scott at right in *Little Fauss and Big Holsey*. After three straight box-office hits (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *M. A. S. H.* and *Getting Straight*), Gould seems likely to score again with *I Love My Wife* and a film version of Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders*, now in production under the direction of Alan Arkin. Redford, although a seasoned performer, hit the jackpot only recently with his picture-stealing performance opposite Paul Newman in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.



SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS: Other front-running male sex stars this year were the six singular personalities on the opposite page. Donald Sutherland—shown top left in a scene shot for *PLAYBOY* on the set of Kelly's *Heroes*, sporting what every well-dressed viking should wear—scored hugely as an eccentric medic in *M. A. S. H.* Jim Brown, near left, has successfully made the transition from gridiron to screen; his latest release is *El Condor*, an adventure epic set in Mexico. Ryan O'Neal, bottom for left, appeared in *Games* and won the coveted lead role in Erich Segal's *Love Story*, opposite Ali MacGraw. Jon Voight, bottom center, went straight from triumph in last year's *Midnight Cowboy* and this year's *The Revolutionary* to even more offbeat casting as a boxer in *The All-American Boy*, now shooting. Dustin Hoffman, below left, sports a shaggy wig and even shaggier mustache to look older in the upcoming *Who Is Harry Kellerman*, and *Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?*—in which he reveals hitherto unheralded talents by singing a number of songs by our own Shel Silverstein. Peter Fonda, bottom left, is following up *Easy Rider* with directing/starring chores in a message Western, *The Hired Hand*.



publicity agent Patrick Curtis. Well before her name was established, before she had even made a picture worth talking about, her strong, regular, oddly sensual features were blazing from the covers of innumerable magazines—actually, far more in Europe at first than in this country. The cumulative exposure, however, had the desired result, and soon Raquel was being cast as a glamor queen in film after film in which acting was not precisely of the essence: *Fantastic Voyage*, *Flare-Up*, *100 Rifles*, *Lady in Cement* and *Bandolero!* While none of these caused any critics to turn cart wheels, their receipts were usually in the black, and whenever this happens, the studio heads decide that their unwarranted success must be due to the appeal of that new sex queen—whatever her name is.

In this instance, the name was Welch, and Raquel was determined that no one would forget it. Where once she was constantly available for magazine layouts, now she was the ubiquitous guest for late-night talk shows, speaking out against her producers, directors and

AND FOR THE BOYS: Powerful box-office appeal was demonstrated by this quartet of talented young actresses—Jacqueline Bisset, Constance Bergen (above left and right), Ali MacGraw and Jane Fonda (below left and right). Miss Bisset, whose monokini plunge in *The Sweet Ride* first made her a cinematic cynosure, was hailed in 1970 for her storring role in *The Grasshopper*. Miss Bergen came into her own in *Getting Straight* and *Soldier Blue* and is currently filming *The Hunting Party*. Miss MacGraw, the unforgettable heroine of *Good-bye, Columbus*, seems headed for another hit in *Love Story*. Jane Fonda, out of circulation for a time, came back big in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and is now making *Klute*.



COMING UP: Newly classed as hot properties are fresh-faced Katharine Ross, far left, and Joanna Shimkus, left. Miss Ross, who made her mark in *The Graduate* and *Butch Cassidy*, faded somewhat in the less popular *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* but is now featured with Jason Robards in the recently released *Fools*. Miss Shimkus, a Canadian import, stars in the film version of D. H. Lawrence's *The Virgin and the Gypsy*. The role of a tough cop in *Cotton Comes to Harlem* introduced Raymond St. Jacques (bottom left) to wider audiences; and a nude wrestling scene linked two Britons, Alan Bates and Oliver Reed, left center and bottom, in another Lawrence work, *Women in Love*.

co-stars in amazingly forthright fashion. She was even more frank about her private life and attitudes in a memorable *Playboy Interview*. She herself condemned "the whole sex-symbol thing" as "an anachronism" and decried the studios' handling of her as a valuable piece of merchandise rather than as an ambitious and talented young actress who would like a chance to act. But the critics seemed more intent on taking her apart than on summing her up. It was reported that her beautiful nose was the result of plastic improvement; that her birth date was as much as a decade earlier than the year she claimed (1942). And magazine articles rarely fail to mention that she is the mother of two growing children by a former marriage and that her present marriage bears more than a passing resemblance to a financial merger.

Hollywood has a ready explanation for the upsurge of the well-endowed but not particularly gifted Miss Welch. She appeared, so the theory goes, at precisely the right moment to fill an apparent vacuum caused by the death of Marilyn Monroe. But determination, not a deterministic theory, lies beneath the edifice of her success. "She's a very smart lady," says one veteran female publicist who knows her well. "She's not intellectual smart but clever smart, with an instinctive but keen intelligence. She set out deliberately to be a star. Knowing she

GOING STRONG: The sexy sextet on the opposite page retained a firm grip on stardom in 1970. Catherine Deneuve, top left, the belle of *Belle de Jour*, reappeared this year in François Truffaut's *The Mississippi Mermaid*. Susannah York, top center, combined innocence and incest in *Brotherly Love*. Elke Sommer, top right, was seen in *Heroes*, began filming *Zeppelin* and undraped for a September *PLAYBOY* pictorial shot by her journalist-photographer husband, Joe Hyams. Faye Dunaway, bottom left, recovered from her lead poisoning in *Bannie and Clyde* to take on roles in three films—the newly released *Puzzle of a Downfall Child* and the forthcoming *Little Big Man* and *Doc*. Ursula Andress, bottom center, went to London to make *Perfect Friday* with Stanley Baker; and Stella Stevens, bottom right, won renewed acclaim as a harlot with a heart of fool's gold in *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*.





MARQUEE MALES: Such superstars as those on the opposite page are no longer a guarantee of box-office success for any film—but they help. Clint Eastwood, top far left, has escaped from spaghetti Westerns to make such films as *Kelly's Heroes* but is still a top draw in the saddle. Jean-Paul Belmondo, top center, starred in *The Mississippi Mermaid* and *Borsalino*, a gongolnd thriller set in Marseilles. Warren Beatty, left, now in a position to pick almost any role he wants, waited for the opportunity to co-star with his constant companion, Julie Christie, in the upcoming *The Presbyterian Church Wager*. Sidney Poitier, center, made a San Francisco sequel to *In the Heat of the Night* titled "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!"; Paul Newman, seen at bottom left as *Butch Cassidy*, began to work on *Sometimes a Great Notion*; Steve McQueen, bottom center, who did his own driving in the wild chase scene from *Bullitt*, carried his racing craze to its logical conclusion by piloting his own entry in *The 24 Hours of Le Mans*; and Charlton Heston, below left, returned to ancient Rome for a new version of *Julius Caesar*.

had natural assets, she added to them and—let's face it—she does have looks and an animal magnetism. But that animal quality is not cruel nor, as *Time* implied, hostile to the male. She was also shrewd enough not to overstep her bounds, which is to say she made sure to go into films she knew would not overtax her abilities. Then, later, she was shrewd enough to complain about the junk she was forced to do." After which the same publicist added thoughtfully, "Her one mistake may have been going after and getting *Myra Breckinridge*."

As a male turned female, out to humiliate the ego of every virile man she encounters in Vidal's caustic Hollywood fantasy, this was for Raquel her opportunity to show the world what she could do as an actress. Unfortunately for her, she was given a director, Michael Sarne, who seemed equally bent on proving to the world how outrageous he could be. Raquel repeatedly refused to perform in scenes he had devised—and since the scenes that she *did* perform include the strapping on of a large dildo and the bugging of a rugged young acting student, the imagination boggles at

ALL THIS AND TALENT, TOO: Leigh Tylor-Young, at top, is Mrs. Ryan O'Neal off screen; on screen, she gained attention this year in *The Adventurers* and is doubtless due for more in her newest vehicle, *The Horsemen*. Natalie Wood, center left, came on bigger than ever as a dedicated swinger in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*; and Paula Prentiss brought her host of television fans along with her to the theaters where *Catch-22* and *Move* were on view. Brigitte Bordot, bottom, is still a nome to be reckoned with—and is currently cost as on unlikely nun in the French production *Les Novices*.





ANTI-ESTABLISHMENTARIANS: Young stars, with whose age and life style they can identify, seem to be the key to attracting today's new generation of moviegoers—especially if the role calls for a degree of non-conformity, if not outright rebellion. Examples (top, from left) include Helmut Berger, who appeared in *Dorian Gray* and *The Damned*; Colvin Lockhart, here in a scene from *Leo the Last* but winner of special praise for his portrayal of a teacher in the racially uptight *Halls of Anger*; and Lloyd Bridges' son Beou, a runaway in *Gaily, Gaily* and an unwed father in *The Landlord*. At center is Joe Nomoth, the indefatigable bad boy of pro football, with sultry Ann-Margret in a scene from his latest film, *C. C. and Company*. At bottom left are the alienated lovers of Michelangelo Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*, Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette. Rolling Stone Mick Jagger embraces Anita Pallenberg in *Performance*, the saga of a rock-star dropout, bottom right.



what might have been demanded beyond that.

Also unfortunate, for Raquel, was the casting of Mae West as a talent agent whose special talent is men. Despite her attempt to placate Miss West with a costly floral offering on their first day together in the studio, Mae quickly let it be known that *Myra* was going to be *her* film. At the New York opening of the picture, over 10,000 fans were on hand for the biggest premiere in years. But the fans, it soon turned out, were there for Mae, that veteran campaigner for an earthier approach to sex on the screen. By contrast, Raquel's reception was appreciative but restrained. Nevertheless, game to the end, she continued to make the rounds of the talk shows, maintaining at least her public enthusiasm for a picture that, for once, literally every critic described as a disaster.

Where Raquel Welch has followed the time-honored prescription for stardom—10 percent inspiration, 90 percent perspiration—lovely Jacqueline Bisset is far more representative of the young new actresses who are moving up to the top



FRANKLY FEMALE: There's no doubt about the sex appeal of these newcomers to film-dom—several of whom have been featured in *PLAYBOY*. The smoldering beauty of Lola Falono (above right) was openly revealed in *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*. Susonne Benton (top for right), in her role as a WAC secretary, lightened the burdens of Orson Welles in *Catch-22*; she also brightened five pages of this magazine in May. After seducing Beau Bridges in *Gaily, Gaily*, Morgot Kidder (right center) graduated to a starring role as Gene Wilder's love interest in *Quackster Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx*. Barbara McNair (center for right) doubled this year in "*They Call Me Mister Tibbs!*" and *Venus in Furs*; and Ploy-mote (December 1968) Cynthio Myers (bottom) figured prominently in Russ Meyer's smash hit *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*.





RISING STARS: Instant fame materialized for a bumper crop of aspiring actresses in 1970. Sally Kellerman (top far left) was experienced but nearly anonymous before her smash comedy role as Hot Lips Haulihan in *M. A. S.H.* Another comic portrayal, cluminate in an abortive seduction scene in *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, established Judy Pace (bottom far left) as a talent to be reckoned with. Judy is currently an view in *Up in the Cellar*. Playmate-Bunny Dolly Read (top left) was plaudits for her wide-eyed performance in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Suzanne Charry (center left), after gaining notice in *Sweet Charity*, is now filming *The Steagle*. And Carrie Snodgrass (bottom left) turned on audiences in *Diary of a Mod Housewife* and Updike's *Rabbit Run*.

star billings of today. For them, the prescription is "cool"; they do it with no sweat at all. Twenty-six this year—but still able to play late-teenager roles—she was born of an English-M. D. father and a Paris-bred mother. Her comfortable childhood was spent in Surrey and it was only when she went to school in London that she broke away from the influence of her well-bred family to take a fling at show business. After she broke in through photographic modeling, friends encouraged her to try the movies and, though the roles were small at first—she made her debut as a schoolgirl in *Two for the Road* and attracted attention as Giovanna Goodthighs in *Casino Royale*—she was clearly destined for bigger and better things.

Both began to arrive with *The Sweet Ride*, in which Jacqueline made an impressive entrance by staggering out of the surf without the upper half of her bikini. It was while making this picture that she met a handsome and promising young actor, Michael Sarrazin. Both, according to an intimate, were afflicted with shyness at first. "I don't think he likes me," the smitten Jacqueline told a friend, "even though he drives me home every day." But one day they stopped for coffee and had a long, deep, confiding conversation. Now considerably less shy, at last report she and Sarrazin were sharing a (text continued on page 222)

LOOK OUT, RAQUEL: Aiming at old-fashioned sex stardom are the three voluptuous beauties apposite. Edy Williams (top right) made an impressive debut in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Senta Berger (bottom right) has been around longer but is still coming on strong in the current Italian production *Quando le Danne Avevano lo Cado*. One of the biggest build-ups this year has been reserved for Julie Ege (pronounced Edge), far right. Julie, who will star in *Creatures the World Forgot* for Hammer Productions, was named winner of a world-wide talent search for the screen's new sex symbol for the Seventies. She thus finds herself filling, not coincidentally, the animal skins tossed aside by Raquel Welch, who made it big in Hammer's *One Million Years B. C.* after a record publicity campaign.



HUMBUGGERY

humor By TOMI UNGERER

*'tis better to give than to receive—
especially if you've got the new christmas spirit*



THE PRACTICE OF EXCHANGING CHRISTMAS GIFTS, never a particularly elevated art form, has degenerated precipitously of late. Only a few traditionalists muster the taste, wisdom, imagination and human understanding to match properly the gift with the person—and this, of course, should be the goal of everyone who struggles in vain to express his feelings for friends and loved ones during the rest of the year. If chosen with enough careful malice, though, a Christmas present can cause more satisfying anguish than harsh words and heavy blows to the head with a yule log.

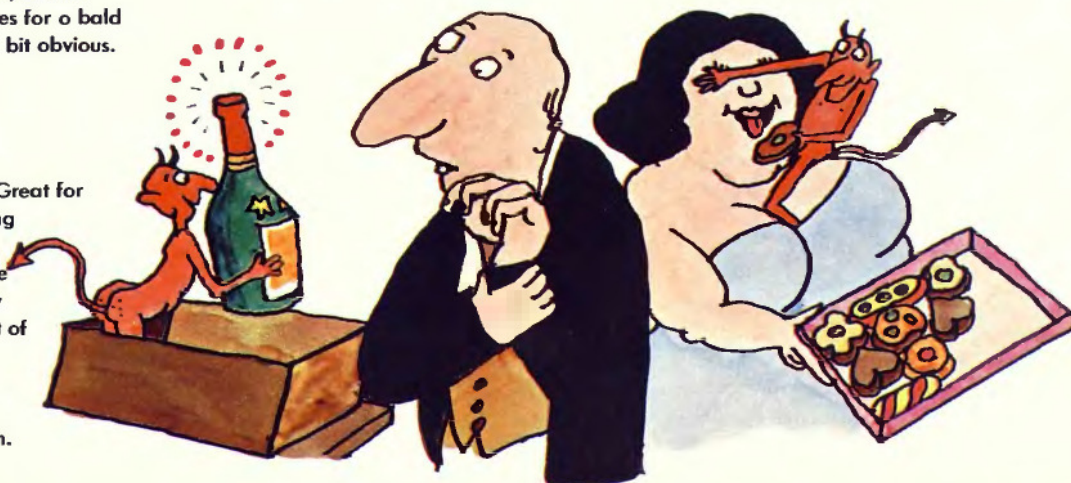


THE EGO-BUSTER: This one zeroes in on failures, physical or spiritual. Giving a belt that lacks a foot of making ends meet works wonders, especially if you are outrageously svelte. Matched tortoise-shell hairbrushes for a bald friend are equally effective, if a bit obvious.



THE GERIATRICKSTER: In a longtime marriage where sexual activity consists entirely of memories, the wife can poke a little fun by feigning a gift of a dildo from a mysterious admirer. On opening it, she says, "This is the best present I've had in years."

THE RESOLUTION-WRECKER: Great for sniping at dedicated folks trying to scrap a destructive self-indulgence. You teach them the vanity of human aspirations by overloading them with the best of the particular Saton they're trying to put behind them. Especially debilitating if you can unleash some hidden fetish.





THE DAD-BURNER: Long-range planning helps pay Dad back for all those years when you wanted a Daisy pump gun and got Argyle socks instead. From a cheapie tie store, get ten identical hideous winners—one each Christmas for a decade should repay the debt.



THE HEARTBREAKER-BREAKER: That beautiful chick who dumped you to marry another guy deserves an expensive necklace. She'll have to return it, naturally, but she and hubby will have an endless source of rich fodder for domestic discord.



THE MOM-MUTILATOR: Dear old Mom didn't really mean to turn you into a sissy by being so overprotective and just to show her you don't resent spending all those years in analysis, send a picture of your precious self—looking haggard, strung out and dissipated. Don't forget the bags under the eyes.



THE PACIFIST-KILLER: Households abounding in peace symbols and anti-war posters always contain frustrated kids. Give them lots of toy guns, clubs and bombs—and for their parents, a lifetime subscription to *American Rifleman*.



THE CONNOISSEUR-CREAMER: A perfect replica of a priceless vase is it for the antique freak. When he opens the package, ask to examine the treasure. After you drop it, remind him that you paid for it.

This is, of course, only a sampling, designed to start you down your own road to yuletide retribution. There are certain pitfalls—the deepest being the chance of coming up against another gift inflicter. To forestall this, throw away unopened every present you get: Most will be the trash you gave last year, anyway. But if some sly devil makes you open a gift in front of him, immediately cry, "Too bad—I already have three of these. Why not give it to your favorite charity instead?" And you must remember to send thank-you notes to everyone who didn't send you a gift. 213



MULTIPLE CHOICE

an exclusive showing of mixed-media collector's items in limited editions—plus a specially designed paper sculpture you can assemble yourself



Today's hottest trend in art collecting runs toward multiples—limited editions of works by artists whose one-of-a-kind creations command prices well beyond the range of the average buff. Shown here, on the floor, are Schematischer Blumenquerschnitt (left), on elliptical screen print on metal, by Gernot Bubenik, in an edition of 40, \$100 each, and Victor Vasarely's rearrangeable "puzzle" of plastic squares, *Planetary Folklore Participations* (center), from a series of 1000, \$450 each, both available at New York's Gimpel & Weitzenhoffer Ltd. In the background, from far left, are George Segal's boxed sculpture *Girl on a Chair*, \$3000, Jim Dine's multistriple lithograph *Tool Box No. 10*, \$170, both in editions of 150, and Peter Sedgley's huge whirling *Video Disques*, one of 75 sets of six at \$1000, all from Editions Aleto Limited in Manhattan. At center are Ernest Trovo's brass *Folding Man*, edition of 100, \$500 each; the motorized Plexiglas sculpture *Time to Go*, by Tokis, 100 at \$325 each; and Billy Apple's neon light fantastic, in an edition of 10, \$400 apiece—all from Multiples.



The novice multiples collector is confronted with a wide array of stylistic treatments in various media or even more various price tags—sometimes dependent on the size of the edition, often on the fame of the artist. Saul Steinberg's *Record*, with lithographed label—suggestive of pyramid and ambulatory Sphinx—decorating a black-enamelled metal disc, was created in an edition of 25 for \$350 each and comes from Multiples, as does the work immediately above it: Claes Oldenburg's satirical *Tea Bag*, wherein stylized splotches are embedded in plastic (series of 125 at \$1300 each). *Ever Never*, in red polyvinyl (top right), was sculpted in an edition of 50, by Hal Pauley, available at the Croquis Gallerie for \$100. Nancy Drosd cast her wildly pigmented *Baby Doll* in plaster, from Croquis in an edition of 12 for \$125 each. Above right is Louise Nevelson's coolly objectivist *Nightleaf*, done in acrylic plastic and available for \$500 in an edition of 150 from Pace Gallery. In foreground is another work by Hal Pauley: *Anon*, in mounds and valleys of black vinyl, created in an edition of 50, at Croquis, \$100.



trav

1. To assemble your multiple, remove along perforations and firmly crease all fold lines toward you.

Holding the figure in its original position, fold the trapezoidal flap at left toward the center, then fold over it the hexagonal flap at right, inserting the small tab in the appropriate slit on the underside of the square.



2. Your figure will now resemble a tent sitting between a hexagon (top) and a trapezoid (bottom).

Turn the figure upside down, with the hexagonal flap at the top.



3. Repeat the folding operations in Step 1, inserting the small tab into the remaining slot on the underside of the square.



4. Your multiple is complete. There's no right side up to Trova's design, so feel free to position it any way you like. Voilà: instant art, with PLAYBOY's season's greetings.





Ernest Trova (above), the creator of PLAYBOY's introductory multiple, is an eminent American artist best known for his innovative delineations of the human figure—particularly his *Falling Man* series. His works (sold exclusively by Manhattan's Pace Gallery) have been exhibited internationally at such prestigious institutions as New York's Museum of Modern Art, London's Hanover Gallery and Tokyo's National Museum of Modern Art. Trova is married, the father of three children, lives in St. Louis and is the possessor of a wry sense of humor that manifests itself in many of his works.

PLAYBOY'S DO-IT-YOURSELF MULTIPLE

HERE'S AN ENTREE to the new thing in art collecting: exclusively for PLAYBOY readers, a three-dimensional multiple designed by artist Ernest Trova. The theme of this many-faceted module, which may be positioned according to the whim of the collector, is a variant of Trova's favorite subject—the human figure, in this case casting a free-form shadow. At PLAYBOY's current circulation of 5,400,000, this ingenious work isn't exactly a limited edition, but the price (free with this issue) is right. The idea delights Trova, who has built entire collections around radio premiums and cereal box-top sendaways. To build your Trova multiple, follow the illustrations on the underflap. When you're through, you'll have a work of art to use as a Christmas-tree ornament, suspended by a thread, or as a desk or coffee-table conversation piece for all seasons. If bending and folding isn't your bag, just frame the work as is; it's attractive two- as well as three-dimensionally.





A mixed-media multiple is Klaus Geldmacher's *Phonograph* (top left), with functional turntable, amplifier and speaker playing *Peg a' My Heart* on a field of light bulbs, available in an edition of 150 from Gimpel & Weitzenhaffer Ltd., \$300 each. On the wall at right is *Personnage Mi-Corps*, by Jean Dubuffet; resembling a stone bas-relief, this work utilizes the much lighter new medium of vacuum-form acrylic and comes in an edition of 50 from Pace Gallery, \$2500. The high-spirited quartet of brightly painted laminated-wood cutouts, center, is *Little Dide*, by Todd Williams, offered in an edition of 50 from Richard Feigen Gallery, \$140. At left center is an austere intersection of enameled metal planes, by Victor Vasarely, one of the artists whose work helped launch the multiples craze on Paris' Left Bank some five years ago; at *Multiples* in an edition of 133, it's priced at \$1500. Ernest Trava's human figure sprouts wings in his nickel-plated bronze *Airman* (Pace, edition of 25, \$1200), here soaring above Carlos Ortuzar's glass-and-plastic *Reflecting Spheres*, from Craquis in an edition of 12 at \$150 each. 221

SEX STARS OF 1970

(continued from page 211)

house, living happily, privately and without benefit of clergy.

The Sweet Ride proved to be the turning point in Jacqueline's career, professionally as well as personally. Soon afterward, she was cast in Frank Sinatra's *The Detective* as a replacement for Mia Farrow when the Sinatras' marital ship hit stormy seas. After further appearances in *Bullitt* and *The First Time*, she advanced into the big time as one of the top names on the all-star passenger list of Universal's profitable *Airport*, playing a flight stewardess impregnated by pilot Dean Martin. More recently, she received solo star billing in *The Grasshopper*, the story of a flighty, headstrong girl who abandons a small town to taste the excitements of Los Angeles and Las Vegas. In ever-increasing demand, Miss Bisset projects an alluring combination of beauty, breeding and cool intelligence, set off by a ripe sexuality and an underlying shyness that seems genuine. With all these assets, plus a talent for acting, she should go far—unless some day, for personal reasons, she should decide to scrawl her own version of *finis* across the skies of her career.

Another actress whose screen career received a strong booster shot in 1970 is beauteous Candice Bergen. Like Jacqueline Bisset, she suggests breeding and intelligence, plus an aloofness that amounts almost to inaccessibility. Perhaps this impervious cool, displayed in such films as *The Sand Pebbles*, *The Magus*, *Live for Life* and *The Adventurers*, was the underlying reason for her failure to kindle fires in male breasts. And critics uncharitably suggested that the woodenness of her performances furnished proof that she was not half sister, as she often claimed, but fullblood sibling to Charlie McCarthy, her ventriloquist father's popular dummy of the Thirties.

Unquestionably, her cameo features are the most perfect on the screen today, but she remained a remote Venus on a pedestal—until this year, in *Getting Straight*, when Venus turned into an Aphrodite. Not only was she cast opposite the effervescent Elliott Gould, the hottest male star of the year, but the picture had to do with student riots at a time when campus unrest was at its most fervent.

In Hollywood, however, even after *Getting Straight*, Candice is liked but not well liked. For one thing, she writes (she's also an accomplished photographer)—and often her typewriter seems dipped in acid. This makes people nervous. They also know that she can walk away from the movie business any time she chooses, and this makes them more than a little envious. But she's not walking. In 1970, Candice had two successful movies going for her—*The Adventurers* and

Getting Straight. Proof that just one picture can swing the precarious scales of cinematic fame is to be found in the career of Jane Fonda. A year ago, it seemed that she, along with such former first ladies as Kim Novak and Elizabeth Taylor, stood high on the retirement list, ready to be pushed aside by newer, fresher competition. But just as 1969 was ending, Jane appeared in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, and both she and her picture were notable successes. In fact, as the desperate, downbeat, eventually suicidal marathon dancer of the early Thirties, she gave perhaps the finest performance of her career. At least the New York Film Critics Circle thought so and awarded her its Best Actress prize. A betting favorite for the Academy Award as well, she was nosed out by Maggie Smith, at her prime in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. Throughout the year, Jane continued to make news—and meaningful contact with the youth audience—by espousing a raft of causes, including American Indian rights, and taking to the platform to decry the war in Vietnam.

Similarly, dark-eyed Katharine Ross, although still basking in the afterglow of *The Graduate*, had been ill advised in her selection of vehicles until *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* turned up. For some reason, after *The Graduate*, she elected to take the Western route and was almost buried on the lone prairie—in *Tell Them Willie Boy Was Here*. *Butch Cassidy's* success restored some of her former eminence, although it did far more for co-stars Paul Newman and Robert Redford, in the title roles. Petite Genevieve Bujold, at 26 already an established star in Canada, quickly won the respect of a considerably wider audience (and of co-star Richard Burton) in *Anne of the Thousand Days*. A highly disciplined, highly stylized actress with an oddly piquant beauty, she has the potential to develop into an exciting sex star—if she gets the right roles.

The same may be said of another Canadian, the slim, misty-eyed Joanna Shimkus, currently visible—very much so—in *The Virgin and the Gypsy*. Based on D. H. Lawrence's last, unfinished novel, it tells of the sexual awakening of the virginal daughter of a stern, provincial English minister. A gypsy, played by the glowering Franco Nero, effectively releases the girl from her repressions, the quite literal climax coming during a flood caused by a dam break. "Actually," Joanna admitted to an interviewer while discussing this love scene, "that wasn't my body. I don't like doing nude scenes just to bring in more customers, although I did show my boobs once or twice."

There was no question about whose boobs were on view in *Women in Love*,

another 1970 movie derived from the collected works of Lawrence, that early champion of sexual candor in the arts. In a memorable scene, when Oliver Reed calls on an attractive schoolteacher for comfort after the death of his father, the woman boldly, fiercely strips off her nightdress and offers herself to him. She was Glenda Jackson, a fiery redhead with the looks and emotional power of a youthful Katharine Hepburn. Miss Jackson first awakened interest as the murderous Charlotte Corday in both the stage and screen versions of *Marat/Sade*. She played a controversial Ophelia to David Warner's equally controversial Hamlet and had already reached her early 30s before making her first movie. "She has," wrote British critic Peter Evans, "the sort of face you once saw traveling first-class in the northern towns, a face worn like a pale battle scar from the old days of class warfare. There is sadness and hardness in it and all of the 33 years it has taken to build. Yet it is a face . . . so explicitly erotic it could almost be a diagram for an advanced sex-education class."

When Vanessa Redgrave turned down the role of Gudrun, Lawrence's symbol of the rebellious "new" woman of 50 years ago, it gave Miss Jackson her big opportunity, and she made the most of it. Ken Russell, who directed her in *Women in Love*, immediately tapped her for his next project—a film about Tchaikovsky, in which she appears as the unhappy composer's mad, nymphomaniac wife. And the renowned John Schlesinger, director of *Midnight Cowboy*, made bloody sure to grab her for his upcoming *Bloody Sunday*. Glenda Jackson is definitely on her way.

Yet another actress to make it big on the strength of a single film in 1970 is blonde, buxom Sally Kellerman. As Hot Lips Houlihan, the horny but strait-laced head nurse of *M. A. S. H.*, one of the few hit comedies of the year, the voluptuous Miss Kellerman was suddenly catapulted to world-wide fame. By her own account, Sally is neither a comedienne nor a siren. A product of Hollywood, she attended Hollywood High and ate her sandwiches across the street at the same soda fountain where, as legend has it, Lana Turner was discovered. Sally wasn't so lucky. Like many other girls bitten by starring ambitions, she enrolled in acting classes, took whatever part-time jobs were available and eventually got occasional bits on television. She also dated a lot. ("I've gone with many guys," she once admitted, "but I won't tell their names, because they're all famous and married.") She then went through two years of analysis, developed a singing voice and was cast by David Merrick in his Broadway musical *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, a flop of truly

(continued on page 304)



THE BEST-KEPT SECRET

to put it gently, the townfolk didn't appreciate ole doc and that damn-fool invention of his

fiction By DAN BLOCKER IT WAS SOMETIME AROUND 1900 or thereabouts, I don't recall exactly, that it all took place.

Mortonville was only a little backwoods community at that time, nobody ever dreamed it would someday rival some of the other major cities along the river.

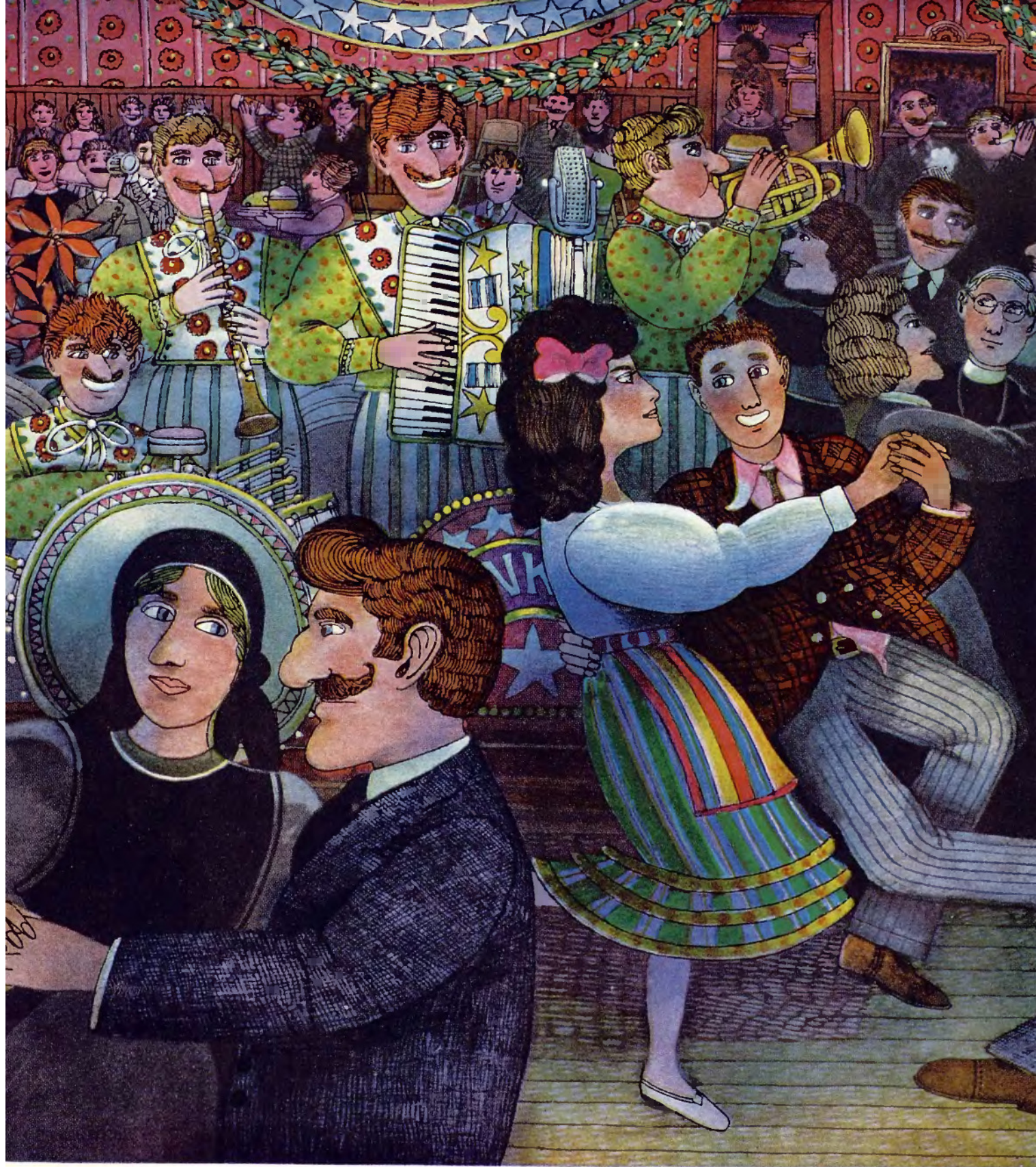
Doc Woods, or at least as he was known thereabouts, warn't no real doctor at all, folks only hung that nickname on him cause of his ability to put all sorts of machinery together and make it work again and fix pert near anythin' mechanical. He kept all of everybody's farm equipment and implements in number-one workin' order. Doc was a deaf-mute, he couldn't hear it thunder, and he couldn't talk neither. He could just sorta grunt and make like little wild-animal noises.

Well, the son of a gun was some sort of a genius, I reckon, cause he'd just start right off from scratch with nothin' but a few pieces of metal, his forge, a few other tools and with them

big ole smart hands of his'n turn out an altogether new somethin' or other to do a job that nobody had ever even dreamed of yet. He was sort of a inventor, I reckon you'd call him. Just bright as he could be, for a deaf-mute.

Course, sad thing was that nobody'd have much to do with ole Doc, him abein a freak like he was 'n all, and too you couldn't talk to him, nor understand him. Sometimes that sure usta get on his goat too, he'd try to talk and tell you somethin' and he'd get so all-fired mad at hisself he'd end up stompin' the ground and bellerin' like a bull; nuff to scare a man sometimes, even as sad as it was, cause you see, Doc was big and stout. Why, if he ever took a notion I reckon he coulda just about killed a normal and a natural man with his little fanger.

I didn't mean to get all wound up on that end of the story, I was agonna tell you about (continued on page 256) 223



THE STAR-CROSSED ROMANCE OF JOSEPHINE COSNOWSKI AND HER FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SEX MANIAC

cleveland street is seared with flaming passion when our lust-crazed hero accepts an unforgettable invitation to the dance

humor By JEAN SHEPHERD

LUSTIK! read the marquee in letters three feet high. Must be Lithuanian for lust, I mused, jogging from foot to foot to keep warm in the long line of Manhattan art-film fanciers in front of the East Side's smart new Cinema 69, their ascetic faces flushed in anticipation of another evening of artful montages, elegant pans, gracefully executed dissolves. I glanced



at the posters that rimmed the box office. One of them read:

LESBIA, AN IDEALISTIC YOUNG PEASANT GIRL, TRAVELS TO THE BIG CITY IN SEARCH OF TRUTH. STARRING LUDVICKA BELlicosNICK AND DIRECTED BY MILOS FEDERASTNICKI, THE 13-YEAR-OLD SENSATION.

"A SEARING EXPERIENCE"... N.Y. TIMES. "SMASHING"... REX REED.

Lesbia herself, bosoms ripe as Indiana cantaloupes, her peasant eyes widely spaced in her magnificent Slavic face, appeared to be enjoying a transcendental sexual climax with a Viet Cong irregular.

The throng around me looked like a Fellini crowd scene: squat females in leather jackets carrying bullwhips, coveys of razor-thin, trilling creatures of indeterminate sex in velvet jerkins and elf shoes, a few scowling, bearded revolutionaries in full Zapata attire, their

denim jackets abristle with OFF THE PIGS buttons. The light from the marquee glinted from the polished lenses of hundreds of pairs of rose and blue sunglasses, some as large as dinner plates. A sizable contingent of Shoshone Indians in beaded headbands and fringed deer-skin jackets exchanged mystic signs, their voices oddly Bronx-tinged as only CCNY braves' can be.

Others were (continued on page 228) 225

epigrams from the greek anthology (600 B.C.—900 A.D.)



**anonymous: darling, it's more fun
than a barrel of oysters**

If I were a sea breeze that caught you strolling the beach in
your topless—
Bottomless bathing suit, I'd blow you—hither and yon.



meleager: well, that's showbiz

"What do you mean, the cast had to rehearse the whole night
through?

Your show's been running for *weeks*. Don't give me that
crap, Peg.

Your lipstick's— Look, if you'd told me you'd been in a
Marat/Sade rumble,

Writhing under the nuts, stage center, it'd make sense.

You've done your hair differently, too: damp and matted.

What's this new style called—

Mr. Bedpal's Medusa Coiffure, contrived in his Awl-Nite
Salon?

While you're still on your feet, pack up, Peggy. Get out, and
go move in with Bedpal.

My next ingénue, you can bet, will only do daytime TV."



**marcus argentarius: lamps,
bless their hearts, aren't computers**

Nipple to nipple, with mine resting on hers, with our wet
mouths

Joined and our tongues exploring, glued together, we heaved.
Who saw us? Only the dim-bulbed, one-eyed lamp in the
corner;

He wasn't bright enough to count all the heavings we did.



**marcus argentarius: "share and
share alike"—this is democracy?**

Once, when I lived in this one-room Greenwich Village apart-
ment,

I thought I'd work on Alkippé, the landlady's nubile get.
She was a sleek little shoat (with a wart hog for mother). Well,
one night

I get Kip up to my kip, out of her pants and in bed.
All of a sudden, I hear this grunt at the door—it's the old sow,
Snuffling: "Age before beauty, Alkippé. Momma comes first."



marcus argentarius: possible double exposure by a couple of guests-to-be

Jee-siz, Gawd, Lysidikē! Since when is a fish net a costume?
 Don't tell me you intend to go to the party in *that*!
 Why, every nipple you own is jutting out, gulping air, jetwise;
 And I can see your—(Please, spare me that sex-goddess strut)
 Not only see but *count* your pubi—Oh, hell, now you've done
 it!
 Look at me: What'll I do, go as the three-legged man?



macedonius the consul: besides which, who ever heard of a wet umpire?

You've muffed the ball, Barbra-Ellen. Last summer I hit fun-
 goes to you,
 But all they got me was the back of your hand (and glove),
 So I gave up. And now, turnabout, *you're* a jock and're
 panting
 To play some "hide-and-go-sack." Sorry, I won't be It.
 This last game's a laff-riot, though—your bribing the super-
 intendent
 To let you in, your stripping and, when I come home, your
 wild
 Water ballet on my bed, doing tail flips while bubbling, "Hi!
 Dive in. . ."
 But I won't play "swordfish," either. Take your wet sheath
 and fluke off.



aselepiades: an anti-fulminous man frequently maketh for a full woman

When I finally found Marcia's pad, it was three A.M., pouring
 rain, thunderous,
 And I was stoned (a shocking thing for a shaftsman to be);
 But late arrivals and drunkenness don't disturb Marcia in
 ways that
 Thunderstorms do. "My hero—how I've needed *you*!" she
 cried.
 Quickly, while she pressed against me, trembling at flashes, I
 set up
 My lightning rod, then put it to good use. Marcia was
 soO(!)othed. . .



paulus silentarius: a fair exchange is no loss, it says here

You gave me two small rose-pink apples. "Pretend they're
 my breasts," you said;
 And that's what I've been pretending. But I'm too smart,
 too old
 And too pragmatic for make-believe. My bag's reality, dig?
 Substance, not shadow. So, let's expend this pretense.
 Here are those symbolic apples. Now, bring me your small
 sweet-cored breasts.
 (And, as I'm *such* a fruit lover, bring me your cherry,
 too.)
 —Retold by Harry Brown



STAR-CROSSED ROMANCE

(continued from page 225)

clad in castoff costumes from Joan Crawford pictures: padded shoulders, frumpy skirts, sequined wedgies, ringlet curls and leather boas. Here and there a Grand Concourse version of Humphrey Bogart sneered condescendingly at the mob, cigarette drooping sardonically from a lower lip. A few Belmondos and several Warhols added vivid accents to the mosaic. A Salvation Army Santa Claus at the curb, his Kriss Kringle costume hopelessly *démodé*, rang his bell listlessly above the clamor. I tugged at the bill of my Jackie Coogan tweed cap, setting it more firmly on my head as I shivered slightly under my *paisano* serape, my Fred Astaire two-tone patent-leather pumps pitifully inadequate to the December slush.

After the show—which turned out to be a flawed but compelling black-comedic post-existential skin flick in the drolly amusing Sacher-Masoch genre—I eased into a booth at Le Bagel Vérité, a favorite haunt of cinemagoers in the neighborhood. Sipping a mug of mocha absinthe, described on the menu as the favorite potation of John Barrymore, I found myself studying a striking poster on the wall amid the likenesses of Paul Newman, Marlon Brando, Peter Fonda, Ché Guevara and Charlie Brown. It was my old friend Ludvicka. “Don’t I know you from someplace?” I reflected, the absinthe flowing like tepid lava through my veins.

Of course! It hit me. Every male I ever knew believed that foreign girls, even if they’re just from the next town, were infinitely sexier than the ordinary home-grown product. I laughed ironically in my Sydney Greenstreet manner, as I often do when my mind takes a philosophical turn. Then, painfully, it all began to come back—my own almost forgotten adventure in alien sensuality, foreign passion, forbidden fruit.

It began innocently enough a couple of weeks before Christmas in the northern-Indiana steel-mill town where I festered as a youth. It was just before Christmas vacation, already deep into a bitterly cold winter, and I was shuffling idly through clots of drifted, soot-covered snow, my mind drifting aimlessly like a semi-deflated blimp. I was between romances. A brief, disastrous fling with Elizabeth Mae Longnecker had petered out in late November, when I discovered she wore ear muffs and galoshes with snaps. Somehow she had seemed *different* on the tennis courts.

I was coming home late from band practice, my left shoulder still aching from the weight of my sousaphone, lips tingling from the last 24 bars of *The 1812 Overture*, when I sniffed a pungent aroma that was to play a dramatic part

in the erotic history of my childhood. I sniffed again. It was vaguely familiar, yet strange—and mysteriously exciting. The elusive aroma mingled with the rotten-egg smell of the Grasselli Chemical Works, the swamp-gas exhalation of the Sinclair refining plant, the smoldering, metallic miasma of the blast-furnace dust that formed our daily breathing air.

Again I sniffed, my senses alert like some jungle cat detecting danger. As I got closer and closer to home, the aroma grew even lustier. It was then that I noticed *lights* coming from the Bumpus house next door. This infamous house had been empty since the moiling Bumpus clan, a mob that made Genghis Khan’s hordes look like a Cub Scout Jamboree, had stealthily departed in the night with their blue-tick hounds and their gallon jugs of corn likker, leaving unpaid rent and a yard full of garbage behind. I looked curiously at the lighted windows. After the Bumpus family, there was no telling *what* might show up. I went up our back porch and into the kitchen, already feeling a vague, rising excitement.

“HEY, MA. . . .”

“How many times do I have to tell you to take off your overshoes out on the porch?”

“Yeah. Ma, who . . . ?”

“I said take ‘em off on the porch. Now! Look at my floor!”

I went back out on the porch, kicked off my overshoes and darted back into the kitchen. My kid brother sat at the kitchen table, glaring sullenly at an arithmetic book.

“Hey, Ma, who moved in next door?”

She didn’t answer, being busy at the moment sliding a meat loaf covered with tomato sauce into the oven. The radio on the refrigerator whined:

*“When the deep purpull fallz
Over sleepy garden wallllzz. . . .”*

“Would you turn that radio down? I can’t hear a word you’re saying.”

Flushed after her usual struggle with the oven door, which had a bad catch and hardly ever closed right unless it was slammed four times, my mother straightened up and wiped her hands on a kitchen towel. I reached up and turned the radio down just as the back door opened and in came my old man, snow showering off him as he stamped and snorted.

“Holy Christ, it’s cold enough to freeze off a brass monkey’s. . . .”

“Please. The kids are listening.” She caught him just in time.

“Hey, what the hell’s that I smell? You cookin’ somethin’ new for supper?”

he asked suspiciously, being strictly a meat-and-potatoes man who viewed all divergences from that basic menu as an effete affectation. He truly believed that the only food people really liked was meat and potatoes and that they just pretended to like other things in order to impress each other.

“It’s coming from next door,” my mother answered absently as she set the table.

“Next door? Y’ mean they’re actually cookin’ supper over at the Kissels?” His voice rose in disbelief. Lud Kissel, our other next-door neighbor, had given up eating food years before, about the time he discovered bourbon, on which he subsisted entirely except for periods when he had to settle for gin. Since he had given up eating—and working—the rest of the family had lived on cornflakes.

“No, from the Bumpus house.”

“THE BUMPUSES!” He blew up, rushing to the window. “Don’t tell me them bastards are back! Goddamn it, if I have to kick another of them lousy hounds. . . .”

One of his worst fears was that the Bumpuses would move back next door, just to drive him crazy. The memory of that shiftless swarm of tobacco-spitting, raw-boned, gimlet-eyed primitives was still an open wound in my father’s psyche.

The heady aroma from next door filled our kitchen like a cloud of exotic gas. Suddenly, without warning, as the old man peered into the darkness, a loud musical thumping, heavy and rhythmic, added to the clamor.

“What the hell is that?” The old man’s voice was tinged with trepidation. We remembered all too well the sleepless nights we spent while the Bumpuses’ ever-twanging Victrola filled the night air with the nasal sounds of Ernest Tubbs, the Delmore Twins and Cowboy Copas. It was the first note of a barrage of thumpings that was to continue for some time.

“Well, here we go again.” My father slumped into his chair at the kitchen table and opened a can of Atlas Praeger.

“I think I know what that smell is,” said my mother with quiet authority.

“Yeah?”

“That smells to me like stuffed cabbage.”

The old man looked up from his beer. “It does smell like stuffed cabbage. But there’s somethin’ else.” He sniffed the air.

“I think they’re cooking blood soup, too.” My mother said it as if everybody cooked blood soup every night.

“Blood soup!” My father gagged briefly on his beer.

(continued on page 238)

*only the names of the shows have been changed as
tv assembly lines churn out the same old effluvia*

THE WASTELAND REVISITED

article By FCC COMMISSIONER NICHOLAS JOHNSON



I'VE BEEN GIVING some thought to the matter of majorities. The networks are always talking about the majority audiences for whom they have to program, and I decided to try to figure out who they are.

I first thought the networks meant everybody under 28 years of age—because that's the majority of the American people. But CBS canceled the Smothers Brothers' show, which appealed principally to that audience, so it must have a different majority in mind. I thought about blue-collar workers. But there are only 27,000,000 of them—scarcely more than the number of nonwhites in America, and everybody knows *they're* a minority group.

There are 56,000,000 students in colleges and other schools—over twice the number of blue-collar workers, it's true; but they're still not a majority. Twenty million Americans are under five years of age. Another 20,000,000 are over 65. Clearly, television programming is not for either of those groups.

It's very difficult to find that majority the programing is intended for. Finally, I began to appreciate the perceptiveness of the phrase "the silent majority." I hadn't realized how silent they are. But I didn't give up. I found the group. Examine the ratings and you will find that majority audience. In television homes, at any given time, a majority of Americans turn the television set off. Startling, but obvious once you think about it.

The networks are really doing a great job of programing for this majority audience. More sets are turned off now than ever before. Some people have kept their sets off for so many hours that the picture tubes are lasting longer and they don't need to replace their sets so often. Equipment manufacturers report set sales have hit new lows in the past few months. Some families may miss the tingle of X-ray radiation given off by their color sets, but so far, no one has heard many complaints. Meanwhile, book, record and hi-fi sales, audiences at motion-picture theaters (especially from that majority of Americans under 28) and other entertainment and recreational expenditures seem to be on the upswing.

The increase in the number of television commercials has, of course, helped this trend. In my judgment, however, some people in the advertising industry are giving themselves too much credit. One of the country's leading advertising executives, Fairfax M. Cone, has modestly recognized the true heroes of the networks' audience-building strategy: "The greatest medium yet discovered for the dissemination of information has quickly become an instrument primarily of entertainment . . . entertainment at a level that is more often than not witless and absurd." I think he is right. The credit (continued on page 264)



"That's your bag, baby, not mine."



"It's a Happening!"



"And now—last, but not least. . ."





"It's for my mother-in-law. Did I ever tell you about my mother-in-law?"

Choice Cartoons of Christmas Past

*a gift of laughter
from the pages of playboy*



*"He's never satisfied!
Now he wants her gift wrapped!"*



*"You can run along to bed now, Lisa—
Mommy will take care of Santa."*



"Slip me a dollar or I'll tell my mother you pinched me on the bottom."



"Back home right now, they're probably lighting up the old Christmas tree!"



"Looks as though the Entertainment Committee has come up with some fresh ideas for this year's Christmas party."



"Looks a bit dull, doesn't it?"



"It's camp, George. But is it Christmas?"



"That's the hang-up, man—all he wants is a fix."



"Honest, I've been a good boy."



"Tell the truth, Miss Doolittle—haven't you ever wondered why a computer hasn't replaced you?"



"You're right, Helen—it is Phil Gronquist."



"I understand some pretty famous people vacation here!"



"Well, you can save some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't save all of the people all of the time. . . ."



"All I know is every December 25th I wake up and this jolly little fat fellow is in bed with me. . . ."



"Not only isn't Christmas what it used to be,
Santa isn't what he used to be. . . ."



"Here comes old man Simpson and his
Christmas bonuses."



"I still can't get used to a Christmas without snow."

A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS IN SOVIET RUSSIA

article

By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO (children) that one simply didn't travel to Russia as a routine thing. Years and years ago distance was the thing—it is 1500 miles from Paris to Moscow, and historical accounts of the distance leave permanently in mind how long it took, how hard it was, and how unprofitable the journey for the most publicized 19th Century traveler from Paris to Moscow, who barely made it back, leaving most of his army behind. More recently, the casual traveler was simply not permitted to go to Russia: Tourism was one of those few, blessed subjects upon which V. I. Lenin did not pronounce, and therefore the presumption—during the Twenties and Thirties—was: No. To enter Stalin's Russia, you had to be a journalist, preferably friendly; or a scientist who knew the multiplication tables better than whatever Soviet scientist pleaded for permission to get you in; or Paul Robeson. After the War, it was much the same until after Stalin died; and then, little by little, the curtain was shiftily parted, and a trickle of disinterested Americans came in. By disinterested, I mean Americans who went there other than to make cold war—for instance, the gang of performers who went there to do *Porgy and Bess*, accompanied by Truman Capote, who wrote memorably about that trip for *The New Yorker*. I wish I had been there when the articles, translated, were put before the relevant commissars. It must have astonished, and maybe dismayed them, that Capote had such a very good time—verry suspicious. Visitors to the (continued on page 314)



*of haunted palaces, capitalist
werewolves and the
red square game of
musical graves*



STAR-CROSSED ROMANCE

(continued from page 228)

"AAAGGHH!" My kid brother had joined the discussion. He was a notoriously picky eater.

"Yes. Irma Kissel says they're Polish."

"Boy, that's a relief!" The old man said it like he meant it. "For a second there, I thought we had the Bumpuses back. Sometimes I get nightmares dreamin' about all that guitar playin' and them dogs yappin', and that old bastard spittin' tobacco juice into our driveway."

POLISH! I thought, suddenly alert. "Do they have any kids?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, but I think there's two or three boys. And. . . ." She stirred the mashed potatoes expertly, salting them lightly with her left hand, ". . . I believe there's a girl."

My father had lost all interest in the subject and was deep in the sports page. As long as the Bumpuses weren't coming back, he didn't care who moved in.

A girl! A Polish girl! A wave of ecstasy shuddered through my frame. Our neighborhood was singularly lacking in girls of any kind. For some reason, practically every kid in the neighborhood was a male. The only place we ran into actual girls was at school, and they all lived in mysterious neighborhoods far from ours. Of course, there was Esther Jane Alberly, squat, truculent and morose; and there was Helen Weathers, who had hair like a football helmet and who weighed 200 pounds soaked in sweat, which she almost always was; and there was Eileen Akers, in her thick glasses, who spent all of her time at the library. But they didn't count. Though Schwartz, Junior Kissel and I talked a lot about girls, it was mostly hypothetical.

"Her name's Josephine," said my mother. "She's about your age. She goes to All Saints School."

I struggled to maintain my composure, but inwardly I reeled. My God, the jackpot! A Polish girl my age had moved next door to me!

A prime universal belief among my peers was that the girls of the next town, East Chicago, were fantastic, and that the most fantastic of all were Polish girls. There was never any scientific evidence. It wasn't necessary. It was just an established fact. Sometimes when Flick got his old man's car, we'd go to East Chicago to ride around with the windows open just looking at Polish girls walking around the streets. We'd holler out at them and ride around and around the block, jabbing each other in the ribs, swigging Nehi orange, gulping down White Castle hamburgers and blatting the horn. This sport was called "skragging" for some reason. We never actually talked to a girl, of course, or even really got near one; we just hollered, gunned the motor and stared.

"Josephine?" I tried to sound uncon-

cerned, as though I hadn't caught the name.

My mother ladled out the gravy as she said, "They call her Josie. Their last name's Cosnowski. They come from East Chicago."

God Almighty! Wait'll Schwartz and Flick hear about this! Josie Cosnowski from East Chicago! A new era had begun.

At lunchtime the next day, the following dialog took place at a fashionable greasy spoon called John's Place, which catered to the high school crowd and featured the gristliest hamburgers in Christendom:

SCHWARTZ (*mouth full of French fries*): "I bet you couldn't guess what I'm gettin' for Christmas."

FLICK: "This ketchup is rotten. It's all clotted on the bottom." (*Hollering loudly over general hullabaloo and 100 watts of jukebox.*) "HEY JOHN, HOW ABOUT SOME FRESH KETCHUP HERE? THIS BOTTLE'S BEEN ON THE COUNTER FOR SIX YEARS!"

SCHWARTZ (*persistently*): "You wouldn't believe what I'm gettin' for Christmas."

FLICK (*standing up at his stool and waving ketchup bottle*): "HEY JOHN, KETCHUP OVER HERE FOR THE TROOPS!"

JOHN (*a short, swarthy man of uncertain parentage and evil temper due to a life of continual harassment by acne-plagued adolescents and a succession of short-order cooks who quit every three days*): "Who the hell's hollerin' fer ketchup?"

FLICK: "Me. Over here." (*Ketchup in bottle, still being waved, suddenly unclots, spraying surrounding customers, including renowned defensive halfback, who rises menacingly from his stool and then settles back, figuring it isn't worth it.*)

HALFBACK: "Watch it, punk."

JOHN: "I don't have ten arms, kid. Here's your damn mustard."

FLICK: "I wanted ketchup."

JOHN: "Oh, fer Crissake!" (*Disappears into smoky blue kitchen, where loud crash has just occurred.*)

SCHWARTZ: "Yep, this is gonna be some Christmas."

ME (*hearing Schwartz for the first time through my daydream*): "Hmm?"

SCHWARTZ: "What's the matter with you? You got the flu or something?"

FLICK (*resigned to his fate, scooping mustard out of bottle with finger and smearing it on cheeseburger*): "You got the crud? Stay away from me, man! I don't need no crud."

ME: "Crud? Who's got the crud?"

JOHN (*reappearing from kitchen*

trailing sweat and lugging tray of hot roast-beef sandwiches): "Who wanted the ketchup here?"

FLICK: "I had an uncle once almost died of the crud."

JOHN: "WHO WANTED THE KETCHUP?"

HALFBACK (*to Flick*): "Hey, Shrimp, you wanted the ketchup, right?" (*Grabs ketchup from John, pours half a bottle on Flick's cheeseburger.*) "That enough? Or wouldja like a little on top a yer head?"

ME: "Pass the ketchup, please."

HALFBACK: "You tryin' to get smart, kid?"

SCHWARTZ (*oblivious*): "I think my old man's gettin' me a power saw."

HALFBACK (*shoving ketchup bottle toward me*): "Just watch it, kid."

FLICK: "He caught it in Indianapolis, at the Y. M. C. A."

ME: "Caught what?"

SCHWARTZ: "Yessir, I'm gonna mount it on my workbench."

JOHN: "Which one a you gets the coffee malt?"

FLICK: "Here."

JOHN: "You two guys get the Cokes, right?"

ME and SCHWARTZ: "Yeah."

(*Brief period of gulping.*)

ME: "You guys know the Bumpus house?"

SCHWARTZ (*chewing on an ice cube*): "Don't tell me."

ME: "Tell you what?"

SCHWARTZ: "That good old Delbert Bumpus has moved back. One a them stinkin' Bumpus hounds bit me so hard one day on my paper route, I thought I'd die. That mutt hung onto my leg for two blocks."

ME: "No. Somebody else moved in." (*I paused dramatically, with impeccable timing.*) "A girl."

FLICK: "A what?"

SCHWARTZ: "That crumbly hound waited for me every day and . . . a girl?"

ME (*nonchalantly sipping my Coke, milking the suspense*): "Yep. A girl." (*I bit off the end of a French fry.*) "She's Polish."

(*The effect was galvanic. Flick looked up from his malt, something he rarely did, face blank with wonder. Schwartz, his hand palsied, stopped Coke on the counter.*)

ME: "From East Chicago."

SCHWARTZ: "A Polish girl? From East Chicago? Next door to you?"

FLICK: "What's her name?"

ME: "Josephine. Josephine Cosnowski."

(*The three of us sat silently for a long moment, each lost in his private thoughts. Already, schemes and fantasies were rushing through our respective skulls.*)

HALFBACK: "Did you say Cosnowski,

A \$4.50 vacation for two.



And it won't end after two weeks.
Because Jiffies are that secluded hide-a-way
with beautiful beaches that your feet have
dreamt about for years.

Wear them anywhere. Cruising the
Caribbean or lounging in front of the fireplace.
Indoors or out.

The Squire shown here is made of wide-
wale corduroy and comes in 10 colors.

Give your feet a vacation and they'll
never forget you.

JIFFIES
A LEISURE FOOTWEAR FOR MEN

KR
Another fine product of Koyser-Roth

kid?" (*Obviously he had overheard our entire conversation.*)

ME (*warily*): "Yeah."

HALFBACK: "That's what I thought you said." (*He took a huge swig of root beer, burped menacingly, hitched up his pants and swaggered out.*)

SCHWARTZ: "What was that all about?"

ME: "Search me."

FLICK: "You never can figure what them jocks are thinkin'. If anything."

That night after school, Flick, Schwartz, Kissel and I sauntered casually past the Bumpus house—as casually as we could with the temperature five below and the wind howling through the telephone wires like the sound effects on *I Love a Mystery*. We slogged along, pretending there was nothing at all unusual in the fact that we had paraded up and down in front of the Bumpus house 12 times in the past ten minutes.

"I'll bet she's fat," said Flick, his breath swirling in the arctic air.

"You sure are lucky, livin' right next door. You can probably look right in her bedroom," muttered Schwartz bitterly.

I peered up at the house, hoping for a glimpse. I could still see the scuff marks on the front door where Floyd Bumpus had kicked it in the night he and old Emil, his father, had the fistfight that Emil won by hitting him with a tire iron. The place looked the same, but it was different, somehow. Now it was a girl house. It kind of radiated femaleness. The steady thump of polka records shook the frozen pavement beneath our feet, and the seductive aroma of stuffed cabbage filled our nostrils. It was almost dark and the street lights were coming on up and down the block when Junior Kissel made the first score.

Flick had just picked up a chunk of rock-ice and was about to throw it at a shivering sparrow huddled on top of a garage. I was busily trying to scratch my left shoulder blade because my sheepskin coat always itched through my shirt. Schwartz was bent over hooking his galoshes.

"There she is!"

We stood poised in the icy air, like some diorama of *Ancient Man at His Daily Tasks* in the Museum of Natural History. The side door of the Bumpus house had opened and two figures emerged into the gloom: a short, lumpy lady with a shawl over her head, and behind her, barely visible in the darkness—a girl! She had on a parka with those rope hooks which were very big that year. The lady picked up something next to the basement stairs, and the two of them disappeared back into the house.

For a half minute or so, nobody said a thing. Finally Flick tossed his ice chunk in the general direction of a street light

and Schwartz whistled a low, quavering note.

"Well, I saw her first," said Kissel.

I didn't say anything. But I knew what I had to do. There was no turning back.

Every night before I did anything else, I had one chore to perform. I was supposed to go to Pulaski's store to buy whatever my mother put down on a list. It wasn't really every night; just whenever she didn't feel like doing the shopping herself in the afternoon; but it was often enough to be irritating. Tonight was a store night. On the way through the darkness, as I cut across a vacant lot, I imagined how I would meet Josie. She'd fall off a ladder and I'd catch her. I'd dribble a basketball in the gym and crash into the stands—right into her lap. Or a bus would run up on the sidewalk with a crazed driver at the wheel, and I'd scoop her up just as the wheels were about to. . . . Men think these things.

I went into Pulaski's store, still in a misty daze. The usual mob of steelworkers crowded the joint. Pulaski sold a lot of chewing tobacco and work gloves. Pulaski himself toiled behind the glass meat counter, his apron stained with grease and blood. Howie, his current clerk, a guy who used to work at the Esso station, glared at me from behind the grocery counter. Grubby kids huddled around the penny-candy case, as I had done in my long-gone youth. I had played softball with Howie before he had become permanently angry working at the gas station and Pulaski's. He didn't go to school anymore, just worked and drove around in Pulaski's panel truck, delivering potatoes and sacks of groceries.

"Whaddaya want? And be quick about it, fer Crissake."

He worked 18 hours a day, and everyone thought he was lucky because he didn't have to go to school anymore. He had a thin, pale, hawklike face. His hair was a kind of mustard yellow, and it stuck up all over his head like worn-out paintbrushes. He was famous because he'd had to quit school over a girl. He had just made the basketball team in the middle of his sophomore year and then suddenly he had dropped out and gotten married. After that, he was always mad.

"Gimme a loaf of Silvercup." Pulaski's was not a self-service store. He kept everything out of reach.

"Large or small?"

"Large."

I read off the rest of the list and Howie packed everything into a paper sack as the crowd eddied around me.

"Oh, yeah. And a Mr. Goodbar." At that stage of the game, I was completely hooked on Mr. Goodbars. There was something about the way the chocolate mixed with the peanuts when you crunched your teeth down on it that got me where I lived.

Howie shoved the candy bar toward

me. He knew I usually ate it on the way home, and it didn't go into the sack. I handed him the money and he savagely hit the keys on Pulaski's cash register.

"Goin' to the game Thursday?" I asked, passing the time of day.

"Are you kiddin'?" That was his standard answer to almost everything. I guess he felt that the world kidded him a lot.

My frozen feet propelled me unsteadily back toward home. I had made this trip so many times that my body moved totally on its own. The street lamps were festooned with the plastic wreaths and electric candles that the town put up every year. Sometimes they didn't take them down until April. A giant semi boomed past, cascading gray slush up over the sidewalk.

I slogged across the street and began to cut through the vacant lot, thinking of the basketball game on Thursday, only four days away. Basketball is Indiana's true religion. Nobody thinks of anything else from the opening game of the season through the state finals, and then they argue about it all summer long. This was the big game with our hated rivals, the Whiting Oilers, a well-named team. They came from a school buried amid a jumble of refinery tanks and fumes. Understandably, they played a hard, vindictive game. I already had my ticket in my wallet. It was the big game of the year.

I was about halfway across the vacant lot, crunching contentedly on my Mr. Goodbar and clumping along the well-worn path, when I saw something ahead of me in the darkness. I hardly ever met anybody on the path, so I stopped for a second. It looked like some kind of bear, a low dark blob in the gloom. I'd always felt that one day I'd meet a bear someplace, but I never thought it would be here in this vacant lot. I couldn't make out what the hell it was. It seemed to be sort of lunging around, making sounds. I was about 20 or 30 yards away from it, maybe a little less. Deep in my sheepskin pocket, I felt for my scout knife and edged forward.

For a couple of seconds I had a powerful urge to turn and run like hell, and then I saw what it was. It was somebody picking things up off the ground. I walked forward warily, because Grover Dill used this path, too, and he was dangerous in the winter because the cold made his teeth hurt.

It was a girl. It was Josie! It *had* to be. No other girl in our neighborhood looked like *that*. She was bent over picking up cans and packages from the path and trying to stuff them into a torn paper bag. She looked up. The light from the neon sign at the Blue Bird Tavern illuminated her face in a flickering radiance. I almost fainted. These moments are known to all men; the electric instant of manifest destiny: Ahab sighting Moby



Buck Brown

"You know what they say, old man, misery loves company."

Philco-Ford introduces the \$500* clock radio.

Our new Impresario isn't your average clock radio.

It happens to be the finest component stereo you can buy. Anywhere. With a 150-watt** amplifier, air-suspension speakers, 4-speed professional turntable and solid-state AM/FM Stereo tuner.

But it really is a clock radio. With a built-in self-timer that lets you program the entire system to turn on. And off. By itself. Exactly when you want it to.

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The Impresario gets its spectacular sound from an all-transistorized amplifier with features like automatic frequency control and patented noise suppressor.

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Photographed near Hotel Cabo San Lucas Baja California Sur.



Our Double-knit Boot Suits earn maximum interest.

Jantzen

Larry Mahan collects maximum interest with our doubleknit Boot Suit™ and Jantzen 100 knit shirt. The vest, flared slacks and shirt, about \$20, \$19 and \$15, respectively, are all easy-care **Dacron*** polyester.

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To make a better diver's watch, we made it outside-in.

Other divers' watches have their elapsed time bezel outside the crystal, where it can clog and corrode. So we made our ITB* 660 divers' watches with their elapsed time bezel tucked inside. It can't clog, corrode, or turn accidentally.

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See the ITB* 660 at your Wyler jeweler. Priced from \$89.50.

*Inside Turning Bezel

Wyler
incaflex



Dick, Tristan meeting Isolde, John meeting Yoko! She stuck a can into the tattered bag, and it rolled out into a snowdrift.

"Hi." It was all I could think of to say. She said nothing, just continued to scabble among the weeds.

"I guess your bag broke," I said observantly. Still nothing. She struggled on in the snow.

"Here. I'll help you." It was the first coherent thought I'd had.

And then she spoke, her rich, sensual, vibrant voice coming from deep within her well-filled corduroy coat, from amid the muffler and the red stocking cap; a voice which to this day I have never forgotten: "T'anks."

Together we packed the torn bag. Her groceries ran heavily to sausages and what smelled like sauerkraut. I could feel a surge of erotic tension warming my longjohns. Together we marched on through the darkness, occasionally dropping a can or a bottle.

"Uh . . . what's your name?" I didn't want to tip my hand and let her know I had been stalking her relentlessly for days.

"Josephine." She didn't ask mine—a bad sign.

"Where do you live?" She didn't answer, being busy at the moment retrieving a turnip that had rolled among a collection of beer cans.

"You want a piece of candy?" I asked, hoping to soften her up for the kill.

"What kind?"

"Mr. Goodbar. It's got peanuts."

"They stick in my teeth," she said, her breath making a misty, fragrant cloud.

I kept looking at her sideways, and every time a street light hit her I couldn't believe that such a girl had moved into our neighborhood. Her high, chiseled cheekbones, the dark hair trickling from under the stocking cap, the rounded slopes and valleys of her corduroy coat, the faint scent of cabbage—all were beginning to tell on my addled senses. But my mind was alert and sharp, guarding against a false move. I could sense that this voluptuous creature must be carefully handled. She could fly into the wilderness forever if I so much as struck a wrong note. With Esther Jane Alberly, it was a hit here, a kick there, a hurled snowball and nothing more. But I sensed something in Josephine that opened up pores in my soul I never knew I had.

"Boy, it sure is cold," I said finally. I figured I was on safe ground. Somehow I knew I had to keep her talking.

"Yeah. I'm sure glad we don't have to go far," she answered, sniffing the cold air. I saw my opening.

"Where do you live?" I tried to sound totally uninterested.

"Right down the street. Third house from the corner."



"It would appear that all the talk about ecology and upsetting the environment is having some effect."

"Oh. . . ." I struck, hurling the harpoon with all my might. "Well, well. That sure is funny. I live in the second house from the corner. How come I never saw you before?" I lied adroitly.

"We just moved in from East Chicago."

"That's a nice town. What school do you go to?"

"All Saints."

"I go to Harding."

She didn't comment. We were nearing her house. I knew I had to make my move or all would be lost. I couldn't ask her to the basketball game, since I only had one ticket and they had been sold out for over 12 years for the Whiting game. How about the Orpheum? No, I was almost totally broke because of Christmas. I had bought a catcher's mitt for my kid brother.

"Would you like to go to a party?" she said suddenly.

Good God! No girl ever asked *me* to a party before, except Helen Weathers once, and that didn't count because she was fat.

"A party? A party? Why, why, yes, sure, uh . . . Josie."

"I don't know anybody around here," she said. "I hope you don't get the wrong idea because I asked you."

"Heh-heh-heh. Why, of course not!"

I couldn't believe it. Polish girls really *were* everything I'd heard! Here I didn't even know her five minutes and she was asking me to a party. At last life had begun. This was it!

We trudged up the front steps of the Bumpus house to the sagging porch where old Emil Bumpus had fallen

through the railing one night when he had a snootful. But I wasn't thinking about that now. She opened the front door and a great wave of warm air redolent with strange aromas—along with the rumble of recorded polkas—came flooding out onto the wintry porch.

"Don't forget the party," she said, holding the door partly closed with her free hand.

"Oh, I won't! I go to a lot of parties. When is it?"

"Thursday. Pick me up about eight."

"Why, I just happen to have Thursday open. Yessir, and. . . ."

She was gone. The door closed. I stood there with my mouth open.

"By the way," said a muffled voice through the door, "what's your name?" I told her.

"What kind of a name is that?"

"What do you mean?" I asked defensively. It wasn't the first time someone had asked that question.

"Oh, nothing. See you Thursday."

It wasn't until I got back home with the groceries that I realized that she had said Thursday. THURSDAY! There were at least 12,000 people who would have given anything to have a ticket for the Whiting game, but suddenly basketball and the Oilers didn't seem as important as they had before. Sex will do that to you.

The next day I told Schwartz what had happened.

"Y' mean *she* asked *you* to a party? You?" He practically reeled.

"Yup."

"Boy, them Polish parties are really

wild. Casimir told me about one once that went on for four days."

All day in school I drifted on a plane of ecstasy, floating high above the humdrum dronings of history teachers. All through geometry I wrote Josie, Josie, Josie in parabolic curves on the back of my notebook.

That night I began to plan my wardrobe. I would wear my sharp new high-waisted slacks, charcoal gray with a thin blue stripe, my pale-pink shirt with the high-roll collar, my black knit tie and my prized tweed sports coat with the tartan-plaid lining. I laid the stuff out on my bed, checking it carefully. Let's see, I'll use the old man's Aqua Velva, and. . .

The next essential was getting my father to let me use the car. A car was absolutely necessary for the operation that was beginning to evolve in my mind. In Indiana, male kids usually start driving at about ten, so I was an accomplished gravel-thrower and was well known at all the local drive-ins from Big Blimpie to the Route 41 Diner.

"Uh . . . Dad. Is there any chance of getting the Olds Thursday?" He was deep in the sports page, which I figured was as good a time as any to hit him for the car.

"Thursday?" He squinted at me, blowing smoke through his nose and letting it curl up in front of his eyes like a shifting curtain. If I hadn't known that he hated movies, I'd have sworn that he studied under Humphrey Bogart. For all I know, Humphrey Bogart studied under him. The old man got around.

"Thursday . . . let's see. Thursday. What am I doin' Thursday?" He talked aloud to himself, toying with me. I knew Wednesday was his league bowling night and on Fridays he went to the wrestling matches with Gertz and Zudock. Saturday was usually up for grabs, with my mother usually winning when they drove over to visit her friend Bernice and her dumb husband, Elmer, who worked for the phone company.

"What do you have in mind for Thursday?" he asked, folding the paper over so that he could read the scores of the various bowling leagues. His life revolved around three things—the Chicago White Sox, bowling and the Oldsmobile, the order depending on the season. He bowled in at least five leagues, and had a hook that was a pleasure to watch.

"Well? What d'ya want the car for?"

Naturally I couldn't tell him what I really wanted it for. "Me and Schwartz are going to the Whiting game at the Civic Center, and Schwartz's old man's Ford is up on blocks."

"Whiting'll kill ya. That Zodnycki's got a jump shot from the keyhole that you can't block, and he hits from the outside, too. They'll murder you guys."

"Yeah?" was all I could say, knowing that the old man was probably right and

also that I wouldn't be anywhere near the game, if things went right.

"OK. But be sure to fill the tank. Not like the last time, so you run out of gas in Blue Island and me and Heinie hafta chase all over the place before we find ya. If that wasn't stupid, tryin' to make it to Chicago and back on a gallon of Shell regular. Leave it to you and Schwartz."

He had opened an old wound: the memory of that miserable night when Schwartz had supplied a gallon of gas and I had supplied the car on a disastrous double date that ended with the four of us sitting in the car on a railroad siding at 15 below zero for two and a half hours. The two girls hadn't spoken to us since, and I didn't blame them.

"Don't worry. I'll fill it up. I learned my lesson."

"Yeah, I'll bet," was all he said as he went back to the scores.

Well, that took care of that. It was humiliating, but I had the car; that was the big thing. I went to my room and sat down at the desk that I used for my homework. My Aunt Glenn gave it to me for my eighth birthday. It was robin's-egg blue and had yellow bunnies painted on the side. I figured one day I'd paint it red or green, since the bunnies were beginning to be embarrassing. My aunt had a thing about bunnies. For every Christmas as long as I could remember, she'd given me bunny slippers, and no doubt I'd get another pair this year, even though my shoe was a half-size bigger than my old man's.

I made out a list of what I had to do:

1. Get haircut.
2. Polish car.
3. Buy gas.
4. Gargle.
5. Squeeze blackheads.

The next day, which was Wednesday, was dark and windy with a lot of snow drifting down all afternoon. We had an auditorium session in which Jack Morton and Glen Atkinson and some other guy dressed up like Wise Men while our crummy glee club sang *We Three Kings of Orient Are*.

"Boy, you sure are gonna miss one hell of a ball game," said Flick as we hitchhiked home from school that night. "That better be some babe."

I said nothing, since it was obvious that Flick was jealous that I had a date with the greatest-looking girl for miles around. For a couple of days now there had been churning inside of me a molten excitement that was getting so hot I could hardly stand it. Every time I thought of her, it started again. I can't explain why, since I hardly knew her, but maybe that's the reason. You never feel that way over somebody you really know.

"Didja hear Zodnycki said the Wildcats are a bunch of overrated punks, and that he and four girls could beat 'em goin' away? I read it in the *Times*," Schwartz chipped in, blowing his breath in a big cloud as the cars rumbled past us. We were part of a tiny contingent of diehards who always hitchhiked the three miles back and forth to school, not only to save our bus money but also out of principle.

"That bum'll be lucky if he cans five points against Sobec," I answered, trying to sound like I cared about the game.

"Ah, I dunno. That bastard must be eight feet tall. And he looks like he's about 40 years old," Flick yelled over the roar of a passing diesel. He spoke the truth. Northern Indiana high school teams often resemble the best the Big Ten can field: 300-pound tackles, blue-jowled and squinty-eyed, are common. Their actual ages are as hard to tell as the sex of a clam. There are rumors that many promising players are not even enrolled in first grade till their 17th year, and by the time they're high school sophomores are grizzled veterans with families and pro contracts from four leagues.

"Watch this baby," Schwartz wagged his thumb seductively as a knock-kneed Buick rattled toward us. It slowed to a stop. "GOT 'IM!" Schwartz hollered.

We piled into the amiable wreck, which was driven by a mammoth steelworker who was fragrant with beer and chewing tobacco. He spit a long amber skein out the window into the frigid air.

"If yer gonna get in, get in. I ain't got all day!"

The uproar inside the Buick was deafening. No muffler, bad shocks and a transmission that sounded as if it were made of a million cracked iron marbles. The floor of the car was ankle-deep in beer cans, cigar butts and rags—a real working car.

"Hey, Schwartz!" Flick yelled over the din.

"Yeah?"

"D'ya think Ace here is gonna score tonight? I hear them Polish girls invented sex!" shouted Flick.

"You guys are just jealous!" I yelled as I struggled to keep from falling off the seat.

At that moment, I became aware that the driver was peering intently into his cracked rearview mirror right at me. At the time, it had no meaning.

Just as we climbed out at the end of the roaring ride, the steel puddler spit another stream of tobacco juice and hollered over the clatter of his valves: "You guys go to high school?"

"Yeah," Schwartz answered for all of us.

"You don't know when you're well off."



He spat again and drove off. It was a point we weren't prepared to accept. It was just before the dawn of the age of youth culture, and being a kid was just something you went through before joining the real world.

"Y' comin' over to the Red Rooster tomorrow night after your date?" Flick asked me. The Red Rooster was where everyone who was with it went after a big night.

"Are you kiddin', Flick?" said Schwartz, jabbing him in the ribs with an elbow. "He's gonna have a lot more to do besides sit around and eat cheeseburgers, right?"

"Now look, you guys, I don't know what you're thinkin' I'm gonna do, but . . ." I tried to inject a note of dignity into the discussion.

"Don't worry. We know what you're gonna try to do. Oh, boy! If I had a date with that doll, lemme tell you. . . ." Flick winked a large, lascivious wink.

"Don't worry. I can handle whatever comes up." More elbows in the ribs. I played the game.

I plodded the three remaining blocks to home. There was time before supper to back the car out of the garage into

the frigid air and to give her a coat of DuPont No. 7 if I worked fast. I had polished that car so many times that I could do it in my sleep. I was already deep in the middle of a torrid embrace in my mind when I became aware, as my right arm buffed the hood, that a hulking shadow had darkened the gloom around me. It blotted out the distant glow of the open-hearth furnaces against the lowering clouds. As I glanced up, a rasping voice set my teeth on edge.

"Hey!"

A thrill of fear zipped through me. "Uh . . . yeah?" I managed to squeak,

dropping my polishing rag into the slush.

"You the kid takin' Josie t' tha pardy t'morra?"

"Yeah."

"I t'ought so." He was wearing a checkered wool jacket about the size of a circus tent. He had on red ear muffs and no hat. He had a crewcut that looked like steel wool.

"Who're you?" I asked. It was a dangerous question, but I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Whatsit to ya?" He leaned with one hand the size of a 12-pound ham on the fender of the Olds. I didn't like the way the conversation was going, and I wondered if I should make a break for the back door.

"I'm 'er brudder, Stosh. I jus' t'ought I oughta see who was goin' out wit' Josie."

"Oh. Yeah. I heard of you. She's a nice girl. She sure is a nice girl. Yeah."

Words kept squirting out of me. He reminded me of Alice the Goon from the Popeye comic strip. I could smell the faint aroma of a locker room.

"You play football," I said, trying to make contact.

"Dat's right, she's a nice girl." He ignored my latest remark as being too obvious to answer.

"Yep. She sure is. A real nice girl. Yep."

"You show her a nice time, y' hear? An' if anybuddy gives ya any trouble, tell 'em ya know Stosh." He made a sound that I guess was a laugh. It sounded like two angle irons clanking together.

"I sure will . . . Stosh."

He clanked again and shambled off

into the darkness. I noticed that he had left a dent the size of an elephant's footprint in the fender of the Olds. I should have taken the hint.

Later that night at Pulaski's, I waited my turn amid a crowd of ladies who milled around the meat counter, watching Pulaski as he weighed pork chops. He was famous for his two-pound thumb.

"I said I didn't want 'em so fatty!" bellowed a hulking lady in a stocking cap.

"Whaddaya want from me, lady? I don't grow the pigs!"

An angry murmur arose among the throng as Pulaski held them at bay with his cleaver. Howie struggled past me with a sack of potatoes on his shoulder.

"I hear you're goin' to the party," he said out of the side of his mouth as he hurried past.

"How'd you know?" I threw after him.

"I hear," he answered.

Finally, as I picked up my sack of groceries, Howie leaned over the counter and said: "You're takin' Josie, eh? Well, good luck." He said it in a kind of voice that could mean anything.

"Thanks," I answered in the same voice. He looked tired, as though he had worked 18 hours that day, which he had.

Sure enough, I met Josie on the way home again. This time she hung on my arm and brushed up against me as we struggled home with the grocery sacks.

"I hear you met Stosh." She spoke in a husky, throaty voice, not at all like her brother's.

"He came over when I was polishing the car."

"You'll like him."

"Yeah, sure."

"You'll like my uncles, too. They want to meet you." She snuggled closer as we sloshed through the slush. Somewhere a radio was playing *White Christmas*, with old Bing Crosby crooning away. We never really had a white Christmas in northern Indiana, since the snow came down already gray from the steel mills, but it was a nice thought. Once in a while we had a fall of rust-colored snow, and that could be kind of pretty once you got used to it.

"Especially you'll like my Uncle Stanley."

"Yeah, that'll be great." Inside my gut, those roaring waves of excitement crashed so loud that I didn't realize how sinister it was that all her uncles wanted to meet me. The street lights played over her magnificent cheekbones, her fantastic eyes, her coal-black hair. I felt hints of her body, round and soft, through her corduroy parka and my sheepskin coat. I clutched desperately to my bag of groceries.

The great Atlantic salmon struggling thousands of miles upstream, leaping waterfalls, battling bears to mate is nothing compared to your average high school sophomore. The salmon dies in the attempt, and so, often, does the sophomore, in more ways than one. As we ambled through the gloom, I didn't have the slightest hint of what was coming; neither, I suppose, does the salmon. He just does what he has to do. So did I.

"Hey," I said just before we got to her house. "Where is this party going to be?"

She looked into my eyes with that gland-tingling look that can drive a man out of his skull—if he's lucky.

"It's a surprise. You'll have fun."

Instantly I pictured a mysterious, blue-lit den somewhere with writhing bodies and the distant thudding of orgiastic drums. Her smoldering gaze promised everything. I felt deep-down stirrings, and I was glad it was dark.

A few snowflakes drifted down between us as we reached her doorstep. She closed her eyes in the dim light. I leaned forward. Our lips touched. My ears roared. Passion rushed in a mighty torrent through my veins. . . .

RRRRRRRIIPPPPP! I felt my bag of groceries give way. I grabbed frantically at a carton of eggs as it hurtled to the sidewalk, followed by a bottle of ketchup and a jar of strawberry jam.

Lightly she breathed, "I'll see you tomorrow . . . darling." And was gone.

Blindly I struggled amid the gray heaps of snow. I salvaged only a half pound of sliced bacon, one number-two can of carrots and a loaf of rye bread. All the rest was ruined or lost. But it was only the beginning.

I was up at seven the next morning, nervous and excited. As I left for school after the usual oatmeal, I tried to catch a



"Feminist backlash, I guess."

glimpse of Josie, but her house was dark and silent. All day at school the talk was about Zodynycki and what he had said about our ball club. Naturally, passions ran high. The Whiting Oilers had always been menacing, but with Zodynycki at the pivot and popping off like that, it was going to be a grudge match. I played it as cool as I could, pretending to be deeply involved in the game. It was a peculiar feeling, since I was normally a red-hot basketball nut and for the first time in my life something else was sneaking in by the side door.

"Hey, you want to sell your ticket?" Schwartz asked after school. "You got a date tonight, so what are you goin' to do with the ticket?"

"I may sell, if the price is right," I lied, since I knew that I never would sell a ticket to one of the big games of the year, even if I couldn't use it. Just having the ticket meant something.

"I know a guy who'll give you four bucks, in my biology class."

"Nah, I'll hang on." Tickets cost students a dollar and a half, so four dollars wasn't much of a deal, and I wasn't going to sell anyway.

"Well, you lucky fink, just don't catch anything I wouldn't catch, ha-ha!" Flick yelled out at me at the top of his lungs as I left the crowd on my way home.

"Where you takin' her?" asked Schwartz as the December wind sighed through the telephone lines and the branches of the trees creaked under the load of ice they carried. Just before Christmas, it gets dark early in the afternoon on the Indiana plains. School had just let out and already it was almost dark. Two kids struggled by, pulling a Christmas tree on a sled.

"How 'bout the Dreamland Roller Rink?" Schwartz sarcastically suggested. "Girls love roller skating."

I said nothing, just chucked a piece of ice in his direction and headed home.

"How come you're not eating the creamed onions?" my mother asked at the supper table.

"Uh . . . I'll have some later," I answered. I didn't want any onions lousing up the plans I had in mind. Besides, I wasn't hungry. I was out for big game tonight, and food meant nothing.

I went into the bathroom and carefully shaved, and as usual the mysterious Nicked Chin Law went into operation—a peculiar phenomenon that I was not yet familiar with but which later became part of my life. All men know of this and have pondered it. On the evening of every important date, the razor invariably bites deep, leaving rich geysers of spurting blood in its wake. I stuck bits of toilet paper all over my face, attempting to stanch the flow. They didn't help, so I splashed Aqua Velva on my raw jaws. My face sizzled like a halibut on the broiler.

"Yer sure shavin' close for a basketball



"Who knows . . . what evil lurks . . . in the minds of men—Dr. Burnhart knows . . . heh-heh-heh-heh."

game," the old man tossed at me as he peered in the bathroom to see how much longer I'd be. He liked to finish the paper in there every night after supper.

"I'll be right out," I said noncommittally.

"Well, just don't take all night," he said, rattling the editorial page.

After the shave I doused myself with Bloode Of The Sheik, a spectacular cologne that my father had won on a punchboard and that came in a bottle shaped like an Arab riding on a glass horse. The label, in jade and gold, read: LOVE ELIXIR OF THE EAST . . . 47% ALCOHOL.

I sloshed it over my head and down my chest, and instantly an explosive aroma filled the bathroom and clouded the mirror. For a few seconds my head reeled out of control as the love elixir did its seductive work. I staggered out into the fresh air. The mixture of the cologne with Aqua Velva was irresistible.

Meticulously I got dressed, making sure that my T-shirt and Jockey shorts were snowy, my mauve-colored Tony Martin roll-collar sport shirt tucked carefully into my best slacks, my tweed sports coat devoid of telltale dandruff. Everything had to be absolutely right. This was a historic night. Never again would I suffer the guilt of knowing that I had never really done much with a girl except smooch with her in the balcony of the Orpheum.

I examined myself in the mirror in my room. A magnificent specimen of sophomore manhood. Bits of toilet paper still clung to my chin. The rich exhalations of the mysterious East rose about me in a purple haze. I was loaded for bear.

Slipping into my mackinaw, I clamped my green ear muffs on my head, wound

my precious eight-foot purple-and-white scarf around my neck 36 times—purple and white being our school colors, a combination so adroitly selected as to make all acne-ridden complexions look leprous by day and absolutely necrotic in gymnasium lighting. Casually, yet with a touch of stealth, since the old man had been known to change his mind without warning, I picked up the car keys from the dining-room table.

"Don't forget to fill the tank," he bellowed from the next room. I went out into the icy darkness and over to the garage. Tonight I had a date with an actual girl from East Chicago. An East Chicago Polish girl. At last, after a measly lifetime of basketball games and double features and French fries at the Red Rooster and Monopoly games with Schwartz and Flick. I was in the big time! I put the key into the ignition and the Olds started instantly, as if it, too, sensed impending ecstasy.

Since Josie lived next door, it wasn't much of a drive over to her house, but I hummed happily all the way as waves of excitement coursed up and down to every nerve ending.

The Olds had a gasoline heater that, when it was in the mood, was hotter than the hinges of hell. I flipped it on. Immediately a great flood of scorching air engulfed my feet and steamed the windows. Hot dog! Everything is going great! I pounded my mittens on the steering wheel in a frenzy as I eased out of the driveway and up to the curb in front of Josie's house. Life stretched before me, a vast unexplored continent of voluptuous abandon. With throttle wide open and a full head of steam, I hurled myself full tilt toward the unknown, little suspecting what lay ahead.

For a full half minute I sat in the

darkness, peering up at the porch through the frosted window of the Olds, composing my mind for the opening ploy. The heater roared. The car was richly warm and dark. Straightening my ear muffs, I swung out into the cold, leaving the engine running.

There had been plenty of changes since the Bumpuses' day. I thought as I reached the front porch. Somehow the unmistakable aura of the Kentucky clodhoppers and their brood of deformed animal life had given way to the alien mystique of Mittel-europa. I knocked on the front door and waited. Inside, all was silence. I peered in through the heavy curtains that hung at the front windows. Pitch darkness in the parlor, where once the Bumpuses had spent their squalid hours amid pig and chicken, dog and mule, guitars twanging at all hours, hawking and snorting and squatting amid old Montgomery Ward catalogs.

I knocked again, louder. Something seemed to be moving inside. The door opened a tiny crack.

"Who you vant?" A beady eye peered out at me.

"Uh . . . I come for Josie."

Silence. The eyeball glinted piercingly in the street light.

Finally: "Josie?"

"Yeah. Me and Josie are going to a party."

"You wait." The eye disappeared.

I stood alone on the wind-swept porch. For a brief moment, I had the wild urge to flee into the night. In fact, I was just about to turn and make a break for it when the door opened to a larger crack and the same voice, possibly female, said, "You come in. She not ready."

I found myself in the black parlor and was aware of dim, blocky shapes of furniture set with geometric precision about the room. A crucifix gleamed dully from atop an upright piano flanked by what looked like stone urns. I was led through the house and into the darkened kitchen. The overpowering aroma of Polish cooking engulfed me like an octopus. Coming from a family where Franco-American spaghetti was considered an exotic dish, this was enough to make me stagger slightly as I felt my way past the stove.

The figure ahead moved steadily to the cellar door and we descended the steps. Fear clutched at my vitals. At that time I was deep in the works of Sax Rohmer, the illustrious author of *The Hand of Fu Manchu*, *The Insidious Doctor Fu Manchu*, beside which Ian Fleming and his insipid Dr. No pale to the pasteboard figures that they are. Well I knew that Dr. Petrie had been many times lured into sinister traps down just such a passageway as I was traversing now. We reached the first landing. If I was going to escape at all, it was now or never. But like D. Nayland Smith himself, I allowed myself to be lured into the spider web of foreign intrigue.

For a moment, I was blinded by the bright light of the cellar.

"You sit. You eat."

For the first time I saw that my guide was a short, stocky woman wearing a black shawl over her head, her cheeks bright red with peasant health, her eyes a brilliant china blue.

"Me Josie's mother."

A heavy-set man sat at a table, huge shoulders bulging under his uncomfortable-looking shirt. He wore suspenders,

something I thought only firemen did. He had a handle-bar mustache of such magnificence and daring that he would have been an instant hit in any of today's hippie communes. His thin blond hair was parted in the middle.

"You take Josie to party," he said, his voice heavy and blocklike, like chunks of iron ore clanking out on the table. I recognized instantly that I was in the presence of a first-class open-hearth worker. Polish steel men are legendary and, in fact, the Paul Bunyan of the Gary mills was a Pole. This could have been Joe Magerac himself, a man capable of personally rolling out hot ingots between the palms of his hands.

I squatted at the table, surrounded by dishes loaded with boiled potatoes and slices of dark homemade Polish bread. Josie's mother, beaming, shoved a huge white plate of thick foreign china in front of me.

"You like cabbage, yes?"

Josie's father, as I suspected he was, dug into his own plate, a fine spray of juice rising about him as he tucked into his nightly meal. I looked down at my plate, and there before me was a mountainous, steaming portion of God knows what.

"But I already had supper," I protested weakly.

"You eat," she repeated, still beaming happily.

There was no way out. But if this was what I had to do for a night of passion, it was worth it. Taking a deep breath, I took a bite. For a moment, the heady mixture of cabbage, spices and meat was a great, wet wad in my mouth, and then its haunting, incandescent succulence, inevitability and *rightness* hit me where I lived. My God, I had never eaten anything in my life that came anywhere near this; even the chili mac at the Red Rooster, which had seemed to me to be the ultimate in cuisine, wasn't in the same league with this incredible concoction. Across the table from me, Josie's father attacked his second platterful, washing it down with a stein of dark beer. As I wolfed the cabbage down, it was like some long-contained, dammed-up secret part of me had broken into the open and was on the hunt.

As I ate I glanced around, noticed chairs, tables, couches, chests—a whole *house* in the basement. It was the first time in my life that I had met anyone who lived in the basement and kept the upstairs of their house. I later learned, for state occasions such as weddings, funerals and visits from the taxman. They had painted the furnace, which loomed at the far end of the basement like some multi-armed fairy-tale monster, a bright robin's-egg blue. All the furniture—the wooden tables and chairs and benches—was the same Easter-egg color.

"Josie almost ready," her mother said, pressing a half-dozen Polish pickles on



"This must be bear country."

me. Gripped by an uncontrollable rapacious hunger, I ate and ate, spurred on by the slurpings and fork scraping of Josie's father.

"You have good time. You good boy. You like cabbage?" she asked, forking a potato scented with bay leaves onto my plate.

"Cabbage good. I like." I was already talking like they did.

A huge belch welled its way up from the dark hidden caves of my body. I couldn't control it. It rumbled deep in my throat like a passing freight train laden with smoked hams and late-fall turnips. My fellow eater burped amiably through his handle-bar mustache and gulped down another two liters of beer.

"You good eater," he rumbled, and I hate to use that word because people are always "rumbling" things in bad books, but he *really* rumbled, the way only a Polish open-hearth worker can.

"Pickle, potato good, too," I mumbled between bites, elbow-deep in cabbage juice and beating down an insane desire to lick the plate.

The next moment, my eyeballs were straining at their moorings like two barrage balloons. Josie was with us. She had come down the stairs while I was in mid-burp and sucking a fugitive bit of cabbage from behind a back tooth. She wore a dirndl skirt, which at that time was a big deal among high school girls, but she wore a dirndl the way a tiger wears its skin. Her narrow waist flared suddenly into broad, sculptured peasant hips. Above a wide dirndl belt, her embroidery-laced puffed-sleeved blouse—stuffed fuller than the cabbage—billowed and rippled like the heavy white clouds that scud over Warsaw in the spring. It isn't often that a kid in the sophomore class has a date with an earth mother.

It's hard to explain the combination of the basement, the blouse, the stuffed cabbage, the handle-bar mustache and the mysterious shrouded parlor furniture, but all of it made me feel that I was in some kind of exotic delirium. Was the cabbage drugged? Were these actually highly trained dacoits in the pay of a power-mad Oriental? Their eyes *did* look strange, not like Esther Jane Alberly's wholesome Sunday-school orbs.

"Hi," was all she said, her voice rich and low like the waters of the Donau flowing beneath the ancient bridges of medieval Europe.

"Hi," I answered, my rapier wit honed to its finest cutting edge.

"I see my mother's been feeding you," she said, smiling in a way that made my socks itch deep inside my Thom McAn saddle shoes.

"Yeah. It sure was good. Boy. Yessir."

"Josie good cook," said her mother, clearing away the dishes and preparing to serve what appeared to be a plate of spectacular plum dumplings topped with sour cream. "She make cabbage."

"Josie cooked the cabbage?" I said stupidly, struggling to get to my feet and finding, unaccountably, that I seemed to be carrying several cast-iron bowling balls under my waistband.

"She make good wife one day." A claw gripped at my intestines. There was something in Mrs. Cosnowski's eye that I had never seen in the eye of a mother before. I would learn to know that look well in later years. At the time, I thought it was just the cabbage clouding my eyesight.

"Well, what do you say? Shall we go?" Josie asked lightly, touching my arm suggestively with the tips of her fingers.

"You come next, we play pinochle." Her father stood up, towering above me like a stone god from Easter Island, his head bowed under the ceiling. Seated, he was a human being; standing, he became a monument of 6'5" or 6'6", wearing what must have been a size-75 shirt with probably a 22-inch neck.

"I play pinochle good," I answered, which was the truth. We shook hands, or rather I stuck my tiny fist into the vise for a moment or two. My knuckles clattered and snapped.

"Next time Josie fix whole meal. You like." Her mother seemed to think only of food. Josie put her coat on and we climbed the basement steps, groped our way through the darkened parlor and

were out on the porch, Mrs. Cosnowski clucking behind us in her native tongue.

At last we were in the Olds, warm and redolent with muffler fumes. I felt Josie's hand resting on my arm as I shoved the car into first gear. I had no idea where we were going.

"They liked you," Josie said, her hand squeezing my arm affectionately as she snuggled closer.

"Yeah, they were sure great." I wanted to ask her about the basement scene, but I figured what the hell, live and let live.

"Did you really cook that cabbage?" I asked, struggling with the defroster. She said nothing, but her grip on my arm tightened perceptively. It's sad to relate that I was so ignorant in those days that I didn't even suspect a thing at that point. Of course, I suppose a mouse spotting a piece of cheese on the top of that funny little dingus with the springs figures that the cheese just happened to be there.

"Gee, I'm glad you got the car," she sighed. What was she trying to tell me? I detected a double meaning in every syllable, every intake of breath.

"Yeah, my old man lets me have it any time I want." This, of course, was a bald-faced lie. If I had gotten the car every time I wanted it, the old man would have had to walk to work, which was five miles away.

"Well, heh-heh-heh. Where to? Let's



Bruce Brown

"Sure, it sounds silly as hell, but until further investigation, that's it. 'We suspect a malfunction in one or more of his tiny reindeer.'"



"All right, Senator, let's try it again from where you look up with that quizzical little smile and say, 'Shush fund? Far from it! Why, staying in office has kept me poor as a church mouse.'"

get over to that party."

"Turn right on California and I'll let you know when to turn next."

"Who's throwing this party?"

"Ooh, look at the Santa Claus." She ignored the question, peering through the clouded window at a hulking electrical Santa in a store window who seemed to be alternately hitting croquet balls and picking his nose, his white cotton beard bobbing obscenely. A covey of tiny biplanes hung from wires. Colored lights flashed off and on as he labored atop a plastic-foam snowbank, surrounded by frogs dressed as musicians, playing, for some reason known only to God, *The Anvil Chorus*, which boomed out of loud-speakers above the window.

We drove on. My anticipation over the approaching party was almost uncontrollable. I'd always heard about great parties that other guys went to. They always described them in the clinical detail of a sex manual. I had even pretended to have been to a few myself, which, of course, like most of my life, was a sham and a fraud. The parties I had been to consisted mostly of shoving, standing around and drinking Cokes, turning up or turning down the record player and constantly going out for more potato chips. This pulsating creature next to me, so full of life and stuffed cabbage, obviously offered far more than potato chips.

The Olds banged along as it always

did, bottoming familiarly in and out of potholes.

"Turn right!" she said suddenly. Her hand clutched sensually at my arm as I wheeled the Olds into a lumbering right turn, clunking over the rutted ice. I couldn't figure out where she was taking me. I didn't know anybody from school who lived in this neighborhood. We rolled past the Ever Rest Funeral Parlor And Furniture Store, its green-and-red neon sign glowing bleakly onto the snow:

WE CARE. CREDIT TERMS ARRANGED.

"Tell me when," I said, trying to sound like Robert Cummings.

"Turn left here." Like most girls, she gave directions in retrospect, invariably telling you to turn just after you've almost passed the street. I spun the wheel wildly. A scurrying panel truck bounced in and out of the ruts, trying to avoid me. I caught a brief glimpse of a swarthy face mouthing obscenities. We crawled up a darkened street.

"OK. You can park here."

Cars were parked on both sides of the street and in a parking lot on my left. I eased into a slot. For a brief moment, I squeezed her hand in the dark, and her lips brushed my ear. Then we were out in the cold and going up some kind of gravel walk between snow-covered shrubbery. I could see in the darkness a great stone-turreted building. I thought, God

Almighty, I've hit the jackpot! I could see the headline: "ORGY AT WEALTHY HOME. TEENAGERS ARRESTED." I saw other people going in a side entrance, and brief flashes of light from within. We stood now in the gloom cast by a vast stone façade. Gargoyles leered from black nooks wearing tiny caps of crusted ice. Josie's eyes gleamed with an exalted light. NO! I thought, it CAN'T be!

It was. The heavy wooden door swung open and we stepped into the vestibule of St. Ignatius R.C. Church. A throng of pious merrymakers eddied somberly around me. I had been euhred beyond human depravity. I had been tricked into a church Christmas party, something I had avoided like the plague for all of my atheistic years.

"Ah, my son, we haven't met you, have we?" A bald priest wearing gold-rimmed glasses leaped forward, taking my hand and clinging to it for a long, agonizing moment.

"Ah, I see you're with our little Josephine. Ah, yes. I remember her baptism, and now she's a grown lady and bringing her young man here for us to meet. Well, we'll grow to know each other well, my son, and . . ."

Her young man! We'll grow to know each other well! What is this? Our little Josephine stood at my side, her arm linked in mine, eyes shining.

"Yes, Father, he could hardly wait to get here."

I looked her full in the face, expecting to see a wink, some sign that she was kidding, but no! A look of benign piety glowed on her magnificent face. I began to feel like a worm in the apple, a butterfly on the pin. The crowd moved forward, the priest greeting newcomers and pointing me out. I heard snatches of conversation: "Josie's young man," "My, one minute they're babies and the next you're marrying them. . . ."

Heavy men with mustaches and ladies with shawls beamed at me. Hundreds of little kids bumped and milled at my knees. From somewhere in the bowels of the church, I heard a deep steady thumping. We moved on in the great throng, downstairs, through corridors, the thumping growing louder. Again I was seized by a paroxysm of fear, some instinct telling me to flee before it was too late.

And then it was too late. We were in a huge room heavy with the scent of sweating bodies and Polish cooking. The heavy, rhythmic thumping made the floors jar, the walls shudder. Sweat coursed down my shoulder blades. Josie grasped my hand.

"Darling, do you dance?"

I was known as a particularly tenacious dancer in my somewhat limited set, but I had never seen anything like this. On a stand on one side of the room, dressed in suspenders, funny pants, embroidered shirts and plumed derbies, were Frankie Yankovic and His Polka

On his last outing, Studs Merkel wowed the gang with his own special, triple-filtered cigarette.

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...almost everybody



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All-Stars, thumping out the *Dawn Patrol Polka*, a particularly insistent and violent example of the genre. I was yanked almost off my feet by a single powerful motion of Josie's left arm. Her beautiful feet thumped the floor maniacally. I bobbed up and down like a yo-yo on a tight string. Elbows jabbed me in the ribs, deep and hard. I caught brief images of sweating faces, clumping feet. Frankie Yankovic and His All-Stars—led by Frankie himself, playing a mother-of-pearl accordion—rose to thunderous heights that would have made Cole Slaw out of the most powerful electronic rock groups. Every third beat, feet rose and fell like great balls of concrete.

For some unaccountable reason, I discovered I was a consummate polka dancer. The polka is a true soul dance. You don't learn it; it engulfs you and sweeps you on in a flood of braying cornets and tootling clarinets and the thundering syncopation of bass drums and cymbals. The drummer, a heavy-set Pole, squatted like a toad amid his equipment, operating with the machinelike precision of a pile driver. I bounced and sweated, Josie clinging and hopping, ducking and bobbing as one born to the beat. As we danced she seemed to grow progressively more alien and foreign. In the midst of the 23rd chorus of the *Stars and Stripes Polka*, as we swirled past a group of shawled ladies standing like vultures along the wall, I caught a glimpse of a pale, harassed, hawklike face. We swirled around the floor again like a merry-go-round out of control. Deedle deedle BOOM Boom deedle deedle BOOM Boom! The drummer's heavy foot rose and fell like an air hammer, booming out the bass notes.

Again I saw that white, pinched face staring directly at me like some despairing ghost. It was Howie. *Howie!* Our eyes met. He was trying to tell me something. I saw a round little fat girl clinging to his elbow and around them, like so many toadstools around a rock, three other short, squat children, noses running, some crying, some yelling, all with the look of Howie around the eyes. Old Howie, who could handle a basketball like Bob Cousy. Howie, who had worked 18 hours a day at Pulaski's, lugging potatoes and weighing salami, ever since he married his Polish girlfriend.

It was then that I knew I had to get out of there fast. Josie was wearing some kind of perfume that must have been brewed by the Devil himself. The more she danced, the headier it became; but I was impervious to its siren lure, for every time we spun around, I saw Howie standing there like a dead man among the shawled women with his round little wife and his brood.

Frankie Yankovic did a rippling riff on his squeeze-box to signal a brief break in the gymnastics. Even though I was in top shape and had been playing basket-

ball, football and Indian wrestling for months on end. I was wheezing badly. The sweat had run down my armpits and soaked my new Jockey shorts.

"I'm so glad we came. You're going to like the Father. He's a wonderful man."

"Uh . . . yeah." I saw large numbers of the celebrants pushing their way into the next room, where there seemed to be some sort of table set up. "I'll get us a drink or something. OK?"

Josie was now in confidential conversation with a girlfriend. They appeared to be talking about me. Her girlfriend nodded in what looked suspiciously like approval.

"Uh . . . I'll get a couple of Cokes. And one for your friend."

Josie smiled. Like a greased pig, I darted off through the doorway, threading my way through the crowd like a hall-back on an off-tackle slant. I edged past a table where nuns were selling gingerbread men and cider. Again I caught a glimpse of Howie, who looked more harassed than ever as he handed doughnuts around to his crowd of kids. It was a sight that chilled the marrow. I worked my way up a stairway against a stream of people who were working their way down. I was in the vestibule, moving like a shadow. And now I was at the door.

Suddenly, without warning, a heavy weight descended on my left shoulder from behind. For an instant, I thought I was having a paralytic stroke brought on by too much dancing. Some immense force spun me counterclockwise. A great hulking form blocked out the rest of the room from my vision.

"Uh . . . hi, Stosh."

He looked at me with a kind of joyous hunger flickering in his beady eyes, the way a Kansas City lineman must look when he's closing in on Joe Namath.

"Yuh havin' a good time wit' Josie?" he asked rhetorically.

"Yeah! Sure! Great!"

It was then I became aware that he was not alone. He had a friend with him. He looked vaguely familiar.

"This is Josie's fella." He introduced me. "I want you to meet Uncle Stanley."

"Pleasta meetcha," the stranger muttered, sticking out a gigantic mitt. Something in that voice rang a bell. Good Lord, no! It was the steel puddler from the Buick! He looked at me with cool, malevolent eyes, and then I remembered that brilliant conversation in the back seat of that wreck he drove, about *scoring* and all that!

Uncle Stanley looked down at me and for a second or two I hoped he didn't recognize me. "Howya doin', kid?" The way he said it, I knew he knew, and it didn't sound good. "Hey, Stosh, where's Josie? I wanna talk to her." Uncle Stanley sounded like he meant it.

They both turned to look for Josephine. I saw my chance and took it. Like a flash, I was out the door. Behind me I

could hear the Polka All-Stars going into high gear for the second set. I darted across the crusted ice, catching a fleeting impression of the door slamming open against the wall behind me as Stosh, all his magnificent killer instincts turned up to full, lumbered into the backfield. I knew I'd have to come back for the car later. Around a concrete wall I shot. Stosh huffing behind me, through a hedge, across a street, down an alley, through a used-car lot, past the Ever Rest Funeral Parlor And Furniture Store, down another alley and then a long, dark street. Stosh moved surprisingly well for a giant, but after what seemed hours, he finally gave up the chase. I continued to run, blindly, hysterically, sensing that I was running not from just Stosh or Stanley but from what happened to Howie, from the doughnuts, the toadstools, the ladies with the shawls—all of it!

I found myself in a familiar neighborhood. There was another huge building with thousands of cars and gleaming yellow lights. The Civic Center! The Whiting Oilers! The big game! I ran up the long concrete steps, gasping for breath, fumbled through my wallet at the turnstile and found my ticket.

"What quarter is it?" I asked the doorman.

"Just beginning the third."

"What's the score?"

"Sixty-five-sixty-three. Whiting."

From deep inside the arena I heard great roars. I was safe! Back home! I struggled to my reserved seat: Seat 6, Row G, Section 21. At last I found it. Empty. Inviting. Waiting for me. The great scoreboard with its flashing yellow and red lights loomed reassuringly overhead.

Next to me was Schwartz. We had bought our tickets together. And on the other side of him was Flick. My chest was heaving and sweat poured down my face. A five-mile run in the snow brings roses to the cheeks.

"Boy, that must have been some date!" Schwartz stared at me admiringly. A hooting roar came from the crowd. Flick hollered: "Zodnycki canned another one! Look at that bastard hit them hook shots!"

Oblivious, Schwartz dug his elbow in my ribs. "How was she?"

"Fantastic! Unbelievable! There's no way I can tell you about it. Them Polish girls are somethin' else!"

That night a legend was born. I stood tall among my peers. Naturally, I've left many of the details hazy and embellished others, but that's the way you do in life. Suffice it to say that I never saw Josie much after that. It's not easy to see much of someone when you wear sunglasses to school and sneak home every night after dark through the cellar window.





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BEST-KEPT SECRET

(continued from page 223)

Mortonville and Doc, but howsomeever you need to know about that anyhow.

I might as well warn you right now, it ain't a happy story. It's terrible sad. I reckon you'd consider it sadder for Mortonville and the folks of Mortonville than you would for anyone else. But of course I reckon the folks of Mortonville acted about the same as folks do anywheres else when there's a freak amongst 'em. Did you ever notice how when a new hound dog is introduced into a pack, the rest of them will just about kill him ifn his owner ain't around to protect him, or did you ever watch a flock of chickens kill one of their own bunch when it took sick or lost an eye or a foot or somepin, anything that made it different. I reckon critters and humans are pretty much alike in that department, they hate anything they don't understand and they don't want to understand

anything they hate. Naturally if it ever tries to do anything natural they'll always kill it. Humans are natural critters too, I guess, and just naturally go around actin natural. It scares 'em to see another of their own kind in an unnatural shape that they mighta just as easy have been in themselves. It's easier to destroy him than it is to live with him, so that's what they'll generally end up adoin.

I remember when Doc was just a little fella. He was raised by ole Crazy John Cobb, our town blacksmith. Lonely, strange quiet man that nobody never did know where he come from. Just blew into town one day back in the Eighties with a baby boy, Doc. Ole John's story must be sorta interestin too, but nobody knows nothin 'bout it. Anyhow I remember one day when Doc was about eight or nine year old he went off fishin with some other boys and they all took a

notion it'd be funny to run off and leave little Doc, cause he couldn't hear nothin and he couldn't yell for help down there in the bottoms neither. I reckon they figured that would be some kind of fun sport. Anyhow as it turned out lil ole Doc sorta threw grist in their mill cause not only did he get back to town all right, but he got back in a first-class way that damn near drove them other kids crazy with envy. It tickled the bejesus out of me, but it made a lot of people sore'n hell in this town. You see what happened is this. That lil ole deaf-mute youngun didn't do nothin but use his head, he went straight to the railroad tracks and commenced to afollowin them back to town. He knowd that train came to Mortonville every day and he knowd that them rails led it, so why not him. Pretty good for a deaf-mute youngun huh? Well, the funny thing about it all though was the fact that he didn't come awalkin back in, he come aridin right up in the cabin of ole number four, the Delta Dart, with Shad Hamilton aengineerin and Casey Jones asittin on the firebox and brake. That was before Casey got famous by killin his damn-fool self over in Mississippi, but anyhow that's how the boy Doc come aridin back into town to the envy of every boy what seen it. Shad told me he was highballin it better than a mile a minute when him and Casey come around Turner's Bend and that's when they seen the boy awalkin along the tracks. They whistled at him and he didn't even look up. Shad said it scared hell outa him, and he shet off the throttle and locked up all the wheels and skidded up to within just a foot or so of the lil ole kid, who never did look back, but they had come to a dead stop by then and the danger was over. Shad said Casey told him he said, "Shad," he said, "that ole kid's deaf," and Casey climbed down offn the engine and run on up ahead and picked him up and brought him back to the cab. Now ya see, to me, Shad and Casey that seemed like an all-right adventure, nobody got hurt, but you know what these folks around here did? Why they got so all-fired upset over that that they had ole Judge Pickens draw up a restrainin order on Crazy John. Yah, a restrainin order, so as that kid couldn't never be outa John's sight again. Well, of course, that meant no more fishin 'ceptin when Crazy John could take off from the shop. Nor no more playin with the other kids atall, as far as that goes. From then on in, the lil youngun just hung around John and his shop, mopin around there lonely and forsaken like, with his big eyes awatchin them other boys at baseball and all sorts of shinny games. But I reckon his stickin so close to that shop



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hail, heat and all kinds of shit, the hippie
postman keeps his appointed rounds."*

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and them tools is what made him such a genius in other ways.

It's a funny thing. J. C. Cummins was one of the fellers most responsible for that restraining order years ago and I happen to know for a fact that Doc has carried him on credit for as much as a year or so at a time and ain't nobody's equipment in better shape, thanks to Doc. Why he even made ole J. C. an automatic plow lifter after he'd suffered that bad back several years ago and didn't charge him a red cent for it neither. Didn't get nothin' from the manufacturer neither and now everyone of those cultivators come with a factory-made lifter that they copied right offn ole J. C.'s, the one Doc made for him.

I keep alettin' myself git off on these side stories and they ain't really important. The story I wanted to tell ya is all about Doc and that all-fired (and that's sort of a bad word to use) machine. The one he built and worked on at nights inside his shop where no one could see. Sometimes he'd be up in that shop ahammerin' and aweldin' and aforgin' all night long, much to the curiosity of everybody in Mortonville. This musta gone on for four or five years.

Doc was alettin' the rest of his business go to hell aworkin' on that contraption, or whatever it was inside that shop. He was like a man in love, really in love,

and devoted to some sort of a regal lady. She got 100 percent of his attention from dusk to daylight and 90 percent of it from daylight to dusk.

A'many a time I strolled over and hinted every way I knew how and tried to get a peep at it through them smokey ole winders, but I never got even an inklin or a glimpse. Doc could be real cagey when he wanted to be and real secrecy. I guess it was one of the only real natural human joys he ever got outa life. I mean it was about the only way he could sure nuff torment another soul.

J. C. Cummins and the other deacons over to the Baptist church had finally had enough of ole Doc's hammerin' durin' Wednesday night's prayer meeting and Bible school, and had gotten word to the sheriff to have him cease and desist from seven P.M. to ten P.M. on Wednesday nights. Course, most of us knew that ole Doc's hammerin' and aworkin' wasn't the real reason they wanted him stopped. They're just a cantankerous bunch that don't like nobody adoin' nothin' they ain't adoin'. Well, it so happens that ole Doc was ahammerin' while they was ahypocritin' and they wasn't adamn sure about to quit what they was adoin', so the only thing left to them was the law to stop Doc from adoin' what he was adoin'. Mainly somethin' constructive.

Of course, that whole mess caused some

real hard feelins between Doc an' the churchboys so's he not only quit agoin' to church (which I never did figure out why he went in the first place, 'ceptin' maybe cause he was deaf and didn't have to listen to none of that hogwash no-how). Anyways not only did he quit agoin' he commenced to make up for his lost time on Wednesday nights by aworkin' in all day Sunday, during the service and everything. Well, I ain't too smart but even I could see that J. C. Cummins and them other deacons sure wasn't gonna put up with that for long, and sure nuff they didn't neither. A couple a weeks later they all went amarchin' right back down there with the sheriff and another cease and desist order. Doc obeyed, all right, but the minute the town hall bell sounded 12 noon a clamor rose up out of ole Doc's shop that I do believe even he could hear. It angered that preacher somewhat but it pleased most of his flock cause they had finally found a way to shut off his hot air in time to get home to Sunday dinner before it was supper.

Sometime during the second year of Doc's secret project he had become right friendly with our schoolmaster's little daughter, Susie Thompson. Susie was about 11 or 12 and as pretty a little black-headed girl as you ever did see. Folks around town never quite understood why Mr. and Mrs. Thompson

Announcing the 1971 Duster.

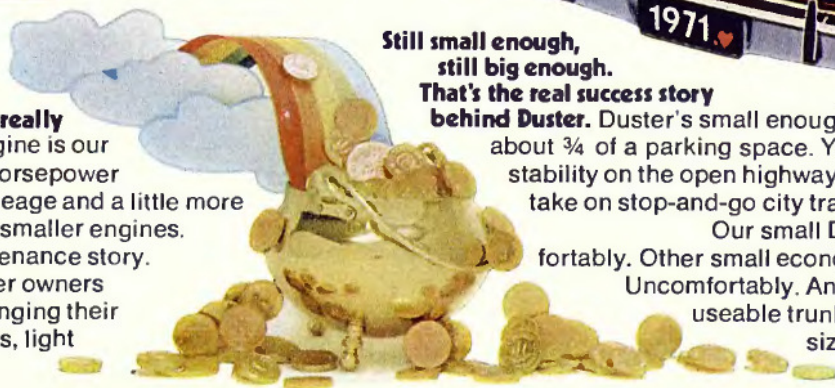


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Duster's small enough to slip into about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a parking space. Yet it's big enough to give you stability on the open highway. In other words, it can easily take on stop-and-go city traffic as well as freeway traffic.

Our small Duster seats five adults. Comfortably. Other small economy cars seat five adults, too. Uncomfortably. And Duster has 15 cubic feet of useable trunk space. Or about three good-size suitcases more space than most sub-compacts.



would let Susie hang out down there so much, but Mr. Thompson didn't seem to mind, as a matter of fact he acted like he was almost proud of his little girl for atakin up with the likes of a deaf-mute. Well, Mr. Thompson and J. C. Cummins had several pretty good run-ins over it until that schoolteacher told ole J. C. off in some pretty fancy words one day; course they was prob'ly all wasted on J. C. anyhow, cause he prob'ly didn't understand any more of 'em than I did, or any of the other members of the town council. We just knew what they meant, that's all.

Personally I was sorry to see it happen cause Mr. Thompson had to know that it would be the end of his job as schoolmaster in Mortonville. Course, I don't think he'd a ever made it anyway, what with not ajoinin the Klan—what's even worse, atalkin against it, and bein a nigger-lover and havin a college education from Harvard instead of State; you couple all that with his bein a Presbyterian and he didn't have no chance to begin with.

But anyhow little Susie kept on seein Doc pert near every night. Oh my, how that did upset some of the folks hereabouts that had nothin more to be upset about. It didn't bother me too much cause like I told ya before I'm sorta the nose-y sort and I'd already found out

about Doc and Susie. She was alearnin him how to talk with his fangers and hands and doin a pretty good job of it too I reckon. I'd sit in my room acrost the street at the Palace Arms and I could see 'em silhouetted behind them ole smokey winders just achattin away at each other.

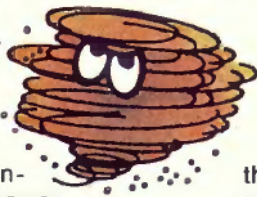
I think the main reason J. C. and them others over to the church put up with it at all, I mean alettin Susie go over there by herself at night even with her parents' permission, was that they hoped that maybe she'd let it slip sometime what ole Doc was abuildin. Cause whatever it was they was afigurin on it being a big moneymaker. Maybe even an automatic cotton picker, anyhow some kind of something they could all get rich off of.

If Susie had told 'em they wouldn'ta believed it. It was on a Sunday morning, March 17th, just a few hours before dawn when I woke up and heard somethin takin place out in the street in front of the Palace. I went over to my big bay winder overlookin the main street and Doc's shop, and to my amazement Doc was out there with the god-damnedest lookin contraption I ever did see or hear tell of. He was ahookin it all up together. It took me a minute or so to get my senses about me and then it all started to come in clear. It looked sorta

like a windmill alayin down with two huge big flimsy barn doors astrapped on top and two underneath. On the back end was what looked like an emblem offn a playin card out of the club suit, with a contraption about half way forward mounted up sorta high with a long wood plank stuck on it; and that's where Doc was at the moment, afoolin around with that thing half way up forward, or half way back, whichever direction the damn thing was apointin. By the time I'd got out there and my pants on there was two or three other fellers: the telegraph operator, Ed Edwards, and a coupla niggers that worked down to the livery stable. Everybody was just astandin there agoggin at it and ole Doc was just as busy as he could be apourin somethin that smelled like coal oil into that midway contraption. We all just sorta stood there and watched and he never paid no attention to us, but just kept on agettin busier and busier adoin things here and there, until finally there musta been 35 or 40 of us out there. Everybody was aspeculatin on what it was. Bill Carlyle was alayin eight to five odds, that whatever it was supposed to do, it would do. His confidence in Doc bein as great as our ignorance. B. John Peabody figured it to be a peanut sheller of some sort or other, or a reaper like the McCormick one. Albert Love figured it to be some

A success story.

Part of Duster's success lies in its range of options. Duster has over 50 different options you can choose from. That's part of its charm. You can add power brakes, or a tachometer, or Chrysler Corporation's exclusive Stereo Cassette Tape Player (you can record with it—right from the radio), or bucket seats, air conditioning, tinted glass, power steering, or more.



©Chrysler Corporation.

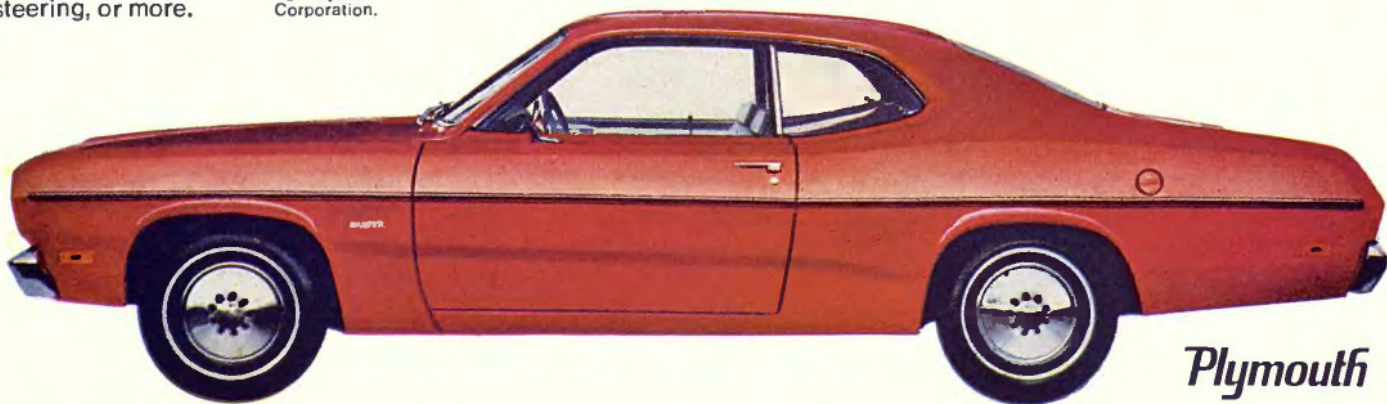


Duster's been very successful at winning friends and influencing people. The reason is simple: Duster is the car for the times. The kind of car people will be turning to in the Seventies. Over 175,000 car buyers thought so last year. And we expect more of the same kind of success in 1971. Duster. Built and engineered with extra care.

The '71 Duster comes through with a whole lot of success for you.



Coming Through.



Plymouth



sort of a hay baler, or a road grader, and just as I was about to come up with my idee Susie and her daddy stepped up. "See, Dad, isn't it beautiful. He made everything on it, even the engine. And all he had to go by were some old books."

"Yes, yes, it is beautiful, Susie. I just hope it works."

Susie was quick to reassure her father. "Oh, it'll work all right, Dad. It just has to."

Well, I can tell ya my ear was a-itchin off awaitin to hear what the hell it was supposed to do. When finally Mr. Thompson said, "Well, even if he gets it off the ground, that's only half the job. He's got to bring it back down safely."

A flying machine! Well, I'll just be hit in the ass with a river boat. And about that time Doc gave that plank on that middle contraption a hard pull and the thing fired, sputtered, spewed, stewed, and then fell silent. We all moved back a few steps, terrified and in awe, and you could see people acomin outa their houses all over town to see what in tarnation made that racket. It was jest gettin daylight and ole Doc gave her another pull, and that time she exploded to life in a ball of smoke and fire and thunderous noise that woke up the rest of the town. Everybody was acomin from every direction as ole Doc climbed into a seat he had rigged and it became clear that he intended to take that thing off right down our main street. Course, I guess there warn't no better place, it bein long and straight. The only problem was that grove of woods right at the end, and too, some of the nightshirtyed citizenry who was all out there arunnin up and down and acrost it like a bunch of flushed quail. Then ole Doc commenced to wave his arms at them and we commenced awavin and ayellin our damn fool heads off too and as the street begin to clear ole Doc started pushin on the throttle. The engine got louder and louder and the stick on it commenced to spin faster and faster till it was setting up some kind of a wind behind it. Maudie Clark commenced to scream, and run agatherin up all of her younguns and aheadin for the storm cellar. Womenfolks was ascard and ascreamin and acarryin on something fierce. The rest of us commenced to cheer louder and louder as ole Doc and his machine began to move. All of a sudden then it was just atearin lickety split right down our main street and about the time it got to Hooker's store blame if she didn't take off. We was awwhoopin so loud and hard and was all so excited we plumb forgot about that grove of trees that stood a good 100 feet high at the end of town. "Yip-pee-e-e-e, hurrah-h-h-h, he's aflyin, he's aflyin. My God he's took off." Everybody

was ashoutin and ascreamin their lungs out. Well, nearly everybody that is. A couple of womenfolk had fainted, and Matthew Flatt, the damn fool, had fallen out of the third-floor window of the Delta Queen Hotel down the street. Ya see he had come arunnin to the winder just in time to see ole Doc aroarin down the street and atakin off, and when ole Doc flew by just inches away from ole Matthew's nose he just naturally lolled him right on out the winder. Matthew shoulda knowd better, he's dumb-ern a day-old mule turd and he knowd what a genius Doc was. He oughta knowd he couldn't fly too. Anyhow all hell was abustin loose. Some folks was achievein and ayellin, some was ascreamin and acryin, and some was awailin and aprayin. And I was just astandin there dumfounded with my heart plumb up in my throat asecin the close calls ole Doc was ahavin. Like first off he just barely skimmed over the top of that grove of pines, and then all of a sudden that blame machine took a big notion and just flipped herself over upside down. Well, I thought ole Doc was a goner for sure till he finally got her reined in and uprighted again. I never seen anybody as happy as lil Susie was neither. She and her paw was just abeamin. As Doc made a long and graceful circle out about two or three miles of town I seen J. C. Cummins aridin into town hell bent. He come abustin through everybody, wantin to know what the hell was that up there in the sky, and the preacher told him that it was Doc and that was his contraption. With that the preacher dropped to his knees in his most Southern and most Baptist, and even his most reverend pose, and bellered out like it was his own original saying. "Lordy, Lordy, what hath God wrought?"

J. C. impatiently kicked him in the ass and profoundly observed, "God ain't wrought a goddamn thing, but that heathen deaf dummy has. He's up there aflyin around as though he was an angel or somethin—that's plumb blasphemous."

By this time everybody had sorta started paying attention to what J. C. and the preacher was talkin about and at this point one old sister shouted, "You're right, J. C. Cummins. If God'd meant man to fly He'd put wings on him." There was a whole chorus of yahs, that's right, and they just commenced to amen in all over the place.

Well, I can tell you it made me sick cause I knew what was about to happen. The preacher said, "What are we to do with this infidel, this charlatan, this witch, for see how he flies as if on a broom, see, look yonder." And by God he *was* too. Ole Doc was up there 200 or 300 feet just acuttin all sorts of didos. He was aswoopin down and then he'd

zoom her up, and just generally flyin free as a bird. I was so took with him up there and awishin I was with him I missed some of the things that was agoin on down here among us ordinary mortals, or submortals. Cause the next thing I know J. C. Cummins has got his rifle out and he's gonna try to shoot ole Doc down. Now ain't that the craziest damn thing you ever heard of? But so help me, that's what the rotten bastard was up to. And what's even worse, the preacher and most of the folks who just a minute or two ago were so excited and, I thought, happy for ole Doc and his machine were right there on J. C.'s side, and supportin him. Mr. Thompson was ascreamin his lungs out tryin to git 'em to listen to some sort of reason, but he had no luck, for you see they were aflightin God's fight and everybody knows that you always win when you're on God's side, or vice versie, or the other way around, I fergit now which it is.

Well, I told you in the beginning it wasn't gonna be no happy story. I gave you fair warning. Ole J. C. shot and shot and shot till he finally hit the machine in the right place and it busted into a fireball you coulda seen plumb to tackyburd. As Doc and the flaming machine plummeted into Charley Wier's back patch everybody was just a-oohin and a-ahin like they was awatchin a Fourth of July fireworks show. Didn't seem to occur to nobody that Doc had really done somethin and that they was a-undo in it.

No soonern he'd hit good there was a bunch of us already aheadin there. We was arunnin ass bustin acrost Charley's place to see if Doc was all right. It warn't much doubt when we got there. Actually we never did really *git* there, we couldn't. You see the heat from that fire was so god-awful that none of us could break it. So ole Doc burned up there with his machine: there warn't enough left of him to load into a proper casket, nor even have a proper sort of puttin away.

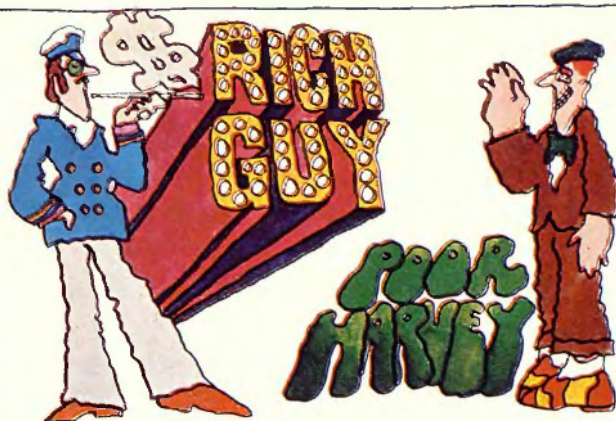
The town council of Mortonville, led by J. C. Cummins, voted to merely grade over the wreckage and level off old Charley's back patch so's they wouldn't have to pay him the damages he was askin the town, and then fergit about the whole thing. Yah, it was prob'ly one of the best-kept secrets of all times, that flight of ole Doc's. Tickle me when everybody thinks them two brothers from back East was the first ones to fly. Yes sir, a mighty well-kept secret. But then if you had lived in Mortonville and been a part of that you'd have awanted to keep it a secret too.

Funny thing about Mortonville though, today they got just about the biggest and best school and college in the whole world for deafies and dummies.



"Actually, I'm just a part-time employee. I only work during the Christmas and New Year's party."

You
don't have
to be rich
to be happy.



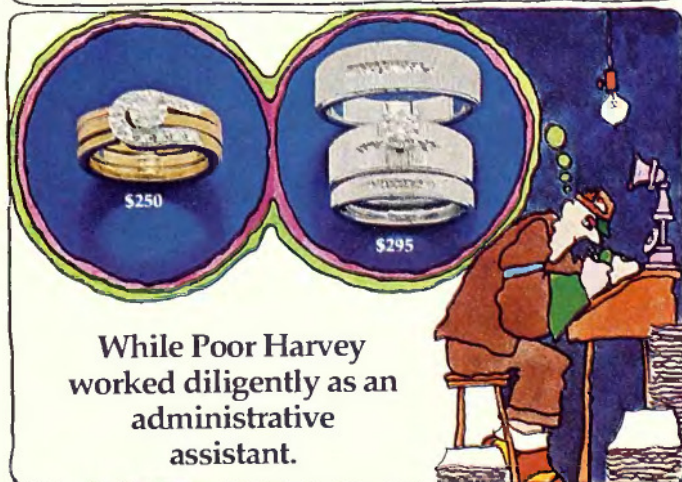
Once there were two guys.



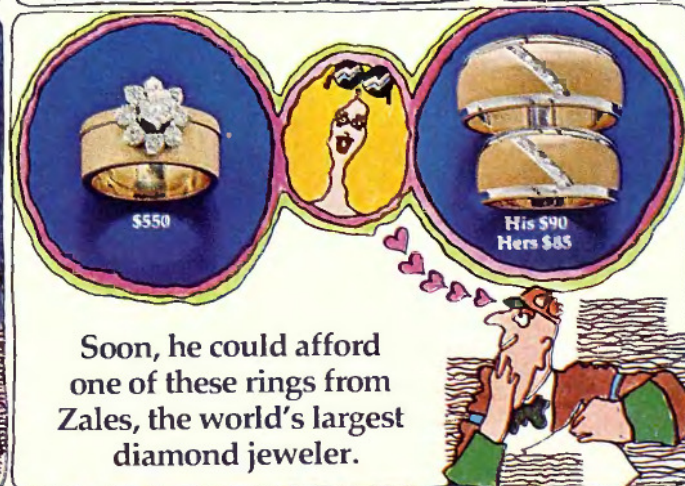
Both courted the same girl.



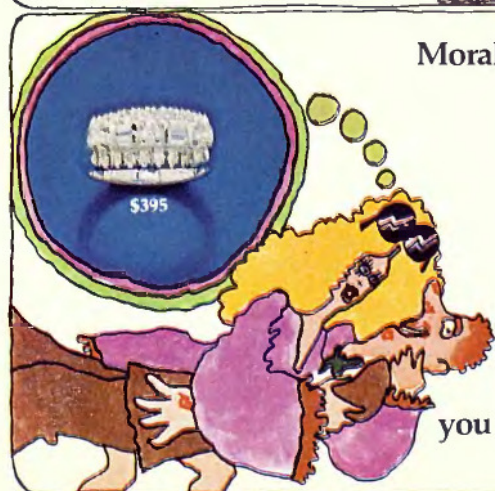
Rich Guy
showered her
with
frivolous gifts.



While Poor Harvey
worked diligently as an
administrative
assistant.



Soon, he could afford
one of these rings from
Zales, the world's largest
diamond jeweler.



Moral: You don't
have to be
"Rich"
to be
happy.
You don't
have to be
single,
either!
As long as
you get the girl!

© Zale Corporation, 1976



OUT OF TOWN *(continued from page 176)*

but not many. Airline people estimate a lead time of three to seven years in expanding an existing airport, six to ten years in building a new one.

The huge financing headaches involved may be cured in the years ahead by a new airlines trust fund that dedicates to airport construction the proceeds of an additional three percent tax on domestic tickets. But runways and terminals and Air Traffic Control facilities are by no means the whole problem: People, baggage and cargo must be moved to and from the airport. Here, urban transit authorities, road builders and three layers of government are involved. The crisis has shown up first—in Europe as well as here—in the lack of parking spaces at many airports. Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco, St. Louis, Los Angeles, London's Heathrow, Paris' Orly and other airports have either recently constructed multistory parking garages or are struggling to get them up in time to prevent collapse of the internal circulation system. The roads to the airport, however, are desperately inadequate almost everywhere. Every so often, planners wistfully suggest that the airlines relieve congestion by scheduling their flights at what are now off hours—especially since the on hours are those when commuters are trying to get home from jobs in the central city. But every time an airline tries rescheduling a flight from five p.m. to three, business drops by half.

In fact, there is no solution to road congestion on the way to the airport; some means of getting there other than the highway must be constructed. In Brussels, a high-speed rail link takes passengers and freight to the airport and in Cleveland, the subway has been extended to a terminal at the airport. New York has announced a special transit line to Kennedy and will doubtless build one eventually, though the design is still in the planning stage and financing difficulties are yet to be worked out.

Another possibility is the greatly expanded use of VTOL (vertical take-off and landing) aircraft—helicopters—to ferry passengers between central-city or suburban points and the terminal. Yet another is a shifting of relatively short flights (up to 500 miles) from the jetport to STOL (short take-off and landing) aircraft, which would relieve much of the crowding at the main terminals. But VTOL and STOL systems would require construction of an entirely new network of facilities, in competition for attention and money with proposals for high-speed ground service.

Similar difficulties surround the prospects for much supersonic service in the next ten years. The Anglo-French super-

sonic transport, the Concorde, will, indeed, come onto the air lanes in the first half of the decade, perhaps as early as 1973. It's a highly uneconomic aircraft, however. Even though the British and French governments are picking up all the development costs, the plane will cost at least half again as much as a 747 (maybe twice as much), and will carry at most half as many passengers (maybe only a third as many). Even when the economies of speed are counted in—a plane that can make two round trips a day between New York and Paris obviously offers more seats per day than a plane that makes only one—airlines flying the Concorde will have to charge first-class fares to break even.

In theory, the American SST would be much more economical, and the arguments in favor of building it are not so foolish as its political opponents would have us believe. Aerospace is the nation's largest manufacturing industry, with 1,175,000 employees, and it's among our largest sources of foreign-trade revenues; 85 percent of all commercial aircraft in use in the Western world were made in America. The SST project is today our only large-scale project advancing this technology, and its abandonment would have ramifications that might be unacceptable if we knew them all.

And yet the sonic boom may turn out to be an inescapable physical constraint. (Boeing keeps somebody investigating ideas for its elimination—"as we keep somebody investigating anti-gravity, not because it's going to happen but because the payoff would be so big if it did.") There is no theory of a democratic society that says tens of millions should "learn to live with sonic boom" so that tens of thousands can get to their destinations a little sooner. And we don't know how much harm crisscrossing jet trails at the 65,000-foot level might do to what is an unusually stable layer of the atmosphere. Anyway, on a more practical level, the airlines are hard put to absorb the costs of the new 747s, DC-10s and L-1011s. Though they've put into SST almost \$60,000,000 in deposits, which don't draw interest, the airlines aren't really as eager as they say. At best, even if everything stays on schedule, the Boeing SST isn't due until 1978; sometime in the Eighties—or never—looks like a better bet.

Indeed, a great increase in slow air travel is a more likely prospect. Two-engine private planes are already plying the Atlantic step by step through Labrador and Iceland, for the pleasure of their owner-fliers, and private flights to Bermuda and Nassau are commonplace. But

there is a limit to how enthusiastic one should become in examining this possibility. The thought of limitless numbers of private planes crowding the air the way our private cars now crowd the land brings to mind Samuel Hoffenstein's querulous parody:

*Breathes there a man with hide so tough
Who says two sexes aren't enough?*

For every reason, from personal safety to pollution control to national priorities, it is highly undesirable that people should feel they have a "right" to a private plane as they now have a "right" to a private automobile. Still, there will be enough airports in remote places to justify some expansion of pleasure flying, and those who are up in the air anyway will want to go somewhere interesting while they're about it. Most of the large new resorts and club facilities will maintain their own private airports for "general aviation."

For increasing numbers of Americans, travel is going to mean a home far away from home. Not many will be able to afford a house and land beside a golf course in Palm Springs, but the spread of condominium apartment houses (in Spain and Italy as well as in Miami Beach) means that a permanent base in remote climes has become a real possibility for the merely well to do. And there will be many, many more of those, in all countries.

What with clubs on the one hand and condominiums on the other, the future of leisure travel may look suspiciously like an anthill; and that danger does exist. The population explosion and the revolution of rising expectations are not just things you read about in books; you will have to live with them. But if you examine accounts of 18th Century travelers, when tourism first became fashionable, you'll find that the inns were crowded then—and filthy and dangerous, too. *Grand luxe* is still available for those who want to pay the price; and there are still plenty of corners of the earth where the adventurous can find nobody who speaks their language or ever heard of flush toilets. For people who just want to relax, enjoy themselves and learn a little about the world, the Seventies will offer new convenience, decent comfort and a soupçon of excitement at prices they can afford. If that doesn't seem like enough, consider the possibility that under a different dispensation, you yourself might be among the multitudes who could never hope to find the time nor the money to travel. We shall have to learn to get along with one another while traveling, too. Come to think of it, what's so bad about that?

WASTELAND REVISITED

(continued from page 229)

must really go to those network executives who have done their best to stifle creativity at every turn, to produce the kind of programing that will encourage the majority audience to keep its sets off. We all owe these men a great deal and I am one who is quite prepared to give credit where it is due.

As with any scientific contribution, there is always the danger of unintended adverse side effects. Because we had earlier built up a dependence upon television as a soma-type drug, polls indicate that 60 percent of the American people still believe they get most of their "information" from television. Anyone who has watched any television programing will immediately suspect that figure. After all, how much information is there on television? As guitarist-writer Mason Williams has said, "When television gets off into life, it gets lost." One week after the crucial first ABM debate began, the same percentage of the American people—60 percent—hadn't the foggiest notion of what the ABM was or of what they thought about it.

It's no coincidence that the Nixon Administration announced a multibillion-dollar expansion of the ABM system the same week the Administration eliminated all danger of inflation by cutting back

on the education budget. Education has always been a dangerous program, anyway, one that always threatens to increase the capacity of future generations to understand what's going on. Ignorance and secrecy are essential ingredients in much of politics and commerce, and our national security and prosperity depend on television and radio to promote these conditions.

Words, for example, flood from Washington each year, most of them dutifully repeated (not reported) by the news media in the fashion desired by the officials involved. But only one document each year makes any difference at all: the budget. It tells what's *really* going on in Washington. Understandably, the nation would be ill served should this document ever be fully explained to the American people. The news media have met their responsibilities in this area; most Governmental programs have been permitted to continue or even expand over the years because citizens have been told to resent their tax dollars going to "bureaucrats in Washington."

If it were widely known that the total of all expenses associated with the entire legislative branch of Government, the judicial branch and all the regulatory commissions combined constitute less

than one half of one percent of the Federal budget, people would ask what happens to the other 199 billion dollars. They might want to know why President Nixon recommended *increasing* maritime subsidies, for example, when every independent economist who's ever examined the subsidy program has concluded that it's a giveaway with virtually no economic benefit whatsoever to the American people.

They'd probably ask why the 264 largest farmers in the country receive average annual subsidies of \$200,000, while the 540,000 other farmers average only about \$100 each. They might wonder why they have to contribute over \$80,000,000 a year in tax dollars to subsidize tobacco growers while the Department of Health, Education and Welfare gets only \$2,600,000 to spend on anti-smoking efforts.

They might ask why a taxpayer who earns an average of \$3,000,000 a year pays taxes of less than 1 percent while most taxpayers pay 20 percent or more. They might question the wisdom of giving the Department of Defense 40 billion dollars a year for Pentagon propaganda and public relations—while the Department of Justice gets only \$5,000,000 for civil rights enforcement. They might wonder why we spend about twice the cost of the Medicare program on new-weapons research alone. And why the mere development of the ABM system in 1970 will cost two billion dollars, which is more than both the Community Action and Model Cities programs.

The danger of making this kind of information widely and dramatically available on television is obvious. But we in Government can count on the networks, for beyond the industry's simple patriotism, its self-interest is also involved. The same corporations that pay for commercial messages are involved in other pursuits that more seriously affect the American people and so should be of immediate concern.

For example, environmental pollution, a potentially dangerous subject, really can't be avoided at this time. But the networks courteously soft-peddled the fact that the Administration's new anti-pollution proposals actually *cut back* on spending in many environmental programs. They have also neglected to subject to tough questioning those upstanding corporate officials who are ultimately responsible for 80 per cent of all air pollution in America: the presidents of the three major automobile companies who have suffered embarrassment enough over their deliberate decisions to design automobiles that needlessly kill over 50,000 Americans each year in collisions (as many as die from all other accidents combined). They are, after all, major advertisers.

If these and other businessmen were subjected to rigorous questioning on camera, it would be difficult to avoid



"And I'd like to get two broads in bed at the same time, and I'd like to spend a month in the Bahamas with Raquel Welch, and. . ."

WHAT THE HOT COMB DOES THAT A COLD COMB DOESN'T.

1. The 3,000 year old comb.

The ordinary comb is a classic.

It's thousands of years old. And very, very functional.

The only trouble is, now that men are letting their hair grow long, it doesn't function as well as it used to.

The plain truth is, all a comb can really do is comb



your hair. The new Remington Hot Comb does a lot more.

It runs on electricity, which produces hot air, which provides a comb-blower effect. Which makes a big difference.

For instance, it can make you look like you've got more hair, if the more-hair look is what you want.

Or, if your hair has a great shape when you leave the barber shop, but no shape three days later, comb-blowing it dry with The Hot Comb will give you back the look Harry the barber gave you.



2. Who takes care of your hair when Harry's not around?



7. The only drawback.

About the only thing a cold comb does that The Hot Comb can't do is fit in your back pocket.

But that's a small price to pay for fixing everything that's wrong with your hair.

3. The cowlick.



What's more, you know that miserable cowlick you've had since you were six?

The one that drives you nuts?

With a little heat and the brush attachment, you can put it down in seconds.

4. The wing.



The same goes for those stray chunks of hair that jut out from the side of your head because you happened to sleep on your hair the wrong way.

5. The wave.



And you know that dumb wave in front? The one your mother loves but drives you up the wall?

The Hot Comb can make it disappear. (We'll leave you to decide what to do about your mother.)



6. Curlies are nice on girlsies.

If you write Remington, Box 100, Bridgeport, Conn., we'll send you a book that tells you how to deal with whatever kind of hair you have.

Even to straightening that beautifully curly hair you hate. And if a friend also needs straightening out, The Hot Comb makes a great gift.



THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON

REMINGTON THE HOT COMB TRADEMARKS OF SPERRY RAND CORP. © 1970 S.R.; ELECTRIC SHAVING DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

certain questions: why 11.5 percent of all 1968 and 1969 automobiles failed to meet *weak* Government safety standards (including brake failures in 10 of the 73 cars tested); why Dunlop refused to recall 90,000 unsafe tires when over 50 percent of these tested (30 of 56) failed a strength test; why the automobile manufacturers are making it virtually impossible for customers in most states to obtain the pollution-reducing equipment required on all cars in California; why they use bumpers that can't withstand an impact of six miles an hour, creating an unnecessary one-billion-dollar-a-year investment in bumpers and repairs; why roughly one third of all auto repairs are unsatisfactory. Even a limited investigation of these issues would make it much more difficult to sell cars to a docile populace.

Sensitive matters, of course, are hardly limited to the auto industry. Roughly two thirds of all fish-processing plants couldn't pass the sanitation requirements for meat plants, according to a little-publicized Department of the Interior report. Ralph Nader has revealed that 30 percent of all Federally inspected sausage making failed tests for cleanliness. Manufacturers of a rat poison, thallium sulphate, were ordered by the Department of Agriculture to take it off the market in 1960 because of its threat to children. Two years later, there were 400 children poisoned by thallium sulphate. There are about 10,000 fires annually caused by late-model TV sets that suddenly burst into flame; despite urging, the manufacturers are apparently unwilling to recall the defective sets. Over 3,000,000 acres of American landscape have been destroyed by strip mining—and less than 16 percent of it has undergone reclamation efforts from industry. When the citizens of Santa Barbara complained about the pollution of their beaches, a spokesman for Sun Oil said simply, "This is a big, expensive operation. We can't stop now."

We in Government are also gratified by the responsible job the media have done in covering the law-and-order issue. Those crimes that the poor and disadvantaged are most likely to commit have received widespread coverage. Consequently, the American people have focused their attention almost exclusively on these offenses, thus allowing white-collar crime to continue unabated without fear of public outrage. The only way the poor can take money that doesn't belong to them is by stealing it, and since robbery is usually accompanied by a great deal of publicity, this gives the poor a bad name. The rich, by contrast, can go to work for a bank and use the technique of embezzlement. The rich are able to take great sums of money every year in this way and—thanks to the understanding of the mass media—with almost no publicity whatsoever.

How many Americans have ever been told that a single price-fixing conspiracy may rob them of more than all the money taken by the poor in all robberies, burglaries and larcenies combined throughout the entire United States in a single year? It's vital to keep such information from those who cannot be counted on to respond to it with understanding. One official in New York, U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau, never learned this rather simple lesson. He once said, "We just felt that when accountants break the law and they do it knowingly and they certify a commercial balance sheet, they should be held responsible in a criminal case, just the way somebody is who robs a bank or steals a car." Well now, you can't just go putting some of the finest people in town in jail; ultimately, it became obvious to everyone that Mr. Morgenthau would have to be replaced.

Corporate executives regularly eat, and quite grandly, at public expense—half the bill paid by the public as taxpayers, the other half paid by the public as consumers. While it is possible to feed a small portion of the population in this way, it would be administratively difficult for the great masses of poor people to be permitted to feed themselves in the same fashion, simply signing a slip of paper to have the bill paid by others. Were the millions of poor and hungry well informed, they might demand such extravagances for themselves.

The public may misunderstand the gentleman's agreement between the Administration and the media. Many applauded the Vice-President's criticism of the networks for rather feebly attempting to analyze one of President Nixon's Vietnam speeches. A fan of the Vice-President, Miss Tricia Nixon, expressed her admiration directly when she said: "He's amazing, what he has done to the media. . . . You can't underestimate the power of fear. They're afraid if they don't shape up. . . ." Even the Vice-President is pleased: "Sometimes when I look around at the tube from time to time, I think I have had a modicum of success."

It would be embarrassing to explain to the public that the Administration will apparently guarantee the economic interests of the broadcasting industry, as long as the media give the Administration favorable coverage in return. It would be awkward to explain that while the Vice-President complains that the media are too uniform and concentrated in too few hands, the Administration has recently signed into law the newspaper industry's monopoly-authorization bill (the so-called Failing Newspaper Act) and the President's Director of Communications, Herb Klein, has announced his opposition to Senator Thomas McIntyre's bill to split up some of the larger media monopolies. Klein spelled it out in an informal luncheon with the Radio and Television News Directors Association.

Bill Roberts reported: "Klein maintained that the real way to determine the Nixon Administration's attitude toward broadcasters is from its appointments to the Federal Communications Commission, *not through its speeches*. And he posed the question—aren't the . . . Nixon Administration appointees good men, *from the industry's point of view?*"

The Administration has apparently begun a protection racket. If broadcasters pay up with free time and favorable news coverage, the Administration will protect the industry against economic loss from legislation to limit ownership and advertising time, public participation in the license-renewal process, antitrust suits and the like—by means of counter-legislation and favorable FCC appointments. On the whole, the arrangement seems to be working fairly well.

Where does all this leave us? A growing number of people in this country are so shocked and disgusted with what they believe to be the current state of the union that they propose simply to opt out of it. Norman Mailer thinks "the only way to end our smog is for citizens to take up muskets, get on barges, go to Jersey and explode all the factories." Let's hope that isn't necessary yet.

Quite apart from these criticisms, one main gripe today is the state of the media. There are people who just don't believe television anymore. Twenty percent of the American people believe we never actually landed on the moon. TV has sold products that harm them, are overpriced, don't work, don't deliver on their promises of sexuality and happiness or that they really don't want. The frustration and outrage are understandable.

Television has been characterized as the ultimate product of a mass-produced, plastic, throwaway society: Package and product are instantaneously consumed at the moment of manufacture. But the news medium is simply too vital to our country to discard it along with the other throwaway accouterments of our culture. Pete Seeger has remarked that for someone to say, "Let the boobs watch television, I get my enjoyment from books," is like saying, "What do I care about polluted rivers? I have a swimming pool." I think it's a matter of desperate urgency that we worry about the pollution of our minds as well as our rivers.

Some have made courageous choices. Ralph Nader is one. Mr. Nader is a fine lawyer. He could be working for a large Wall Street law firm making a large income. But he has chosen to work for a cause in which he believes—the welfare and safety of the American people—and there are few in this country who are not in his debt. Gary Greenberg, former attorney with the Justice Department, made his choice, too—and resigned rather than defend a "go-slow" policy of



Lou Hinton got an extra holiday bonus this year.



First came a generous year-end bonus check from his law firm. And then Lou received a 6 lb., 8 oz. tax deduction from his wife, a genuine bonus baby boy. With all that good fortune, Lou just had to break out the holiday bottle of Harper's a little early and celebrate. The first bonus would easily cover the second.

Enjoy I. W. Harper 86 Proof Gold Medal, 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, or our superb new 12-Year-Old, all handsomely gift-wrapped in holiday colors at no extra cost.

I.W. Harper. Sometimes the bourbon has to be this good.



school desegregation in the Federal courts.

There aren't many comparable examples in broadcasting, but their scarcity makes them all the more noteworthy. Fred Friendly resigned as head of CBS News when his network chose to broadcast the fifth rerun of *I Love Lucy* rather than Senator Fulbright's hearings on the Vietnam war. Warren H. Braren, onetime director of the NAB Code Authority, resigned his position rather than perpetuate the myth that the Code Authority independently reviewed the industry's cigarette commercials. And Tom and Dick Smothers made their choice, too. It's worth reading what Tom had to say about it: "My brother, bless his heart, said you've got carte blanche to do what you want to do—and that was his career. It amounted to millions. . . . So I'm saying it because I believe in it: You only go through life once, and if you see a wrong being done, or someone in trouble, or a fellow man that is in need, and you don't do it now, you'll never be past that point again." Not many have had that courage.

The people in radio and television face myriad pressures. Within their control are two of the most powerful instruments ever created to influence the mind of man. There are many who want to use radio and television primarily to serve corporate interests—to sell products. I believe radio and television can operate both on a commercial basis and in the public interest. But it isn't easy to make them work when all the tugging and pulling comes from one end—the commercially oriented, profit-maximizing end.

So what do we do? Listen to Fred Friendly: "[The] broadcast newsmen of today can no longer afford the luxury of abdicating his role in a decision-making process that now so clearly affects his profession and his standards. . . . Television's battles will not be fought or won with the polemics of corporate handouts, First Amendment platitudes or full-page ads. They will be won by what is on the air and they will be lost by what is *not* on the air." That's what we're talking about—what is *on the air*, especially in network prime time.

Some may have to take risks to get something on the air that they believe to be important. It may be necessary to stand up to a manager, a programing executive, a news director, a Washington Vice-President, an advertising agent or a sponsor. Just as young lawyers have to decide whether they want to represent clients whose products pollute the air and cause cancerous lungs and young medical students have to decide whether they will work for the ghetto poor or earn large fees specializing in diseases of the rich, people in communications must decide which side they are on.

Communications people in other countries have faced similar problems and are

working toward solutions. In Paris, for example, the journalists who work on the newspaper *Le Monde* exercise a controlling vote in the affairs of the paper. Journalists on a German magazine, *Der Stern*, have gotten management to sign editorial statutes assuring them that they will not be pressured to write articles counter to their consciences. In Britain, a Free Communications Group is trying to bring newspapers, television and radio under the control of the people who produce them. And in Italy, a group of 450 Italian journalists has set up a Movement of Democratic Journalists for the Freedom of the Press to use collective bargaining to protect newsmen's independence. I see no reason why American journalists shouldn't be able to work toward their own independence from management and corporate-sponsor pressures.

Let's not forget Fred Friendly's blunt description of our predicament: "Here we stand, with the image orthicon tube, the wired city and the satellite, the greatest tools of communication that civilization has ever known, while the second highest officeholder in the land implies that we use them less. Here we are in 1970, Mr. Vice-President, with one leg on the moon and the other on earth, knee-deep in garbage. That's going to require some news analysis." That certainly is going to require some news analysis.

It will not be easy to change all this. As Justice Douglas has reminded us in his book *Points of Rebellion*, "While the establishment welcomes inventive genius at the scientific level (provided it can get the patent and lock it up against competitive use), it does not welcome dissent on the great racial, ideological and social issues that face our people." So you have to be prepared to pay a price for freedom. Remember the exchange between Billy and George in *Easy Rider*?

Billy says, "What the hell's wrong with freedom, man? That's what it's all about."

And George answers, "Oh, yeah; that's right—that's what it's all about, all right. But talking about it and being it—that's two different things. I mean, it's real hard to be free when you're bought and sold in the market place. 'Course, don't ever tell anybody that they're not free, 'cause then they're gonna get real busy killin' and maimin' to prove to you that they are. Oh, yeah—they're gonna talk to you and talk to you and talk to you about individual freedom—but they see a free individual, it's gonna scare 'em."

Free individuals *are* frightening to the occupants of an institutional world operated by interchangeable people with interchangeable parts. But freedom *is* what it's all about. It's not enough that we stop needlessly killing each other in the cause of ever-escalating corporate profits.

There is something so irrevocable and irrefutable about death that the immorality of putting corporate profits ahead of human life would seem to require no discussion. Societies and governments are instituted among men to enhance the human condition, to preserve the right to the pursuit of happiness, to make possible the kind of life that Goethe described, in which a sense of the beautiful plays a prominent part.

The people want their sky back. That is a modest enough request. Air, water, food, good medical care, safe products and a safe technological environment, protection from the crimes of rich and poor alike—these are fundamental necessities. But they aren't ends in themselves. The end should be a society in which each individual, each man and woman, is given the opportunity to attain the ultimate of which he or she is capable; intellectually, emotionally, aesthetically as well as economically.

As political scientist Arnold S. Kaufman has written, "The gap between rhetoric and reality is so wide, the values actually operative so unrelated to biological, intellectual and spiritual development in its fullest sense, that an authentically human existence for most Americans is an impossibility."

How many men and women feel truly fulfilled by their jobs? We know of the dehumanizing effects of racism and ghetto schools. Should we not also attend to the dehumanizing effects of corporate personnel practices? Architect Paolo Soleri has looked at our society and finds everywhere "teeming human ants." But the human ants are beginning to respond. Dr. Martin Luther King reported, "All over the world, like a fever, freedom is spreading in the widest liberation movement in history. . . . You can hear [the great masses of people] rumbling in every village street, on the docks, in the houses, among the students, in the churches and at political meetings." And his truth goes marching on. These masses of people want the necessities of creature comfort, yes. But they also want the necessities of human fulfillment: joy, beauty, love. By the millions, they look to television to provide a sense of direction. And they are frustrated by the promise constantly held out but never kept.

Mason Williams has predicted:

*The first television network that has
The courage to help this country
Instead of sell to it
Will truly become a champion of
Justice
And will be loved and respected
By the people
Not just watched.*

Only then will it be a true majority medium.





"'Rest ye merry' gentleman. Until another day."

IT'S THE WHISKY SCROOGE WOULD GIVE.



Contrary to popular opinion, Scrooge was no tightwad. A believer in a good bargain, yes. But an out and out penny pinching tightwad, no. And when it came to the holiday season, old Scrooge was all heart. He wanted the very best for his employees and friends. (Ahem. The very best at the very



best price, of course.) Considering these facts, we believe Scrooge would give Canadian Mist. In the beautiful holiday decanter. It's a beautiful imported blend of great whiskies. Light. Smooth. And mellow. But perhaps more important in these inflated times is the price. We distill and blend

Canadian Mist in Canada but we bottle it here. We save money in taxes. Which saves you money. Usually about two dollars

a bottle. Look for Canadian Mist in the exclusive holiday decanter and decked out in a nifty box. It looks like a million but it doesn't cost a dime more. Canadian Mist also comes in holiday gift cartons in fifths, quarts and half gallon sizes. And that should just about wrap up all your holiday gift problems.

CANADIAN MIST.
In the holiday fifth decanter.



Fifths, quarts and half gallons also available in festive gift cartons.

CHRISTMAS CAROL (continued from page 186)

necessary vehicles. They whizzed to and fro in dozens and to extend a leg in front of one of them would be a task well within the scope of the least gifted man. It was simply a matter of making one's selection.

He rejected the first that came along because he disliked the driver's mustache, the second because the cab was the wrong color, and he was just about to step in front of a third, which met all his qualifications, when he paused with leg in air. He had suddenly remembered that his aunt's birthday was on February the 11th, by which time he would be out of the hospital and expected as a guest at the dinner, fully equal to the one at Christmas, with which she always celebrated her natal day.

Of course, it would be open to him to get knocked down by another taxicab on February the tenth; but if he yielded to this temptation, how would his superiors at the office react? Would they not shake their heads and say to one another, "Mulliner has got into a rut" and feel that an employee so accident prone was better dispensed with? Nobody likes to have someone on the payroll who is always getting run over by taxicabs.

It was a possibility that froze his feet and caused both his chins to tremble. If he lost his position, he would be penniless. He would not even be able to beg his bread in the streets, for his medical advisor had expressly forbidden him bread.

Better, he decided, to be disowned by his aunt than by the civil-service authorities, so, abandoning all thought of taxicabs, he continued on his way to his aunt's residence and, coming to journey's end, exchanged greetings with her in her ornate drawing room. He delivered his Christmas gift and, in return, she pressed into his hand an oblong slip of paper.

"The money for your partnership, dear," she said. "I was waiting till Christmas to let you have it."

The irony of it, the sort of thing Thomas Hardy was so fond of, smote Egbert like a blow between the eyes with a wet fish. Here he was, grasping the check for which he had yearned so long, and a fat lot of good it was going to do him, because the moment he failed to tuck into the caviar, the turtle soup, the turkey, the plum pudding, the mince pies, the biscuit tortoni, the hock, the champagne, the port and the liqueurs, she would be writing to her bank to stop payment on the check.

However, though in the grip of a dull despair, he forced himself to simulate gratitude.

"Dear Aunt Serena," he mumbled, "how can I thank you?"

"I thought you would be pleased, dear."

"Oh, I am."

"But now," she said, "I am afraid I have a little disappointment for you. About dinner tonight. Do you read a magazine called *Pure Diet and World Redemption*?"

"Is that the one that has all those pictures of girls without any clothes on?"

"No, that is *PLAYBOY*. I subscribe to that regularly. This one is all about vegetarianism. A copy was left here by mistake last week. I glanced at it idly and my whole outlook became changed. It said vegetarianism was an absolute vital essential prerequisite to a new order of civilization in which humanity will have become truly humane. I was profoundly impressed."

Egbert, as far as was possible for one of his stoutness, leaped in his chair. A wild thought had flashed into his mind, such as it was. Not even if he had been the victim of bubonic plague could the feeling he was feeling have been funnier.

"Do you mean——"

"It said that only thus can there come peace on earth with a cessation of wars, the abolition of crime, disease, insanity, poverty and oppression. And you can't say that wouldn't be nice, can you, dear?"

"Do you mean," cried Egbert, "that you have become a vegetarian?"

"Yes, dear."

"There won't be any turkey tonight?"

"I'm afraid not."

"No turtle soup? No mince pies?"

"I know how disappointed you must be."

Egbert, who had leaped in his chair,

sprang from it like some lissome adagio dancer, a feat against the performance of which any knowledgeable bookmaker would have given odds of at least 100 to 8. His nose quivered, his ears wiggled, his eyes, usually devoid of any expression whatsoever, shone like twin stars. He had not felt such a gush of elation since his seventh birthday, when somebody had given him a box of chocolates and he had devoured the top layer and supposed that that was the end and then had found that there was a second layer lurking underneath. He put his arm round his aunt's waist as far as it would go and kissed her fondly.

"Disappointed?" he said. "I couldn't be more pleased. If there's one thing I'm all for pushing along as much as possible, it's the cessation of wars and the abolition of crime, disease, insanity, poverty and oppression. I've just become a vegetarian myself. I wouldn't touch a turkey with a ten-foot pole. What shall we be having for dinner?"

"To start with, seaweed soup."

"Most nutritious."

"Then mock salmon. It is vegetable marrow colored pink."

"Splendid."

"Followed by nut cutlets with spinach."

"Capital."

"And an orange."

"We split one?"

"No, one each."

"A positive orgy. God bless us, every one," said Egbert.

He had a feeling that he had heard that before somewhere, but we cannot all be original and it seemed to him to sum up the situation about as neatly as a situation could be summed up.



"I think you better assert yourself more, Pop—I'm turning into a jag."

COSA NOSTRA (continued from page 194)

world is the Shylock racket. This guy that just left [borrowed] \$60,000. We get \$200 for every \$10,000 a week. That's \$1200 a week. At the end of a year, you got your money back and he still owes \$60,000."

But if loan-sharking were that secure an enterprise, the Chase Manhattan Bank would certainly have thought of it; some legislature would docilely have approved five-percent-a-week-interest "high-risk emergency loans"; and Mafia collectors deputized by David Rockefeller would be working over garment manufacturers in every alley on Seventh Avenue. But the defect of loan-sharking is that its customers have no sense of honor; they either stiff the creditor or drive him to dangerous criminalities. Three years after consummating the arrangement that was supposed to ensure him \$60,000 a year, perpetually renewable, Ray DeCarlo was heard to wail that the other party had stuck him for \$150,000. It is impossible to withhold sympathy from those professional criminals who innocently enter into contract with persons as immoral as they are. The taint of debtors as a class is perfectly illuminated by the instance of Jimmy W., a brokerage clerk who borrowed \$5000 from Sonny Franzese and then, true to his white-collar heritage, defaulted on his pledge. He suggested that Franzese's collector take it up with his wife. ("I know she can get it, but she won't do it for me; maybe you can bust her head a little.") Franzese treated this proposal with the repugnance natural to any good family man and offered, instead, to let Jimmy W. depart in peace if he would fence a few stolen securities. Jimmy W. went at once to a district attorney and contrived the entrapment of his creditors, earning at once relief from his debts and the gratitude of honest men.

"You should never depend on a legitimate guy standing up to pressure," Ray DeCarlo often reminds his juniors. "A racketeer, no matter what a rat he is, will never squeal on anyone."

But that is a lesson his students or, for that matter, their teacher cannot afford to absorb. These are days when a *mafioso* can hardly depart one prison without, before he can hail a cab, being snatched at the curb by a police car and carried off to another. And the cause of these misfortunes, most of the time, is a dishonorable debtor. The Mafia credit department has to provide services exquisite beyond even the advertised solicitude of conventional bankers: When a saloonkeeper cannot afford to pay \$30,000 owed him, Sam DeCavalcante has to hire the torch to burn down his debtor's restaurant on the promise he can collect something from the insurance. Antonio Corallo is stuck for a \$40,000 loan to the New York City water commissioner; he has no way to collect

except to find a contractor who will bribe his debtor; and he goes to prison for corrupting a public servant. The few resources of men who go to loan sharks do not include good faith; any collector accurately if indelicately describes the conditions essential to dealings with such persons when he tells the customer that his collateral is his eyeballs.

Such beginnings make inevitable the moment when the loan shark cries out, as Ray DeCarlo once did, "What the hell, are people supposed to take your money and just cheat you?" The creditor has no recourse then but mayhem. "Anything that keeps going all the time eventually you get grabbed," DeCarlo noticed once; and he became a proof of that axiom when loan-sharking at last brought him a 20-year sentence for laying violent hands upon the late Louis Saperstein, who had owed him \$115,000. Saperstein had been a labor racketeer so brazen that he had even gone to prison for it; nonetheless, the prosecution in this case chastely called him an insurance broker, which amounts to describing Dick Turpin as a sportsman who enjoyed riding at night. But then, nothing launders a man faster than the process by which he is presented to jurors as the innocent victim of some *mafioso* he has cheated.

All in all, the desperation of the Mafia's search for legitimate investments must come from the knowledge that, without them, it will have to depend on those illicit ones that lead to penury. We ought, then, to understand the terror that besets Sam DeCavalcante when he learns that Lawrence Wolfson, his plumbing-supply partner, is using his fearsome reputation to persuade contractors that, if they buy from the firm, DeCavalcante will protect them from troubles with the building-trades unions, as the FBI recorded for us:

[DeCavalcante] criticized Lawrence Wolfson for his aggressiveness in "grabbing people" on union matters. Subject pointed out the danger of being charged with extortion if they continue this activity. He *noted that he feels very strongly about jeopardizing their legitimate business . . . [and] has strictly forbidden Larry to start any more deals between contractors and labor officials.*

He knew his priorities, after all.

The Sicilian spirit, faithfully preserved against every adulteration by exile, explains both the Mafia's survival in America so far and the blight that has fallen upon it now. Sicily is almost the last ornament of Western civilization whose inhabitants retain a character and a bearing that would not surprise those

who described their ancestors centuries ago. The Palermo from which the late Joseph Profaci fled in the Twenties was a medieval city, and Profaci's ghost can hardly be blamed for having inhabited a medieval personage.

Sicily's inhabitants have endured most of their history under foreign conquerors—up to and including the Italians. And any people whose past has been a succession of ravishments by invaders has an excuse for assuming that all property is theft, all government the imposition of larcenous aliens, and every native's proper habitat the burrow of the underground.

The Sicilian character has been exeged down the ages most often by its oppressors; and those labels sound strikingly like what prosecuting attorneys say about *mafiosi* these days—or, for that matter, what members of the Society say about their brothers, too.

"Juan de Vega [their 16th Century Spanish viceroy] was fascinated to discover that some Sicilians genuinely preferred to use corruption and violence even where honest means would have attained the same end more cheaply," Denis Mack Smith tells us in *A History of Modern Sicily*.

That spirit still stirs in Ray DeCarlo, all of whose soldiers know that he can't resist a salesman who tells him the goods are stolen: "Someone said that DeCarlo would buy anything if it was swag, even if it was only worth 15 cents. Si Rega quoted Charlie Romano as saying that DeCarlo would buy a barrel of sand in the Sahara desert if the price was right."

Even the rich Sicilian assumed that there was never a good reason to pay any debt: the Palermo riots of 1647 were started by tradesmen indignant because the aristocracy would not pay its bills.

The Sicilian habit of never cooperating with the police was noticed by foreign governors as early as the 18th Century, when an Austrian complained that for a Sicilian to be a witness for the prosecution "brought unspeakable disgrace even on the most abject member of society." Once, Sam DeCavalcante, then only a soldier, attempted to persuade Angelo Bruno, the Philadelphia family boss, to forgive another soldier who had for years carried the stain of having signed a confession to the police after they had seized numbers slips in his house. "No friend of ours is supposed to sign a statement with the police," Bruno goes on grimly insisting. DeCavalcante can only offer as extenuation the condition that the suspect's wife had been caught with the slips and that the raiding party threatened to arrest her unless he confessed himself solely responsible. "We're all married, Ange," DeCavalcante finally implores. "What man will let his wife go through an embarrassment *standing alone with detectives, being questioned?*" In his

youth, Bruno coldly replies, the police had caught him and his wife in the same situation. "I gave them \$700 to take me alone. But I didn't sign no statement."

The climactic act of every public uprising in Palermo's history has been to set fire to the police records. The cooperation—indeed, the competition—of policemen with criminals was always as sedulous as the citizens' resistance to policemen: The Duke of Osuna, a Spanish viceroy, introduced a series of unthinkable drastic civic reforms in 1611; but even he did not dare do more than suggest that persons with criminal records be barred from the police force. We can appreciate what an outrage to a lasting national tradition any such proposition was when we reflect that, when revolutionary Palermo ousted its Neapolitan oppressors in 1820, one of its first acts as a liberated city was to commission as people's policemen a number of convicted murderers. In 1849, having learned at least this lesson about the people's will, the restored Neapolitans installed a distinguished bandit as the chief law officer in the suburb of Misilmeri.

What Sicily's history produced was a society with no sense of the future and no concept of enterprise except to pillage the land or to drive its men, women and children as donkeys are driven. No one who witnessed the workday in the sulphur mines needed seek any farther to

explain the Sicilian distaste for the appearance of hard labor. "Violence is the only prosperous industry," wrote Baron Franchetti, a Turin investigator, in 1876; he had summed up the history that is the tribal memory of the Mafia.

Violence was also the only prosperous industry of the Middle Ages. Reading about the Mafia brings continuous recollection of what we have been told about the passionate and dangerous world of 500 years ago. Scholars who exaggerate the perils to us of criminal and subversive groups have a tendency to move from there to overrating the dedication, the commitment and the honor of those who join them. The Mafia gets as much respect from its enemies as Ray DeCarlo wishes he would get from the policemen he pays to be his friends. Consider this summary of the Mafia code solemnly offered us by Dr. Donald Cressey of the University of California. What is all this except the code of chivalry in the Middle Ages?

The first article of the Mafia code, Dr. Cressey says, is "extreme loyalty to the organization and its governing elite." Or, as Roland said to Oliver, "Here we must hold for our king. A man should suffer for his Lord, endure heat and cold, though he lose his hide."

Dr. Cressey's second Mafia principle is "extreme honesty in relationships with members." In other words, as Parzival

tells us, "False comradeship is fit for hell-fire."

The third article of the Mafia code is secrecy. As in what J. Huizinga, in *The Waning of the Middle Ages*, described as "the chain of Pierre de Lisingnan's Sword-order [which] was made of gold 'S's' which meant 'Silence.'"

Dr. Cressey's last Mafia rule expects "honorable behavior which sets members off as morally superior to outsiders." Or, as the old prince Gurnemanz said to Parzival: "You seem a mighty Lord. Mind you, take pity on those in need; be kind, generous and humble."

The rules of chivalry had, of course, very little relation to real life in the Middle Ages and not much more to their romances. We would have trouble imagining tricks dirtier than those Tristan and Isolde played on King Mark unless we remembered the tricks Lancelot and Guinevere played on King Arthur. The ideal suffers a similar violation by the real when we approach the intimacies of Mafia family life and hear Sam DeCavalcante talk about his sworn vassals: "Lou Lorasso is a cockroach. . . . Corky can't seem to settle down. He sent me a message saying he's going to start stealing again. . . . I have to keep Danny Noto in the family because he's a money-maker." His troops turn out, in fact, to make no more faithful servants than the lives they have lived would lead us to



The Chairman of The Board.

The Chairman of the Board is a new, dynamite boot from Verde. New in a way that's going to grab the kind of guy who won't settle for anything that's ever been around before.

The kind of guy who's going to know how to use the raw look of the higher stacked leather heel, the smoother lines of the redesigned square toe, the secret pockets high on the sides of the fourteen inch tops.

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expect; they make untrustworthy lieutenants, lethargic soldiers, wandering husbands; at the end of a day of trying to repair their delinquencies and stifle their scandals, DeCavalcante can only wearily decide: "In the end, the father of the family is left with the whole mess."

The Middle Ages, if seldom ethical, were continually violent in principle. To read their histories and be reminded of days where executions went on almost uninterrupted is to begin to suspect that the Mafia murder may have purposes as aesthetic as practical: "The cruel excitement and coarse compassion raised by an execution formed an important item in the spiritual food of the common people," Huizinga tells us. "They were spectacular plays with a moral. . . . During the Burgundian terror in Paris in 1411, one of the victims . . . being requested by the hangman, according to custom, to forgive him, is not only ready to do so with all his heart, but, begs the executioner to embrace him. 'There was a great multitude of people, who nearly all wept hot tears.'"

Some of the same mixture of sentiment and the cruelty infuses the ritual of Mafia executions, whose amenities have been neglected of late but are still talked about with nostalgia and a certain bitterness toward coarsened modern habits. We can sense the proprieties of the good old customs in that decree of the Mafia's governing council, made necessary by the untidy disposal of Cadillac Charlie in Youngstown, which forbids the use of hand grenades in the future. Old men are proudest of those moments of chivalry when they acted upon the duty of punishing the sinner without embarrassing him:

Sam DeCavalcante: "Ray, you told me

years ago about the guy where you said, 'Let me hit you clean.'"

DeCarlo: "That's right. And the guy went for it. There was me, Zip and Johnny Russell. So we took the guy to the woods. I said, 'Leave him alone, Zip.' I said, 'Look'—Itchie was the kid's name—I said, 'You gotta go, why not let me hit you right in the heart and you won't feel a thing?' He said, 'I'm innocent, Red, but if you got to do it. . . .' So I hit him in the heart and it went right through him."

The final echo of the Middle Ages sounds from that mingling of the superstitious with the cynical that the faithful bring to the contemplation of the Mafia's governing commission and which makes their conception of Brooklyn sound like what Rome must have been to the 15th Century. Even from New Jersey this Holy Office is a distant mystery, its Bulls reaching there as attenuated as Rome's must have to Flanders but, in this case as in that, no less sacred for being almost rumor.

Every provincial bishop approaches this college of cardinals to pray and seems, as happened in the Middle Ages, to remain to scoff. Joseph Bonanno, a Brooklyn family boss, is suddenly unfrocked by his fellow judges on the commission, and Sam DeCavalcante is drawn into the affair with vague credentials as a diplomat. At first, he approaches the sacred precinct with a reverence duly hyperbolic:

"When Joe defies the commission, he defies the whole world."

But then he watches and listens to those presences whose grandeur is the soul of the Mafia myth that is as respected in the editorial chambers of *The New York Times* as it is in any Jersey

City candy store. Afterward, he can come home seeing only their warts:

You take Ange Bruno. What the hell does he know? He don't say two words. . . . Jerry Catena wets his pants when they talk. . . . Now, where's a guy even like Chicago [Samuel Giancana], where does he fit on the commission? You hear this guy talk and he's a nice guy. You can enjoy his company. But he's a jokester. "Hit him, hit him!"—that's all you hear from the guy. . . . Joe Columbo sits like a baby next to Carl [Gambino] all the time. He'll do anything Carl wants him to do.

Home from the pilgrimage, Sam DeCavalcante can only reflect to Frank Majuri, his underboss:

"You know, Frank, the more things you see, the more disillusioned you become. You know, honesty, honorability, all those things. . . ."

Historians tend to notice that the fundamental change in the medieval man began when he recognized that he no longer believed, in what had been the age of faith.

The Mafia found its home in America because it had the luck to be accompanied here by an unchanged and unspoiled slice of Sicily. The first great influx of southern Italian immigrants found higher wages and steadier hours, but also indignities rather like those they had known in Sicily and Calabria. Here, as there, they were labor of the sort whose prime use is to be driven; and to drive them, Americans found other Italians, the ethnic identity of him who beats and him who is beaten being a principle of equality established in America with Emancipation; the driver, whom his victim would have called the *gabellotto* in Sicily, he called the labor boss here. The first successful American *mafiosi*—the Bufalinos in Scranton are one conspicuous family whose inheritance comes from that period—were these labor bosses; and their technique, the collection of small profits in perpetuity, remains at once the simplest and the most secure the Society has ever devised and the envy of those successors who were bemused by more distant and illusory horizons. "Do you know how they steal in Hoboken?" Ray DeCarlo asks. "Every man on the dock has to chip in a dollar a week. Eight hundred men—that's \$800 a week."

That was the Mafia the older Italo-Americans remember and not entirely without affection, since it reminded them of home—the Mafia that sold them their jobs, levied its tax on the artichoke market, governed the wheels at church festivals and would, no doubt, have kidnapped for ransom if its constituency had encompassed anyone who could pay up.



"It's got something or other to do with margarine."

Its writ was not then conceived as running beyond the limits of our Italo-American enclaves; and the Mafia has clung closer to dependence on that original base than the persistent myth of its broader ambitions would suggest. When Vito Genovese, the defunct boss of bosses, was at the crest of his majesty, his estranged wife provided us with something unique in Mafia studies: a peek into his portfolio. By far the largest source of his income turned out to be from the New Jersey overseas branch of the Italian lottery, a business so ethnically unassimilated that its tickets were printed in Italian and the winning number drawn from the clearinghouse totals of banks in Bari and Naples. Just before the last World War, Joseph Profaci was reputed to be this country's largest importer of olive oil and a major processor of tomato paste. But, as Italo-Americans became less Italo and more American, Genovese's lottery lost more and more of its cultural appeal; and as the American diet became ever more Italianate and the pizza commenced displacing the hot dog, the major food packagers invaded Profaci's market and debased his products below the point where any man of Old World tastes could compete with them.

The Mafia's only successful foray into New World culture was during Prohibition, having begun as a response to the Italian community's traditional appreciation of wine as a diet staple and then widening its scope when all America awoke to discover its own appreciation of whiskey as a diet staple. Those few *mafiosi* with real property deserving the respect of their bankers built it up during Prohibition or, more precisely, upon its repeal, because they happened to have liquor stocks extensive and potable enough to be sold to legitimate distributors. Frank Costello, to take a rare case, is a certifiably wealthy man who has reached the eminence, alone in the Society, of being able to afford the care and feeding of uncountable and unproductive Irishmen. There is the legend that Costello was able to sell his bootleg stocks for \$3,000,000. If he invested it half as well as the Rockefellers did their three billion dollars, his share of the national wealth would have outlived the New Deal's war on the rich, as large as it was in 1933.

His ownership of capital sets Costello apart from most of his brothers who, whatever their revenues, were debarr'd by the post-Depression tax structure from ever coming close to his property titles. The repeal of Prohibition was the first incursion of a rapacious Government on a Mafia enterprise; and it would never find one that could provide anything like the share of the gross national product that the whiskey business had. Every now and then, in a triumph of nostalgia over reality, an old *mafioso* gets arrested for bootlegging.

Repeal caught the Society in those labor-cost problems that have tormented it off and on ever since. Under Prohibition, it had acquired a work force toward whose welfare it has ever since demonstrated a sense of duty unusual in American enterprise. Ultimate though its system for breaking a man's contract may be, the Mafia never lays anyone off. It represents, in fact, the oldest welfare system in this country, antedating the New Deal and still offering unemployment benefits—\$150 a week to the families of employees in jail, for example—considerably in advance of any standards yet achieved by our Social Security laws.

Scrambling to find payrolls large enough to feed this hungry multitude at a fair labor standard has been an incessant struggle for the Mafia ever since repeal and it has carried on ever farther down the social scale. One result has been a detectable shift in the function of the Mafia-controlled labor unions, whose managers used to be able just to extort but have now been distracted by the new and pressing responsibility of providing jobs for soldiers inexperienced at even the imitation of an honest day's work. When you have persuaded a contractor to hire an unemployed *ziganette* dealer as a stonemason, you've left yourself a very small option for going back and shaking him down for cash thereafter.

Those scholars who have placed the imprint of the academies upon the notion of the Mafia's dominance of the

economy would have a hard time explaining the pre-eminence in DeCavalcante's empire of Local 384 of the hod carriers' union. Local 384's position as a jewel in any Mafia boss's crown is indicated by the station of Joe Sferra, its business agent, as a *capo-regime* in the DeCavalcante family and by the anxiety with which Carl Gambino, that great prince, solicited DeCavalcante to open its hiring hall to some of the worthier of his own soldiers who were out of work. It is curious, faced with so much evidence of all this scheming to seize the high privilege of carrying brick, to be assured by Dr. Cressy that "the profits [of the Mafia] are huge enough that any given member is more likely to be a millionaire than not."

Sferra's management of Local 384 even produced a protocol dispute with John Riggi, another *capo-regime* of DeCavalcante's. "Sam, I came to you yesterday," Riggi said, "because I felt that as an *amico nos* and a *capo-regime*, I'm not getting the respect I deserve from Joe Sferra." The issue turned out to be Riggi's father, himself a loyal soldier, who had been groaning under the burden of the hod. Riggi had asked Sferra to find his father an easier assignment and had been refused. "I feel offended as an *amico nos*," Riggi explained, "that I can't go to my friend and get a favor for one of my soldiers. . . . I did what I did because of my father, who has lived a dog's life for three years." These are the problems of millionaires?

The shrinkage of the market and the



"Don't fret, punkin. He's just a kook Santa."

expenses of its private welfare system quite a while ago impelled the Mafia's commission to close its books against the admission of new members. At that point, Albert Anastasia, a Brooklyn family boss, seems to have had an idea that might have saved the Society if it had not been inhibited by pride.

Anastasia began selling Mafia memberships for \$40,000 apiece to young men beginning careers that they were deluded into thinking would be advanced by that credential. When the commission heard about this venture, it ordered Anastasia executed; and none of his survivors seems to have come up with a sound commercial idea since.

So the Society drifts downward, stubbornly enforcing its monopoly over goods and services that fewer and fewer people want to buy. Heroin is the only criminal staple to have lately enjoyed an increase in demand; even though we can hardly believe the disclaimers of the Mafia captains that they reject such traffic as immoral, there is every evidence that they think it too risky for indulgence in any except moments of acute fiscal desperation. They have made so little effort to organize the market that Michael Tabor, a former addict redeemed by the Black Panthers, can say that he has observed no instance of successful black capitalism except in portions of the heroin trade.

The Mafia must have been America's first conglomerate, and that contribution to our economic history may have been a factor in its ruin. An institution with too many businesses risks not having time for the proper management of any.

The Mafia, to be sure, goes on believing in the Mafia almost as stubbornly as do the journalists, the novelists and the academicians who constitute the industry of alarming us about it; the faith of witches and witch-hunters alike is proof enough of witchcraft. The talk in the Society's office is still about the great riches of its paladins, but the riches are always somewhere else. Every soldier in Chicago, we are informed—as we would be everywhere except, probably, in Chicago—makes \$1000 a week. "Listen," DeCavalcante tells an underboss, "if we don't join these big outfits and try to make a buck, we're dead."

But every now and then, reality breaks through, as in this *cri de coeur* from Anthony Russo, as he sits in his modest little duchy of Long Branch, New Jersey, and hears the crash of great kingdoms around him:

Sam, do you know how many guys are safecracking? What are they going to do? Half these guys are handling junk. Now, there's a [Mafia] law out that they can't touch it. They have no other way of making a living, so what can they do? All

right, we're fortunate enough that . . . we didn't have to resort to that stuff. What are the other poor suckers going to do? Pretty soon, we'll have all the mob over here [in New Jersey]. Guys are coming over here, asking to be put on [work gambling games] and they're friends of ours, so I put them to work, because I can't let them starve to death. Sam, pretty soon I may have to say no to them, because I got to look out for myself.

The ragged actuality of this Grande Armée of the popular imagination may be the most plausible reason its soldiers seem lately so indifferent to the goal of a marshal's baton. The members of its governing commission are older on the average than sitting Justices of the United States Supreme Court: Buffalo's Stefano Magaddino is 80; Brooklyn's Carl Gambino, 68; and Detroit's Joseph Zerilli, in his 70s. Only Brooklyn's Joseph Colombo and Philadelphia's Angelo Bruno are younger than 60. None of them retire and the few who die do so peaceably.

Vacancies on this high bench have recently tended to remain unfilled; the full commission had nine members in the early Sixties; four have since departed and there is some evidence that their places are still empty. The command of the late Chief Justice Vito Genovese appears to have been diffused among Michael Miranda, Gerald Catena and Thomas Eboli, all older than 65; Thomas Lucchese left no securely identifiable heir. Joseph Bonanno's family has been without a boss since he was deposed; the suspicion is that no one wants the job. Chicago's Sam Giancana, who, being in his 50s, represented what promise there was of a fresh generation on the court, tossed up the whole thing in 1966 and took off for the Argentine, leaving the management of his city-state to the vibrant youth of Paul Ricca, 72, and Anthony Accardo, 64.

This is largely an assemblage of personages who made their debuts in the police files of the early Twenties. If they were guarding any golden bough, some hungry junior ought successfully to have challenged one or another of them for its possession by now. Succession to Mafia command was regulated by the gun well into the Forties. But now it has been 13 years since a family boss has died anywhere but in bed. The last to get into difficulty with his comrades was Joe Bananas, who defied the whole world for two years and then settled in Tucson. The explanation of this anomaly in Mafia studies is that the Society governs itself more rationally and peacefully than it used to. It still kills people and in rather messy ways. But it kills for reasons of administration, as a management discharging unsatisfactory workmen; the difference is that no

one bothers to plot against the man above him on the ladder; and when the middle-level executive is that free of ambition, we ought to suspect that there isn't much left in the firm worth coveting.

Even so, we worry about the Mafia more now in its wither than we ever did in its flower. That is the normal progress of public agitation. The less we need the Mafia to serve our vices, the more essential it becomes to serve our sense of virtue. Our national history has continuously been that no improper conduct is to be noticed unless it is also exotic. For generations, the reform impulse was directed at whiskey and straight sex; but now alcoholism and adultery have become so general that virtue fixes its outrage on junkies and queers. No sinner need fear abuse once his sin becomes the sin of the majority.

We have also arrived at a time in our development when nearly every American cheats, lies or steals to some degree; there can't be many people left who could tell the whole truth to the Internal Revenue Service and not starve in the streets thereafter. The more pervasive the sin, the more intense the necessity to focus on criminals whose cultural difference from the rest of us makes it possible for us to go on thinking of crime as un-American. No American politician can run for office blaming the voters; he has to find an alien whose entire fault it all is.

Now we begin to run out of *mafiosi*, a resource we shall appreciate only when they are all gone, when the last of them has his elevation to boss of bosses announced in the papers and is thereupon seized and chained by the last prosecuting attorney lucky enough to attach such an ornament as train to his ascending chariot. The growth industry imperiled by the Mafia's ruin is not organized crime but organized crime fighting. The cop who cooperates with the Mafia dies a retired cop; the district attorney who fights it can hope to die a governor emeritus. The good scores are made not by belonging to but by exposing the Mafia. Even Ray DeCarlo has come at last to understand that. In 1962, the radio brought him word that Charles Luciano was dead in Naples—Charley Lucky, the grand architect of the American Mafia's structure, the prime minister who has a place in its history like Cavour's in the forging of Italy United.

What was Ray DeCarlo's first reaction to this news?

"Ray bemoaned the fact that Charley had missed the opportunity to make \$200,000 for his life story."

Ray DeCarlo and Charles Luciano both had to grow old before they suddenly understood where the money had been all along.





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DEALING (continued from page 190)

under way. The Berkeley police were huddled like sullen refugees under Sather Gate, looking as if they were just waiting for the word to come down swinging. And on Sproul Plaza, a slowly circling ring of picketers was chanting and stomping. Most of them had helmets on. Anyone who exercised the right to assemble and petition in this town knew what to expect.

In the center of the ring, a heavy-set, shaded and leathered black man, beret tilted to one side and covered with buttons like a war hero with medals:

"Brothers and sisters, the time has come for us to act. There is no longer a defensible middle of the road. And by that I mean the middle of the road, man, that sit-on-the-fence shit. 'Cause when the long knives come"—it was not a threat, but logic—"when the long knives come, they aren't gonna ask where you stand and where you been standin'. They're gonna know!" He was rapping and flapping his arms, talking to the picketers, turning away to speak to the crowd. Trying to get that old group-solidarity number down before the heat did. There was no middle ground, he said again, no fence left to sit it.

"You are either part of the problem or part of the solution!" He shouted at passers-by, fringe observers like me. "Part of the problem or part of the solution. The time has come to act," he went on. "Join the Third World Brothers and Sisters, in support of their legitimate demands for Third World Faculty and Curriculum. And join them now."

There was a lot of energy running through the crowd and I was suddenly uncomfortable, standing there in my Ivy League monkey suit. The lines were sharply drawn in Berkeley, and everyone understood what they meant: The fight had already begun. Nobody said you had to get on the battlefield, but then . . . it wasn't hard to put yourself in no man's land. I looked back at the heat, who were starting to move toward the picketers. "... Or Donald Duck Reagan or Mickey Mouse Raftery. And we can't relate to seeing our black brothers dying to support this pig fascist system in the rice paddies of Vietnam. We can't relate to that and we can't stand by and watch it happen no more, neither. The time has come to act. Join the pickets now." The heat were bearing down and I beat a hasty retreat back across the street. The pickets had picked up on the energy now and were stamping their feet as they marched, chanting, "Who are the people, we are the people. POWER TO THE PEOPLE." Yeah. Get that ball. Fight, team, fight. Push 'em back, push 'em back, waaaaaay back. I began to think about how nobody had ever really

figured out what four years of high school did to a reasonably healthy mind, when I saw somebody I knew: Stevie.

Stevie's place was peaceful and quiet, in the back of a house on Dwight Way. It looked onto a lot that had once been used for parking but that had, miraculously, fallen into disuse. Someone had planted a small garden and there were people all around, sitting out on their back steps, smoking dope in the sunset and laughing quietly. I remembered my dorm room in Cambridge, which had a generous view of all four lanes of Memorial Drive, complete with traffic jams twice a day, and wondered again why I hadn't transferred to Berkeley when Stevie had.

You never realize what you're missing until you come to Berkeley—and when you leave, it's easy to forget. The air is light, the sun bright and you feel tremendously energetic and strong. You also experience a sudden resistance to credibility gaps, realities of life, overdue bills and other pitfalls of the American way. That's why the campus revolt began in Berkeley and that's why it has never made more sense than it did, and does, in Berkeley: because the people who are striking and picketing are picking up their energy from the land. When the sun shines in that town, life is so outrageously beautiful that a black man shot in Oakland the night before or a zillion tons of bombs dropped on Quong-quong in the past week doesn't seem wrong—it doesn't seem like anything. It is inconceivable and totally ludicrous. Which is what it would seem like to intelligent people anywhere. The difference is that in Berkeley, at least, the need to rectify the ludicrous offenses is as obvious and as natural as the presence of the sun in the sky.

Even the little details showed. Like, in Boston, if you wanted to call for the exact time, you dialed 637-8687—which in letters spells NERVOUS. In Berkeley, the equivalent number spells POPCORN.

Stevie came out with a couple of joints and a gallon of Red Mountain. He gave me a joint and then a glass and said again it was great to see me. Then he said: "How's Annie doing?"

"OK," I said. The hooch was good. "Well, not OK. I don't know. Shitty, in fact. I haven't seen her for about a month now."

"Jeez. I thought you two were really—"

"Yeah, well, . . ." I shrugged. "I still dig her." I lit the joint. It was even better. "She's bumming around with some dipshit from the Piggy Club now. I see her every once in a while on Mt. Auburn Street, smashed out of her mind. We exchange pleasantries and that's about it. You know. How's Barbara?"

"Cool," Stevie said. "Great chick. Everything's cool." He lit his joint and said: "Came out here to get away from Annie, huh?"

I shook my head. "Not really." Stevie had introduced me to Annie, about a year before, and ever since, he'd taken a kind of paternal interest in how we were doing. But, hell, I thought, people changed. I'd changed, she'd changed. It had been a good thing, but it wasn't anymore and I didn't feel like talking about it. "Not really," I said again.

"You and your parents seeing eye to eye these days?" he asked.

I laughed and shook my head. I knew what he was asking. He was asking how I could afford the trip out. "Not exactly," I said.

"You dealing again?" Stevie said, pulling a long face. "I thought you quit that."

"I did," I said, "but John's been getting into it lately. Pretty heavily, in fact. He's turning over about twenty bricks a week."

"Far out," Stevie said. "Twenty bricks a week, around Cambridge?"

"Yeah, everyone's turning on these days. But you know John. He's not particularly interested in the details, just the wheeling-dealing. So here I am."

"Just doing bricks this time?"

"Yeah. Just bricks. Ten in the little bag under my seat and away I go. With a free vacation in California in the process."

"You ought to knock that shit off," Stevie said. "You're going to get busted sometime."

I shrugged. "You drive a car long enough, you'll have an accident." I took a long hit off my joint. "Anyway, there wasn't anything else to do. I mean, this is spring break, right? So I can come out here and dig what's happening. I can go back to fucking Westthrop to spend a restful week listening to the old man telling me what I ought to do with my life, while the old lady asks me where they've gone wrong." I laughed. "You know, man, like, you got a mustache and they want to know where they've gone wrong. Fuck that. If I started pushing beds across the country and organizing panty raids, they'd be unhappy because I was apathetic and uninvolved. You can't win. Shit, I don't even want to win anymore. I just want to do the things I want to do."

"Yeah," Stevie said, "I'm hip." He lay down on his back and stared at the tinted sky. We were silent for a while and then he said: "You still buying from Ernie out here?"

I shook my head. "Ernie's not too cool these days. He got busted with thirty bricks last month and didn't have the bread to buy himself off."

"Is that right?" Stevie said, sitting up. 275

suddenly interested. "But I just saw him last week. . . ."

He stopped. He thought it over.

"Maybe he found somebody to post bail."

I said: "Maybe."

He looked vaguely apprehensive. "Well, if he made a deal, he'll just turn in a couple of smack freaks." He thought that over and then added: "He wouldn't turn in any of his friends. Ernie's all right."

"I'll let somebody else find that out," I said.

"Ernie's all right."

"Yeah, probably he is. But we've got another connection now and there's no question about whether he's cool or not." Which reminded me. "Can I use your phone?"

"Yeah, sure," Stevie said. He got up and followed me back into the kitchen. I was asking how to dial information when there was a noise at the back door and a huge freak walked in, holding his head and bleeding.

It was Ross.

There was blood all over everything, including the little blonde chick who was holding him up. Ross had his sheepskin vest on, as usual, and, as usual, he was mad. Ross was always mad about something; a good bust in the head just gave him a chance to focus his energy. He slumped down on the couch with the

chick, beneath the poster that said "See America First." Stevie ran for a rag.

"What happened?" I asked the chick, who was crying and wiping her face and Ross's with the same bloody handkerchief. There was a hell of a lot of blood, but then Ross was a hell of a big boy. He was big enough to be playing football for Ohio State, except that this was Berkeley and Ross had hair down to his shoulders and was wearing a huge pair of yellow shades. One frame was shattered and they were lopsided on his nose now as he looked up at me.

"Oh," he said. "It's you."

"What happened?" I said again.

"Up on campus," the chick said, "the governor gave the order to the pigs to break up the picket lines." I tilted my head. "We were keeping people from classes," she added.

"At seven o'clock at night," Ross said.

"The motherfuckers, keeping people from classes at seven at night."

"So the pigs broke it up," the chick said. She had stopped crying and was staring at my clothes. Stevie came back with a rag and started wiping more blood off Ross's face. "Motherfuckers," Ross kept saying.

"Quit moving your head," said Stevie.

"See it now," Ross said, to no one in particular. Suddenly, he tilted his nose in the air and started sniffing. Sniff, sniff. "Goddamn," he suddenly said. "God-

damn morons. You been smoking again."

"Relax," Stevie said.

"Goddamn," Ross said. "Now of all times."

Stevie and the chick were working on him. Stevie said to her: "Sukie, this is Peter. Peter, Sukie."

"Hello," Sukie said. Her back was to me. She was bent over Ross, putting Merthiolate on his head. Her long legs were stretched taut and they were very brown. Hello, hello.

"You guys are going to screw everything," Ross said. "You're going to get us all busted for sure. Jesus, I think if you have too much of this, it begins to affect your brains. I think—"

"Quit moving your head," Stevie said again. He glanced over at me, and we exchanged looks. Old Ross. He'd never change.

He sat patiently until they had patched up his head, then stumbled off to the bathroom, with the chick still supporting him. When they'd gone, Stevie said: "He bought another one."

"Oh?" Nothing had changed since the year before.

"Yeah. Last week."

"What was it?"

"Shotgun," Stevie said.

"Out of sight. What's he got lying around by now?"

"I don't know. At least six. Two shotguns for sure."

"Two?"

"Yeah, one to replace the automatic. He jammed it last week and he's having a hard time getting it fixed."

I nodded. Seeing as how automatics were illegal, you'd have a very hard time getting one fixed. Besides the fact that none of Ross's guns was registered. But that was just the way his head worked. He figured that if he registered his guns, he'd just be tipping them off—the big "them"—so that when the day of liberation came, "they" would know about him, would know to come and get him. He figured that they probably already knew enough about him to come and get him anyway; but just let them try. He was ready. Muthfuggin' pigs.

It probably would've been a cool idea for Ross to keep his guns out of sight if he'd been doing anything. If he'd been a Panther or a Weatherman—even if he'd been a member of the Sierra Club. Anything. But Ross wasn't doing anything, short of letting everyone know what a heavy he was and knocking out a few token Bank of America windows with the butt of his gun when the inevitable spring riot came to Berkeley. That was why he always cut such a ludicrous figure with me.

Ross was a fervent Marxist-Leninist. At least that's how he thought of himself. He was one of the first people I'd ever met in Berkeley. I'd just been walking down Telegraph, digging the street



"I knew it! The stars never lie! When I saw you, I thought, 'He's a Sagittarius and he's going to lay me,' and you did, even though you're a Libra."

scene, and he'd looked like he knew his way around, so I'd asked him if he knew where such-and-such Dwight Way was. He lived there, too.

We'd been great good friends for an hour or so, which was, I'd later discovered, about the longest amount of time Rossie could function before finding it necessary to pause and consider the state of the coming revolution. So we'd started talking about the revolution, and after a bit of it I'd just laughed—and that had offended him deeply. You could do anything, say anything, be anything to Ross—but you couldn't laugh at the revolution.

Later, when Stevie had mentioned that I was in Berkeley to score some dope, the dislike had turned to contempt. Because Ross had no place for drugs in his life. He was serious enough about his trip to live in constant preparedness for the big day. He didn't drink, he didn't smoke, and you could hear him panting every night as he did his calisthenics. He stayed in shape for it, and he expected others to do the same. So he especially detested dope people, whose presence meant a possible bust—and with it the confiscation of his well-maintained arsenal. We really didn't get along.

But what bothered me about Ross, in the end, was that he couldn't dig what anybody else was up to. I mean, I didn't want the dude to knock off what he was doing, just because I couldn't dig it; but that was exactly what he seemed to want me to do. And as far as I was concerned, that was half-assed, because it all came down to personal excuses, which were purely a matter of choice. His excuse for not paying any attention to us was that we blew dope, which not only was illegal but was quite literally an opiate of the people, an anti-revolutionary device that we were politically ignorant enough to indulge in.

And, finally, our excuse for not digging Ross's trip was that we figured that any changes that were *really* going to happen were going to happen in people's heads. We figured that once you started killing, you admitted that you were at such a loss for solutions and that your own way was so poverty-stricken in the knowledge department that all you could do with people who didn't see the light was to liquidate them. And we figured that was nowhere. So we blew our dope and stayed in our heads; and maybe that was nowhere—but that was our problem.

The only hitch in all this being that, from the point of view of Ross's repressory society, he was a lot cooler than we were. I mean, selling marijuana could often get you into worse trouble than killing somebody. In that sense, Ross was a lot more hip than we were.

Stevie and I sat in the living room, waiting for something to happen. Pretty



*"I thought everyone from Australia knew
'Waltzing Matilda.'"*

soon the chick came back out. I was fumbling around for a cigarette, but I didn't have a match. "Do you have a match?" I said to her.

She stared at me blandly for a moment, then said: "If you made a salad out of tobacco leaves and ate it, you would be very sick."

It was said without judgment or heat, simply, a stated fact. But all I could think was, Christ, not again. Another California health-foods freak.

"Stevie, got a match?"

He shook his head. "I'm all out, man. Ask Ross, why don't you?"

Just then, Ross came out of the bathroom, still holding a towel to his head. He was mumbling to himself, so I left the honors to Stevie.

"Ross, you got a match?" said Stevie.

"So you can smoke some more dope and stink the place up? Hell, no."

"It's not for a joint," said Stevie. "Just a plain, ordinary butt that won't stink anything up any more than it already is. For Peter," he added.

"OK," Ross said. "OK. In my room, near the phone." As I got up, he said: "Hey, and there's a number by the phone that you were supposed to call if you showed up here. Some guy from Boston called this morning and left it."

I nodded and said: "Thanks."

"And if you call Boston, call collect," Ross yelled after me as I went into his room.

There was a number with a Boston exchange written on a newspaper. There was blood all over the paper and I wasn't sure of the last digit, but what the hell. I dialed the number and a far-off voice answered.

"Hello?"

"This is Peter," I said.

"Oh, yeah," said John. He sounded like I had just wakened him, which was the way he always sounded on the telephone. "What's happening?" he asked.

"Not much. I got invited to a bust but I didn't attend."

"Good man. Musty gave me a ring about five hours ago. He said he'd had to split his place fast."

"No kidding," I said.

John ignored me. "Yeah. We were really worried about you for a while there, Peter." I'll bet, I thought. It would've cost you a lot of bread. As if he knew what I was thinking, John went on: "We were afraid the heat might hassle when they found the house clean."

I said: "They did. Big deal."

"Ummm." I had half expected congratulations on my narrow escape, but of course there weren't any. John said: "Big bust?"

"Eight narcs. Couple of patrol cars."

"Shit, that's the trouble with Musty. When they come down on him, they come down hard."

"I thought he was so cool," I said.

"For Chrissake," said John, "he is. He knew this was coming. He called me, didn't he? Don't worry about it."

"OK," I said, "OK. You know where he is now?"

"Just a minute." John left the phone. I could hear music in the background and, faintly, a chick giggling. Then John came back.

"Peter?" he said. "Take this number down."

He gave me an Oakland number, told me to be careful and hung up. I sighed a deep sigh of relief, knowing at last that everything was still cool. I felt like I could relax a bit, maybe even dig that chick for a while before I dived back

into the business routine. I picked up Ross's matches and went back out into the living room.

Ross was sitting alone on the couch, smiling and drinking a medicinal glass of wine. He was telling Stevie with great glee how he'd managed to kick a cop in the 'nads before they'd gotten to him.

"Took that fucking pig right out with me," he said.

Stevie looked up at me. "Everything work out OK?" he said.

"Yeah, fine," I said. "Thanks." Then to Ross: "Where's your old lady?"

"Who, you mean Sukie?" I nodded and he laughed. "She's not my old lady, man. Just a good head. She hangs around to take care of friends on days like this, when she knows there's going to be trouble."

"Where'd she go?" I asked.

"She went back up to campus to see what's happening." He looked at me hard and then laughed again. "You can forget about her, Harkness," he said, "if you're thinking what I think you're thinking. She's a good head. She doesn't go for bad druggies like you."

"Oh, I see," I said.

"What's that supposed to mean?" he said, but I just shook my head and sat down. I wasn't going to argue with the dude, I was just going to relax for a change and enjoy myself. In my hand, I had the number John had given me, Musty's number. I should've been on the phone, trying to get hold of him, to set up a time. But I didn't feel like I had to be in any rush. I could wait. Musty had almost put me on the shit hook and it was my turn to reciprocate. He could sweat it for a while, not knowing whether I'd been picked up. It was all part of the game.

. . .

Dealing is funny, as a game. It is very external and controlled and it follows patterns of protocol and consequences as rigid as any ever encountered by nine-to-five man. More rigid, perhaps, since not everyone is playing the dealing game on the same scale nor with the same intensity nor with the same degree of knowledge.

But everyone in the park is playing, whether he's on the grass or in the bleachers, drinking beer, because everyone figures he's got something to lose. That essentially is what makes dealing so dangerous and so thrilling—the simple fact that everyone is convinced he's got something to lose. Because not everyone is going to admit it.

That's the difference between the dealer and nine-to-five man—who is forced to admit it, whether he likes it or not. He has to wear a suit to work and he has to keep his shoes shined and he has to get haircuts and watch out for telltale underarm stains. These rules are accepted by J. P. Nine-to-Five, by Mrs. Ruth Wanamaker Nine-to-Five and by all the

little Nine-to-Fives. It's accepted by them and before they know it, it is them, for which they receive the consolation prize of knowing who they are. And everybody's happy as long as the supply of glycerin suppositories holds out.

But that's not what's happening on the street, because all the people who are playing there aren't sure they're playing, and sometimes they're most definitely not playing but only trying to play or thinking they want to play or some variation thereof. That's what makes dealing so interesting.

It doesn't start that way, of course, with the fully developed patterns and responses and the paranoia and the inimitable thrills and chills. It usually starts as an act of love and only later turns into a game.

You start with John Joseph Strait, single, on his way through life with one finger cocked piously up his ass and another thumbing through the Yellow Pages. To this sturdy fellow, add two pernicious influences, one psychedelic experience, a taste of rock-'n'-roll music and some form or other of idle mind, which is widely accepted as the Devil's playground. Beat pernicious influences and psychedelic experience until fluffy, add rock 'n' roll, season with idle mind and lick the gummed side. Hold a match to one end, insert in mouth. You are now smoking a joint and wondering why you never thought to do this before, while the little man in the back of your head who holds the keys to your future is rolling around on the medulla in a fit of epilepsy. He is shouting that you will never be the same again, that you have permanently damaged your chromosomes and your taste buds and that you have generally corrupted your body and fulfilled your parents' worst expectations. That is, that's what he would be saying if you could hear him. But right now, you are thinking you have never in your whole life ever noticed how perfidiously intricate the sun looks coming through a half-filled cut-glass decanter of wine nor how amusing it is that your belly button should be stopped shut, while your nose has two holes instead of one.

After a few experiences of this sort, the dastardly weed becomes a fond and coveted friend and it attracts others. That is to say, in the spirit of brotherhood and togetherness that is the mark of the Aquarian Age, you and your friends blow dope together; and those of your friends who don't aren't around much anymore. This isn't any fault of yours—you're still digging them as much as you did before—but you just can't stand those soon-to-be-behind-bars looks they give you when you get your shit out and ask them if they want a smoke; nor the way they ask you if you're high on "that stuff" before they'll tell you how ugly their date was that night.

So you and your dope friends blow dope together and have a lot of good times together and watch the sun go down every night together and go to Baskin-Robbins to taste ice cream together. And after a while, it gets so that you're blowing a lot of dope together.

And that's cool, contrary to the local witch doctor's medicinal meditations or the Surgeon General's latest case of the blahs. Because you *know*—having violated the number-one principle of Western science and entered into self-experimentation—you *know* that dope doesn't make your eyes bug out nor make your head split open and grow asparagus. And you know that you don't wake up the morning after with the cold-turkey liver-lidded hungry frenzied glassy-eyed pure *need* look of *dope* in your eyes, because you're eating better and sleeping more than you ever have before. And you know that dope doesn't zap your brain into the fourth dimension only to drop it off in the second, leaving you with three eyes and a dork the size of a pineapple and the insistent insane, uncontrollable need to kill, rape, pillage and plunder—which a stint in the Army would at least teach you how to do—because in that sense, dope is very uneducational.

On the contrary, you find that it is vocational. You change your name to Phineas Phreak or Seymour Stone and wear bell-bottoms and dirty B.V.D.s and grow your hair down to your ass and try to keep from passing go, while still collecting your \$200 for tuition every month. You cancel your subscription to the *Times* and read the *L. A. Free Press* and don't brush your teeth and look sullen as much as possible. You hang up when old girlfriends call and lead a mysteriously quiet life, enjoying the knowledge that your straight friends are worrying about your health and the "deterioration of your nervous system."

But most of all, you become conscious of the extent to which you were hoaxed by people you once believed in. Dope doesn't drive you to needles nor crime and you still laugh at your father's dull jokes.

So you try to create your own mechanism and struggle to survive within it. You do what you think is right and you say not what you're supposed to say, usually not even what you want to say, but what you have to say. And then one morning, you wake up and it's you they're describing in the editorials and they're talking about you like you're a piece of shit that won't flush. You've dropped out, it seems. You're alienated and, God knows, what else.

By this time, however, your evil habit is consuming a bit more of your lunch money than it properly should and you and your friends decide to start buying

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in quantity. This makes for cheaper dope and quite often for better dope, because you're getting a solid chunk of a brick and not a lid bag half full of oregano. So you find a big dealer and buy stuff for your friends, and they love you for being so wise in the ways of the street and so kind to their pockets and throats.

Which continues until you finally realize, one day, that you don't have to pay for *any* of your smoking dope, if you buy in quantity with your friends and then sell a few ounces at street prices to anybody who's interested. And probably, by this time, your parents have seen a picture of you in the papers with long hair, hanging out of the occupied administration building, and they have told you to come home to Flat Top Community College or be damned—which is to say, you have been cut off. So that's the way it begins, with a few lids to friends to keep the bookstore off your back or the landlord or the used car salesman or whoever has it in for you at the time, and from there it grows like a weed. And soon enough, you're dealing quite a bit of dope and you aren't seeing many friends, since you're either buying or selling, or smoking with buyers or sellers, and you spend a lot of time hustling and being far out and saying, "Oh, wow! Hey, man, did you dig that?" And it goes on that way for as long as you can stand it—or forever, if you can stand it that long. But the chances are excellent that the game will grow either too bold or too old and the routines too sadly and forlornly familiar, and you will retire from public street life and go back to where you came from. Which is where you are.

• • •

I called Musty's number in Oakland and some guy who seemed to know said I should come over, that everything was cool. I was supposed to ring the buzzer marked Carol Moss. I said fine and went over.

Driving over in the car, I felt better and better. It was a beautiful spring night and the windows were down; I could hear the sounds of the street and the people. The driving was mechanical and I began to drift into the fantasy, the current fantasy, you might call it, but strong just the same. At first it was just faces—faces in my mind, faces of the people blurring as I drove past them, and then I saw the crowd fanned out before me like a huge faceless corpse, dead but alive, jumping and jiving as I tuned up for the next number, and I was telling the engineers to make sure all the recording equipment was in order, because I didn't want to have to do it more than once. If I had things my way, I was going to do the damn thing once and then get out from under the glaring heat of those spots, out into the night and alone. They

yelled back that everything was cool and I nodded to Willie. He thumped up the bass and started it rolling, drifting and flowing, echoing hollow from the P. A. s in the back of the stadium. And then the drums chopped in, stomping and humping, with the light clang of the cymbals on top of it, and then we were into it, the crowd knew that it was what they'd been waiting for all night and they moaned, an insane screaming moan of pleasure, screaming We Love It, It's Yours; It's Yours, We Love It, We Love It. And then the harp flew in and we were going, man, we were going and this was all they were going to get; but before we went, they were going to get it. Just then, the cords broke in front of the stage and there were cops all over the place, tripping and falling over the equipment and themselves and the chicks clawing and grasping and then it was gone, done and gone and the m.c. was yelling, "The New Administration," and the crowd was chanting for more, more, but we were down and under and out of the lights—

The lights—Jesus, I'd just run a red light and some poor bastard back there was screaming at me. I checked the rear-view mirror nervously, but there was no heat. Pure luck. I took a deep breath and there were no more faces. I finished the drive and parked across from the address I had been given.

It was an old two-story house with big bay windows. There was a chopped Harley leaning against the side of the house, back behind the cars so you couldn't see it easily from the road; it must be Musty's. I smiled in the darkness. Connection at last.

I pressed the buzzer and a funky little blonde showed up, wearing a bathrobe that was much too big for her and an irritated expression. She sized me up with a cold eye, like one of those people at fairs who guess how much you weigh.

"You're the guy from the Coast," she said. "In the back."

I stepped into the hallway, which smelled old and dark. "Are you Carol Moss?" I said. "I'm—"

"In the back," she said, walking away.

The hall led me back toward the only light in the place, past the stairs leading up to the second floor, past an empty living room and a foul-smelling can. I came out into the light and saw three dudes sitting around a small kitchen table. There was a nappy-looking spade in a white linen suit, a guy with long, curly hair and a droopy mustache and a little guy with glasses and a nervous look. They all glanced up when I came in.

Mustache looked at me. "You Harkness?"

"Yeah."

"Have a seat," he said. "This is Lou," he said, pointing to the little guy, "and Clarence." I nodded and sat down.

There was only a bare bulb overhead and the walls were painted black, giving the place a séance atmosphere. The walls were covered with posters: Peter Fonda on a hog, with a sign saying, "Ours is the Addicted Society"; Jimi Hendrix scratching his belly; Bill Miller for Berkeley City Council.

"Good trip?" Musty asked me.

"Little dull so far," I said, lighting a cigarette. Nobody laughed.

"You miss the bust?"

I shrugged. Obviously I missed the goddamn bust.

"Well," Musty said, "we got your stuff here. It's not quite Michoacán, but it's nice. Very smooth." He pointed to a place beside the stove where there were a lot of bricks wrapped in foil. "Very nice gold. John'll really dig it."

Then we talked about the bust for a while and then Clarence asked me how the heat was in Boston. "About usual," I said. "They can't hassle the colleges much. Mostly, they try to hit you when you're away from the nest. Airports, stuff like that."

"You want these bricks now?" Musty asked me.

"No," I said. "Cat I'm staying with doesn't want any dope around at his place. He's got a paranoid friend. I might be around later in the week. Could you put me up here?"

"No problem. You can use Jack's room upstairs. It's empty. And the place'll be cool, because I'm going to get these bricks out of here for a while. When are you leaving?"

Carol Moss walked into the kitchen, poured herself a glass of milk and walked out without saying a word.

"What's hassling her?"

"Me," Musty said, laughing. "She's ripped at me because I spend more time with my machine than I do with her. You see my hog out there when you came up to the house?" I nodded. "Fine machine. That's a fine fucking machine. I keep telling her that if *she* had seventy-four cubic inches, I'd spend more time riding her, but she doesn't think that's so funny."

"No sense of humor, huh?" I said. They didn't think that was so funny, either.

"You could say that," Musty said.

"I gotta split," Clarence said, standing up. He nodded to Musty and said to me, "Catch you later, man," and was gone.

"Do you want to taste this dope?" said Musty, looking over at the bricks.

"Sure," I said.

Lou, who had been out of the room, came back in. "I'm going," he said to Musty. "Give me the keys to your wheels."

Musty laughed. "Haven't got the wheels here," he said. "Too hot. I left them in a garage down by the Holly Street place. And I'm sure as hell not



"Golly, I never dreamed sex could be so rewarding!"

'tis the reason to be jolly



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giving you my bike, if that's what you're thinking about. Nobody drives my bike. Except me."

There was a silence while Lou looked glum. Then he said, "What about you?" I realized that he was talking to me. "How about it, Harkness. Did you drive over?"

"Yeah," I said, trying to sound non-committal. I wasn't too big on giving the car to some dude I didn't know from a hole in the ground.

"Well," Musty went on. "Lou here is cool. Aren't you, Lou?"

Lou nodded. I was thinking just then that I'd hang around for a while and taste the dope, so what the hell.

"Come back soon," I said, pulling out the keys. "And just don't bust it up, OK? It's not my car."

We all laughed and Lou hustled out the door.

"He's a weird little dude," I said, but Musty was already over in the corner, opening one of the bricks. He removed the tin foil first, then the paper wrapping. On the paper was a peace sign and the words "Berkeley 890." I wondered what it meant and then realized it must be the gram weight—not a bad one at that. A righteous brick, 890 grams. Below that was a large, stenciled M. Musty saw me looking at it and laughed.

"My trademark," he said. "I wanted to get one of those hand-press stampers, so I could punch it right into the brick. But, shit, you know what they want for those things?"

"No," I said, thinking that Musty was pretty cocky. Or else pretty fucking good.

"Like a thousand bucks, man. I looked into it."

It was cocky, but it wasn't unheard of, trade-marking your own dope. A lot of dudes had done it, most notably August Stanley Owsley III, who'd helped put acid in the dictionary. He used to stamp a little owl right into his tabs, and it was like the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. It meant that the acid was pure, with a good base and a uniform 305-microgram dose. It also meant another two bucks a tab on the street.

Musty pulled a hunk off one of the bricks and began rolling some joints. While he rolled, he talked about the dope supply, the way things were getting tight. "It's the same all over the country," he said. "Christ. Used to be a year-round business, now it's getting seasonal. It's only April now and the squeeze is on already. Everybody's cracking down."

"Cracking down?" I said. "Dealers, or what?"

"Well, dealers, yeah, but mainly it's the full-scale crackdowns that hurt. Like, the American Government leans on the Mexicans and the Mexs, dumb fuckers, start burning crops. And then the border guards start getting honest, and the FBI

decides to do nothing but hassle big dope runners—and things get tight."

"Shit," I said. "The FBI? Haven't they got better things to do?"

"Never have before," Musty said. "Old J. Edgar and the boys have been mowing down straw men for years—Communists, dope fiends, hidden persuaders, anything they can think of. Anything that sounds tough but can't fight back. They're smart, man. If they didn't keep everybody hopped up about the Red menace and the international dope conspiracy, then they'd have to really get down to work and do something. Like go after the mob—and the mob's a tough cookie, man. The mob'd bust J. Edgar's balls."

He sighed, finished one joint, licked it, set it aside and started on another.

"Listen," he said, "you know why the mob doesn't deal dope—and why the only people who get busted by the FBI are punk dope pushers like me? You know why? Because the mob doesn't want anything to do with grass. They're not interested. Grass is small time and it's too bulky to move without a lot of hassle. But mainly, they're not interested because there's no real money in it. Like, a dude can smoke dope his whole life and if the supply gets cut off, it won't hassle him to stop smoking. Or if somebody's fucking the market and the price goes up, he can stop smoking. Or if the stuff he's getting is cut with milk-sugar or oregano or whatever, he can stop smoking and wait till something better comes along. 'Cause your basic teahead isn't hooked, dig, he hasn't got a monkey on his back. He's blowing his weed 'cause he digs it, period. If things get too hot or too expensive—zap! No dope market."

I nodded. Big deal. But Musty was getting into it.

"Now you figure this," he said. "The mob doesn't go for dope at all, see, because they're a business organization, out to make money. They're interested in shit that gives you a habit, creates a *real* market. A market that stays to buy whether the shit is only ten percent potency or whether the price jumps 500 percent after the first week of supply. A market that stays, no matter what, a market of guys who'll do anything they have to do to keep getting their daily fix. But the FBI isn't working on that market, see. They're out busting dope-fiend creeps like me who turn innocent teeners on to a stick of mary jane every now and then."

"Far out," I said. There was nothing else to say. I had heard it all before. Anybody who is into dealing has heard it all before.

"Goddamn right it's far out," Musty said. "It's also a drag to talk about." He paused and I hoped he was through, but he suddenly picked up again. "And I'll tell you what else is a drag," he said. "A real downer this is, too. You got any idea

how many people are blowing dope these days?" I shrugged. "A hell of a lot, man," he said. "A hell of a lot. Ten or twenty million, says *Life* magazine. Five percent of this country, bare minimum. You have any idea how much dope all those people consume?" I shook my head. He shook his head back. "A hell of a lot, man," he said again. "And I'll tell you what happens. The heat, see, the heat figure they gotta stop all these people from blowing dope, 'cause otherwise they're going to have a country full of drug addicts on their hands, right? Right. OK, so they crack down on the dope supply, they make it hard as hell for a normal Joe to get his hands on some normal smoking dope. And they figure that's good, see, they're doing their job and preventing everybody from getting addicted. Right?" He laughed bitterly. "But then look what happens. There's not enough dope around, so the shitbird dealers start burning the scene down. And they don't have any more good weed than the next man, so they sell shit—any kind of shit—and they cut it with something to give it a kick. And the people who know what weed's all about, see, they're not getting burned, 'cause they know better. But the people who don't know better, they get screwed." He threw up his hands, then rapped the table once more. He was getting pretty excited. "Like these dudes who try to sell you a lid and say, drink it as tea—all that means is that they're pushing some ragweed cut with meth, and you aren't going to buy their crummy lid, right? Right. You know that, and I know that. But some high school punk isn't gonna know that, and he's gonna go home and fix himself up some 'tea,' and if he does it often enough, he's gonna have a speed habit. Too much, huh? This country has a potential drug nightmare on its hands, and the pigs are busting their balls to keep it going. All the time telling the straight mommies and daddies what a good job they're doing, keeping dope out of the kiddies' hands, when actually they're responsible for hooking more little ignorant brats on more kinds of shit than you can even think of. It's too much."

He sighed and seemed to run out of steam. He sat back in his chair, shaking his head, then seemed to remember the joints he had rolled. He lit one and took a drag, then handed it to me. "Comes on nice," he said. "Just wait."

Carol Moss appeared out of nowhere and sat down at the table. She didn't say anything, just sat.

"Want some smoke?" I said to her, holding out the joint. She shook her head and Musty laughed.

"Forget about her," he said. "She'll snap out of it."

I took another long, luxurious hit and then held the joint away from me, observing the fine blue-gray smoke and the

creeping advance of the burning tip across the yellow terrain. And realized that I was stoned. "Wow."

Musty said: "Fine smoke, what?"

It was definitely extraordinary smoke and I couldn't say a thing for a while. The events of the day got up and introduced themselves to me formally and asked me to sit and chat. Having no alternative, that is exactly what I did. It had been quite a day.

I realized that I was very tired and that the business end of everything had been concluded. I could crash. The feeling came over me like a huge breath of hot air, not uncomfortable but impossible to escape, and I knew that I wanted to sleep.

Musty was in front of me, saying something. I think he was still talking about how good the dope was. My ears focused and zoomed in on his words. People talk too much. I was thinking. And they eat too much. So they fart a lot and have jizzy friends like Lou. They're fat and they drive fast cars and listen to the news and beat off to Lawrence Welk. They're lonely. They get cancer and diarrhea and heartburn and dysentery and malaria and syphilis and an education, all from talking too much. The hell with them. I wanted to go to sleep.

"Where's Lou?" I said and everyone in the kitchen stirred audibly.

"He said something," said Musty.

"Jesus Christ, he's alive." A chick's voice. Must be that Carol what's her name.

"And he wants to go to sleep!" said Musty, laughing.

"Where's Lou?" I said again. "Got to

get some sleep. Completely whacked out. That dope is unbelievable."

"He's functioning," said Musty to the chick. "But just barely." Then to me: "Tell you the truth, I don't have the slightest idea where Lou is right now, and he probably doesn't, either. He may be back in an hour, which was an hour ago, but it's more likely that he'll be back sometime tomorrow. He's got an old lady in North Berkeley and once he's up there, he doesn't show for a while. So you might as well crash here."

"Fine," I said, "anywhere. Sorry to be so lively, but this happens to me every so often, just comes over me. Nothing I can do about it. Uncontrollable desire to close my eyes. Strange but true."

"You can take Jack's room," said Musty. "Second door on the left, at the top of the stairs. There's a sleeping bag in the closet, if there aren't enough blankets."

I thanked him and split.

• • •

Second door on the left, open, I stumbled in. Sat down and with a sigh of relief took off my shoes and was just about to throw off the jacket when I heard someone say hello. I whirled around and there she was or, rather, there it was, a shift of swirling colors so bright they hurt my eyes, glistening white teeth, beautiful dark skin—a fine woman, the whole thing extremely fine, too fine to be true, in fact, too fine to be true any time but now. All I could think was, Please, would you please just go away.

"Hello," I said. I put my shoes back on and stood up. "Sorry, but they told

me downstairs this room was empty. Which room is Jack's?"

"Sit down," she said, still smiling.

"I'd like to very much," I said, "in the morning. But right now, I'm very sleepy and have to go to bed. So if you'd tell me where—"

"This is Jack's room," she said. "My dog is having puppies in my room and the smell is too much, and I didn't know anyone was staying here tonight, so . . ." She shrugged. "But if it really bothers you, I'll leave. The smell's not that bad."

Another beautiful smile. I was being hustled: She knew damned well I wasn't going to throw her out if her dog was having puppies. Well, hell, I figured I could probably get her to drop one of the Seconals I had with me, so the light wouldn't be on all night. I wondered how long I was going to have to be sociable before I could shove one down her throat. There was nothing to do but sit down and find out.

"Your dog's having puppies?" I said.

"Yeah," she laughed. "Six the last time I looked, but probably more by now. I'd take you in to show you, but Dagoo is getting motherly already and she wouldn't like having anybody around she didn't already know."

I nodded, cursing myself for not having been born a dog, with the same prerogative.

"Want to hear some sounds?" she said and, without waiting for an answer, she went over to the corner of the room. As she did, she brushed her long hair back from her face and I saw it clearly for the first time in the candlelight. Then she came back over and sat down next to me.

"Want to smoke some dope?" she said. "Out-of-sight stuff, Musty got it for a rich friend of his back East." At that, she produced a lid and began rolling some joints. She lit one and placed the others in the marvelous cleft peeking over the top of her shift.

"Great place to keep your stash," I laughed. Maybe I would blow some dope. This was obviously going to take some time, this social bit.

"Got into the habit last summer, during the riots," she said. "They were hassling people just for being on the street, stopping you and frisking you for dope, anything. The cops love to give a chick a good going over, but they never check there."

I nodded and took a long hit, noticing as I did that the dope was different from the stuff I'd been tasting with Musty. And had a quick paranoid flash: was he pushing me one brick of good dope and giving me another nine keys of shit? But then I thought, no, not Musty. He was a businessman and, besides, he was too close to John. No, that was the kind of stunt that smacked-out old Ernie Statler



"I'm used to bigger things."

would've pulled. I laughed at the thought of Ernie, and just then a lightning bolt zinged between my ears and caressed the backs of my eyeballs. I was a new man.

"Fine smoke," I said, giving her the joint. "Very fine smoke."

"I should hope so, if you're going to knock off that much of it in one drag. Man, the look in your eyes was golden. What's a matter, you feeling bad when I came in?"

"Just tired," I said. "It's been a long day."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," she said. "This stuff really gives you a run for your money." Then she hopped up: "Wow, listen to *that!*" and went over to turn up the stereo.

She came back and sat down again and stared at me. Not really at me—but at what I was wearing. As if to say, I like you and all, but whoever told you to put those things on? I got a flash on Sproul Plaza that afternoon and suddenly realized what had been happening that day, all day, ever since I'd gotten into town. I'd been swimming upstream the whole time because of the way I looked.

I laughed and said: "I know. Who's my tailor?"

She shook her head. "No, no, I didn't mean that. It's just that, well, I just can't get over those duds. You are the one from Cambridge, aren't you?" I nodded, and she laughed. "God, do all the dope people in the East look like you?"

The way she said it, I had to laugh with her. "No, just the ones who run bricks for paranoid friends. I look like this whenever I come out here. It's a trip, huh?"

She laughed again, then said in a surprised voice: "Hey, I know where I've seen you. You were over at Stevie's this afternoon."

"Yeah."

"Good friends with Stevie?"

"You good friends with Ross?"

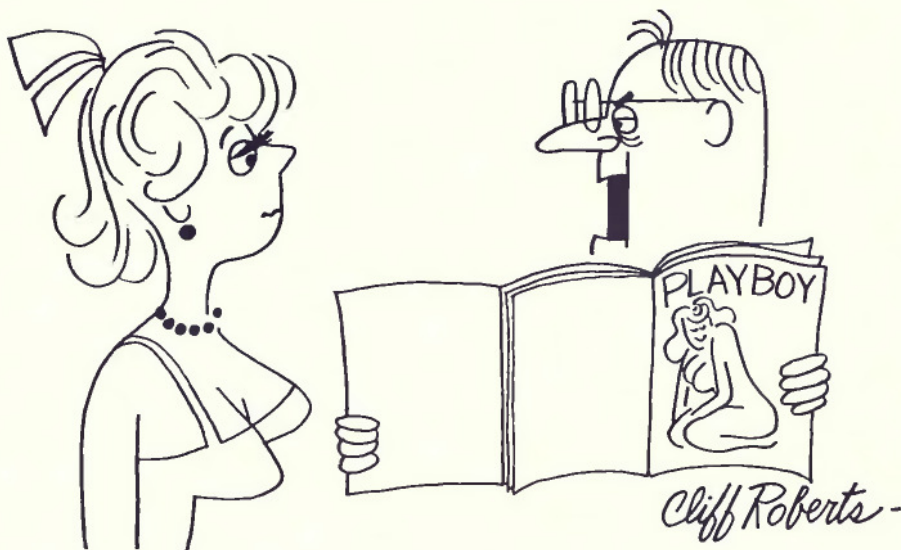
She looked at me, then shrugged. "Ross's OK. You've just got to get to know him. As a matter of fact, I remember him saying something about you. Sounded like you and him didn't get to know each other the right way."

"What is the right way with Ross?"

She laughed. "There isn't. Want another smoke?" I nodded and she reached down into her shift to retrieve another joint. I figured that at the rate we were going, neither of us would be needing a Second. We'd be out cold in an hour.

"This dope almost never got here today," she went on. "Musty's place got busted about ten minutes after he got the word and he barely had time to move it all out." Her eyes got big. "They wouldn't have had to bust *him*, either. Just his bricks. He's gotten cocky lately, and that house was rented in his own name."

"Yeah, I saw that." She stopped fum-



"You said you were going to Chicago for the play-offs of the national crocheting competition!!!"

bling with the matches and looked at me. "I flew in this afternoon, see, and I only had that one address. And nobody left a note on the door."

She laughed. "Wow, I heard they took the walls out."

I nodded. "Yeah, they did. But hell, it's over, done. So why don't you light that joint?"

She did, and passed it over. Then she said: "You flew out just to pick up the bricks?"

I held up my fingers. "Three days and I'm off again."

She was incredulous. "Three days? That's all the time you're going to stay? Why not hang around, once you're out here?"

"Well, I'd like to, but I've got to get back. Exams." I laughed. "Anyway, it's not as ridiculous as it sounds, if you've ever spent a winter in Beantown." I looked at her, and she shook her head. "Oh, well, you've missed something. Snow, sleet, wind, gunk—Boston's got it all. It's a winter wonderland."

"Far out," she said. "I moved up here to get away from too much good weather. From L.A., just south of L.A., actually. Bright sun and eighty degrees all year round. It drove me nuts. So I split school and wound up here in Berkeley." She leaned close to me and gave me what was by this time a darkly stained roach. "How'd you know Musty?" she said.

"I didn't," I said. "He's a friend of a friend—that rich guy you were talking about before—dude named John. Very nice cat who, unfortunately, was born with a trust fund in his mouth." Then I shook my head. "That's just a state of mind," I said. "He's actually a great guy."

"Yeah," she said. "He sounds it." And

as soon as I heard her say that, I knew that, somehow, she'd felt the same vibrations that I had. It was John and the world he'd built up around him: distant, alien and totally destructive to the atmosphere in the room.

And then she was saying something about another joint and I was nodding, not thinking about that but, rather, about the way I was feeling, the way I was slipping and sliding head over heels into the old I am you and Who is he? routine.

Because suddenly, the old Subterranean Laundry Man was there, pulling out the dirty linen for all to see and admire, watching everything that I did. Scrutinizing idiosyncrasies, scribbling notes, making points. She has her hand on your wrist, my boy; aren't you going to respond? She trusts you and wants you, old chap; aren't you going to help the lady out? It was weird, that feeling. And it made me very nervous. I was split in two, cut down the middle, the one half watching and the other half acting on dictation, I was suddenly being *careful*. Careful not to blow the scene, careful not to mess up all the good work done so far, careful to keep the emotional strain to a minimum until I could manage to plunk her firm little ass into bed. And with the caution, with the split, came the memories.

I first met the Laundry Man in high school. He was just a casual acquaintance then—a friend of a friend, you might say. But I soon discovered that I was more ambitiously horny than I would have ever dreamed possible—and that my three daily hours of football with the high school meatballs didn't alleviate the pain one bit. That knowledge was the birthright of the Laundry

Man, and he thrived on it until one day he was bigger than me and was calling the shots. It soon became my habit to flee the chloroformed vistas of pep rallies and cheerleaders and student-body apathy and to make my way to New York. Where I haunted the bars of the Lower East Side, getting thrown out of most of them for being underage and the rest for drooling. But I continued undaunted, hunting for that mythical older woman who would, in the privacy of her run-down apartment, teach me every exotic churn and buzzle known to man.

I learned to drink Scotch on the rocks like apple cider and to perform a number of other routines suggested by fellow travelers—socks as a codpiece, a wedding ring on my finger, a carefully cultivated five-o'clock shadow, and on and on. And I got all the ass I wanted, Grade B ass to be sure, and not all of it inspected by the Department of Agriculture, but then, that's what I was looking for on the Lower East Side. I thought it was all very funky.

But the whole time I was hustling, I was watching. I was comparing notes with the other guys (TWA stevies are best?) and then trying new little numbers out (my wife died of leukemia, she was only 20) and then watching again. And one day I finally got sick of it, especially sick of the chicks who couldn't play it any other way except as this kind of a game and, more especially, sick of myself because I'd been doing it so long that it was part of me, it was there all the time, and I couldn't turn it on and off at will anymore. The Laundry Man wouldn't knock off after working hours like the rest of the boys. By the time I stopped going down to New York, I hated the whole riff.

Only to discover that my peers and classmates were now digging the joys of communion. The chicks in school were suddenly hankering for me, mostly because I was aloof. Sweet little homemade lemonade cunts sidling up to you in the corridor and launching into their version of *Getting To Know You*. I couldn't stand it. I told them to be quiet and then to go away and, finally, in desperation, to fuck off. I became a monk. I avoided them. Because the whole time the Laundry Man was back in my head, stiff with starch and saying, *Come on now, son, oblige the lady. Be sociable. Be a man!* But I knew better than anyone that the Laundry Man spoke with forked tongue, and I did not want to lie again.

So I tried to keep him under lock and key and just live my life. But here he was again, huffing and puffing and lusting for the battle—and here was this god-damned chick playing right up to him.

She was tapping my shoulder. "Hey," she said, "you planning to finish that all by yourself?"

I looked down at the roach in my hand and laughed. I was about to suggest another, but she already had it out and was lighting it. Then she said: "What do you do in Cambridge?"

"I'm on the dole," I said. It was supposed to be funny, but as I watched her face, I could see that she didn't understand. And then it wasn't all that funny, even if you did understand. In fact, it wasn't funny at all. It was a way of life.

"How's that?" she said, head to one side.

"Government," I said. "I study government, political science, whatever they call it around here."

"Oh," sort of drawing her breath in, trying to figure out if I was leading up to some kind of punch line. I wished there were some kind of punch line for school. "Is that interesting?"

I laughed. "I don't know. Ever read the papers?"

"Only the comics," she said, and I laughed again. That was good.

"Well, there aren't any comics in the Government Department at Harvard. At least they don't think of themselves that way. Nothing but serious, devoted scholars."

She said: "Why don't you split? I mean, it doesn't sound like you dig it much."

I shook my head. "Not for a while." Chances were pretty good that if you split, especially if you were splitting to get out of the machine, you'd just wind up in a different kind of machine.

"Draft?"

"Uh-huh."

"Can't you get out?" she said.

"Of the all-new, action Army?" I said. "I don't know. What the hell, though, what a drag this is, talking about it like this. This is exactly what they want you to do—get good and freaked out about something as half-assed as the Army, so you can't really concentrate on what's going down. Divide and conquer," I said, raising a mock finger, and she smiled. I finished the joint and put it back in the bag with the other roaches. "What're you up to in Berkeley right now?"

"Working in a studio," she said.

"Is that right?" I said. "Far out. What, modeling?"

She laughed. "No, no. A recording studio." She tossed her head in the direction of the stereo. "Like, we produced this album, for one, and we do a lot of remixing. But pretty soon we're going to be doing the whole works, from beginning to end. They've almost finished the new studio." She pulled out another joint. "Seventy-two tracks, man. Dig that."

"Far out," I said again.

She got up to change the record again and I didn't see but, rather, felt her presence this time as she moved about the room in the flickering light.

"Sukie," I said, half to myself as she sat down again beside me. Rolling it over against the roof of my mouth and seeing it come out with the smoke of the joint: "Sukie." I turned to her and asked: "Why do they call you Sukie?"

She looked up at me and I was filled with her strange eyes, rich and thick, and I couldn't hold the gaze. Suddenly, I wanted to kiss her and I folded my hands and thought about Mt. Auburn Street. There, that was better. I could talk again.

"You still haven't told me," looking at her again.

She turned away. "Because I'm, ah, tawdry." She seemed to savor the word as she said it, bitterly, and it dripped from her mouth.

"Tawdry," I said. "Good word. Fine word. Sukie Tawdry. Tawdry Sukie—"

"Don't," she said, and I could hear an edge in her voice, something hurting, so I didn't. I just sat. And wondered. What now? And wondered again about the Second. After a while, she put her hand out to me and said: "You're nice."

I was angry. "What?"

"I said you're nice."

"What does that mean?"—thinking, Christ, Jesus Christ, not this bit, not just now, when I was starting to dig you.

"It means," she said, "oh, just that you don't fuck with what you don't understand."

"I'm not nice," I said, withdrawing my hand. "In fact I'm impotent. And I don't like people who make jokes about it. So let's have another smoke and forget about it."

She nodded and as she did she leaned forward to light the joint in the flame of the candle, her skin glowing smoothly, hair pulled back as far as it would go, as if to keep it out of the flame and as I watched her fiercely puffing on the joint, I understood. Her left eye, which had been covered until now by hair, wandered out just a bit to her ear. It made me happy and angry at the same time, this ridiculous dangerous vicious game we were playing, now that I began to understand the rules, and I could not laugh as I wanted to. Finally, I said: "Give me the joint, would you?"

She handed the smoke over and got up to change the record.

"What do you want to hear?" she said from behind me.

"You just put that on, just a minute ago."

"I don't like it," she said.

"Big deal," I said. I could hear her flipping through the albums. They made a slapping sound and she said: "It doesn't bother you?"

I was suddenly angry with her for drawing it out. She had trusted me, she had shown me—and now what was all

f-folkes



"I'd like you to meet the rage of Paris."



this crap? I said: "Is it supposed to?"

She came back over. "That was not nice," she said.

"It wasn't meant to be."

Very softly: "Are you pissed?"

"No, why should I be?" I was blowing my mind.

She was quiet for a long time before she spoke again. Her voice was full and throaty when she did. "Do you have someone?"

"Are you asking or do you want to know?" It wasn't exactly what I wanted to talk about just then. I flashed on Annie and she said: "Yeah, that happened to me, too."

I looked at her, disbelieving.

"This guy and I had a real good thing going," she went on, "but he thought he could treat me like shit."

I looked at her, feeling something like affection. I thought I was going to laugh when she said, "You remind me a little of him," and I let my air out in a rush.

"Thanks, I'm overwhelmed."

She laughed. "No, no," she said, "just the way he looked. And you don't even look that much like him. He was a prick."

"Oh," I said, not knowing what else to say but suddenly laughing at the whole scene, at the fear and anger that was so important and then not even important enough to be remembered. I looked up at her and she was laughing, too.

"The only thing is"—still laughing—"I can't stand those duds you got on. Do you go around like that when you're in Cambridge?"

I nodded.

"All the time?"

I nodded again.

"I couldn't stand it," she said. "It must be like walking around inside a tank."

"Yeah, well—"

"Why don't you get out of them?"

"I'm wrecked," I explained and she just nodded and came around the table, leaned over to undo my shirt and I pulled her down to me on the floor and kissed her hard. Then she was tickling my ear with her tongue, saying: "Your jacket's going to get dirty."

"It comes clean."

"Come on," she said, "let's get in bed."

"You were taking my shirt off," I said, kissing her. She started unbuttoning and I picked her up and carried her to the bed.

"Is everyone at Harvard such a gentleman?" she whispered, and I dropped her. Laughs.

Somebody was knocking on the door.

"He's not in," I said, and sat down to take my socks off. Another, heavier, knock, and a thick voice asking for me. "Nobody's home," I said. Christ, take a hint.

And then the door was open and three cats were in the room, all wearing gray pin-stripe suits and looking like walk-ons for Robert Stack. Dangling their wallet badges before I could get my glasses on.

"FBI," said the first man.

"Your name Harkness?" barked another.

"Yes," I said.

"You rented a '69 Mustang from Hertz today?"

"Sounds familiar. What can I do for you?"

Silence. Then: "We just want to look around." Spoken in typical deadly Oh, Nothing plainclothesman tones. Deadly. The speaker was a skinny guy with a crewcut. He had 86-proof brains you could smell across the room, and his neck was covered with acne. He started looking and so did the two others, poking here and there in the room and in the corridor outside.

I suddenly remembered Sukie's lid and got a woozy rush of anticipation, but I couldn't see it on the table, so maybe she'd stashed it. At any rate, I decided to try to get them out of the room as soon as possible.

"Since we haven't been formally introduced," I said. Nobody looked up. "You wouldn't mind telling me what you're doing here?" I continued.

"We would," Crewcut said. OK, fair enough.

"In that case, you wouldn't mind producing a search warrant." Fuck these dudes. First thing I'd done when I'd gotten into dealing was to read a manual on search-and-seizure techniques—complete with the latest test cases, rights of the citizen, common police ploys. All the dope, as the saying goes. And so I wasn't about to stand around and watch while these jokers turned the place upside down.

I repeated my question.

"Why don't you shut up," Crewcut said.

I decided to be indignant. "You know as well as I do that you need a search warrant to go over this place," I said.

Sukie was lying on the bed, the blankets twisted around her, looking unhappily at her dress on the floor. One of the cops stepped on the dress as he walked around the room.

"And I have a witn—"

"Listen, Harkness," the third one said, fat, with glasses and a choked, menacing voice, "if I were you, I'd keep quiet just now, because—"

"Because what, cop?" I said. I was getting mad. "Right now you're up for breaking and entering, illegal search and, for all I know, seizure, besides—"

"Besides, you're under arrest," Crewcut said. "For possession. Put your shirt on, you're coming down with us."

I couldn't believe it. I just stared at them as they moved around the room, shuffling and sniffing and poking at things. I was trying to figure out if one of them had picked up Sukie's lid, but they didn't act like it.

"I'm what?" I said.

"Under arrest, candy-ass. Now move it."

If they were bluffing I figured I might as well follow them down the line. "On charges of possession?" I said. "I'm clean. Go ahead, look around all you want, you won't find anything on me."

I was scared and Crewcut was looking pleased. "Sure we don't need a search warrant?" he said.

"Let's go, kid," said another.

There was nothing to do but go. Sukie gave me a So Sad To Be Lonesome look as I got dressed, and I saw how suddenly cold and tired she looked, huddled up in the blanket. Meanwhile, the cops kept looking around but, miraculously, didn't find anything, not even the roaches. I got all my clothes on and was tying my tie.

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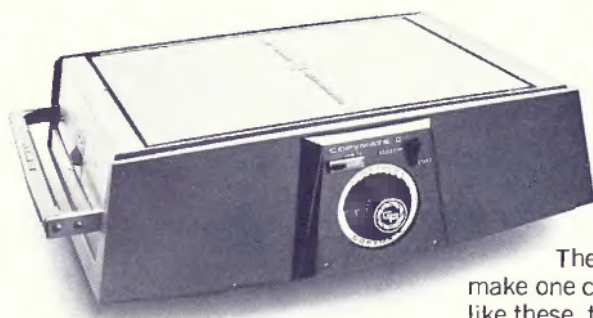


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"Forget that," Crewcut said. "There's plenty of time for that."

I watched them nosing around the room, and felt like laughing. It was almost impossible to take them seriously, with their cops-and-robbers huffing and puffing and the staid, predictable way that they played the scene. As if they *were* actually playing a scene. I felt like I was watching TV—this kind of thing happened to people on TV, not to real flesh-and-blood persons. I was a spectator at my own bust.

Then one of them turned to the dude with the glasses and said: "Hey, Murph, you want the girlie here?" I felt tight and weak until Glasses said: "Naw. Just candy-ass here."

Then they twirled me around, grabbed both wrists and pulled them tight behind me and slapped on the cuffs. Wrenched them shut.

"What's the point of that?" I said. "I'm nonviolent." It was a joke, if a grim one.

"How are we s'posed to know that?" said Crewcut, dead serious.

"He's bleeding," said Sukie. "You've got them on so tight he's bleeding." I hadn't noticed, but I took her word for it.

"Relax, lady," said Glasses, the one they called Murph. "Lover boy, here, can take it. Right?" He slapped me on the back and I stumbled out of the room.

Out in the hallway, I went up against the wall. A good frisk with a knee in the balls, special delivery from Crewcut.

"What the hell," I said, "you watched me get dressed." Very loudly, hoping to wake someone up.

"Shut up," they said, taking me downstairs.

In the downstairs hall, I could see their faces better. Crewcut was very young, with pimples all over his face as well as his neck. No wonder he was being the tough guy, I thought. This may be his debut. He was glowering ferociously as we left the house.

The second guy looked like a butcher putting on airs. A *nouveau riche* butcher. Rolled old ladies for their opera tickets so he could fart in a box seat. Butcher needed a shave and some deodorant.

The third guy, the one with the glasses, looked strangely familiar. He was a mean-looking son of a bitch, short and stocky, with closely cropped gray hair, 45 years old, maybe 50. His face was smooth, round, complacent: the face of a pig who'd been getting fattened by the farmer all year but hadn't yet figured out what for. His voice was as stiff as his walk and sounded like he'd forgotten how to laugh.

Law and Order, I thought. Bring Us Together.

Outside, the patrol car was waiting, a bored cop in the driver's seat. We drove off into the night, one narc on each side of me. Nobody said anything. The narcs

seemed suddenly as bored and passionless as the automaton at the wheel. Finally, I said: "What have you got on me, anyway?"

No answer. Everybody was engrossed in the empty, pale night streets.

"Well, listen," I said, "long as you're running me in, you might as well—"

"Just shut up, huh, punk?" one of them said. Lazily, enjoying it.

I couldn't believe it. What was this shit, anyway, the drive-ins or a special number they did for guys like me?

After a few minutes, one of them turned to me. "We got your friend," he said.

"My friend?"

"Yeah. We got him. Took us a while to find out where you were. Sorry about the delay." Chuckles. I was delighted to see that somebody was having a good time.

"My friend?" I said again.

"Look, laddie, how dumb are you? There's no use fucking around with us. It's over. We got the whole story. Picked up your friend and found the shit. So don't fucking waste our time."

Crewcut turned around from the front seat to look at me.

"See, punk, this time it's for real. It's all for real." Then he laughed. "Christ, you guys are all the same. Like that guy we picked up last week—hey, Murph, you 'member the guy on the beach? Yeah. We picked up this guy on the beach in Frisco last week, busted him while he was shooting up. He had his whole outfit right there with him, along with half a bag of scag, and he was so smacked out of his mind that the whole way in to the station, he wouldn't do nothing but tell us what a great guy God was." Titters all around. Crewcut was being appreciated. "Goddamn. The whole way, the guy stuck to this one story. Said he just went down

to the beach to meditate, 'cause he wanted a bag of scag so bad that he'd decided to pray to God, and suddenly—this is what he says, he says, 'And then suddenly, officer, God answered my prayers and that bag, my bag you got there, that bag just dropped into my lap, right out of the sky.' Wouldn't tell us anything more. Christ, you guys are all the same."

More titters. Even the cop who was driving joined in. I suddenly felt very uncomfortable.

"I want to see my lawyer," I said.

"Yeah," said Crewcut. "At the station."

• • •

I finally got the story when I was booked. Lou was driving around in the car and the brake lights hadn't been working, so the heat pulled him over for a routine check. And Lou hadn't had his license, and nothing but rental papers in place of registration, so the heat had decided the car was stolen, called in the FBI and given him a good going-over. Along with the car. It was then that they'd found a lid of Lou's dope under the seat.

So they ran him in and he swore that it was my dope and my car and that he'd just innocently borrowed it. He had become extremely helpful and even gave them my address in Berkeley.

So they busted me. Speed kills.

It was just a freak accident, the kind of dreary half-assed thing that could happen to anybody. I couldn't even get angry about it.

The walls of the cell were green.

This is the first of three installments of "Dealing." Part II of the novel will appear in the January issue.



ON THE TOWN *(continued from page 150)*

salaries ranging up to \$50,000 a year for headwaiters and top chefs. And as the European economy has boomed, Europe has dried up as a supply of restaurant people. The result is that the clientele will have to help themselves.

One restaurant, Blumenthal speculates, might have its customers put together their own appetizers from an anti-pasto buffet. A number of restaurants that now permit diners to pick out their own live lobsters or their steaks might go a step further and allow customers to cook them at the table on hot plates or hibachis. At least one California restaurant now has its customers make their own salads. In family establishments, service requirements could be reduced by having the head of the table serve the food and possibly even carve the roast. And one New York restaurant is experimenting with allowing customers to mix their own drinks at the table, leaving the bottles there and figuring out later how much was used.

Problems in another industry—banking—also are likely to make dining out (as well as other on-the-town activities) more convenient, says Louis F. Reale, president of Riggs Computer Center and a vice-president of Riggs National Bank in Washington, D. C. The nation's banks are rapidly sinking into a morass of paper that is costing tens of billions of dollars a year to process, and the credit-card society has only added to the paper deluge from the transfer of money. To solve the problem, Reale reports that the banking industry is looking to the computer for electronic money transfer. A person's money would exist almost entirely as an electronic signal on a magnetic tape and would be transferred from employer to employee, from consumer to store, from bank to bank, by computers communicating with computers. Yet the new system wouldn't entirely eliminate the need for real money, Reale notes. For example, the on-the-town reveler might find that offering an electronic credit card to a New York cabbie is hazardous to his health. The computer plus a money system, therefore, might mean taking along enough pocket money for such minor goods and services and paying for higher-priced items by direct electronic transfer of funds from his bank account to whatever establishments he patronizes. Besides eliminating the need to carry a lot of money, this also would end the embarrassment at finding himself short of cash during an evening on the town.

When fully developed and implemented, such a system could obviously handle many other leisure-oriented services. Reale sees no significant obstacles to utilizing a nationwide computer-based

money-transfer system to handle reservations and tickets for plays, concerts, restaurants, sporting events and associated services. Suppose, for example, you were planning to drive into town from the suburbs for a dinner-and-theater evening. A single telephone call to the computer center might accomplish the following: estimate times for dinner and travel to the theater based on accumulated data on conditions in the restaurant and theater areas, reserve a parking space near the restaurant, book a table at the restaurant and preorder dinner, if desired, recommend transportation between the restaurant and the theater, reserve seats in the theater, provide any other details—and automatically pay for everything electronically. Not only would the planning, preparation and payment for an evening on the town be made much easier but it also might eliminate such problems as parking at one's destination or colossal traffic jams in the theater district.

Since a central data bank would know how many reservations it had made for each facility on a particular evening, it might be able to regulate the flow of people in a smoother, more efficient manner than the current unorganized system, in which each establishment takes reservations without considering what's going on next door. The computer, for example, might advise the client that although a table is open at his favorite restaurant, the nearest available parking space is seven blocks away. It might further suggest either alternative restaurants of the same type or another mode of transportation into town.

While such a system is a logical application of computer technology and a distinct future possibility, Reale says not to look for it tomorrow. The capital investment required to establish such a system would be enormous. Secondly, several recent attempts to establish far more limited, computer-based nationwide reservations and ticketing networks for major theatrical and sporting events have failed miserably, with accompanying major financial losses to the backers. Reale doesn't visualize the complete system in operation during this decade, but parts of it may begin to appear soon. Airline and hotel reservations are already computerized to a large extent. A limited number of companies already are paying their employees by transferring their salaries directly into their bank accounts. Such developments are likely to become more widespread in the next two years.

A major breakthrough will occur with the development of low-cost electronic terminal equipment that can connect banks directly with the points of sale, possibly via telephone wires. When this

occurs, Reale explains, a store or a restaurant could instantaneously verify a customer's ability to pay and could effect an immediate transfer of money from the customer's account to its own at the moment of purchase, all without the use of any currency. As the system developed, computers could take over other financial transactions, such as bill paying (already in limited use), budgeting and financial planning and tax computation and filing. To arrive at this point, however, banks would have to reach nationwide agreement on compatible electronic equipment and Federal legislation would probably be required to protect consumers against invasion of privacy. Credit reporting by bank computers, for example, would most likely be prohibited. Other problems arise in securing fraud-proof identification. One leading method under development is identification by a person's voice print—the individual electronic pattern a person's voice makes on an oscilloscopelike instrument. As the problems are solved and the system proliferates, another on-the-town annoyance—the need to handle money for everything—will for the most part be removed.

The annoyances and problems of transportation are likely to remain with us, although some improvements are at least possible. The difficulty lies in the very nature of transportation: To effect an improvement, even a small one, it must occur throughout the system. In other words, a milelong stretch of six-lane highway isn't likely to move a person very fast if a two-lane road lies at either end. Furthermore, even a minuscule improvement in a transportation system generally requires billions of dollars and many years to achieve.

Some improvement can be made, however, not by increasing the capacity of the transportation system but by decreasing the demand. That is, reduce the amount of travel required to bring the leisure activity and the consumer together. This is precisely what the concentration of entertainment facilities into small areas, such as the restaurant rows, attempts to do. By further concentrating activity areas, such as restaurants, bars, night clubs and theaters, into closely adjacent or mixed entertainment districts, the demand for transportation will be sharply reduced. Then, if a major transportation facility, such as New York's Grand Central Station, with its complex of commuter trains, subways, buses, taxi stands and parking lot, is incorporated into an entertainment district, the transportation problem will diminish even further.

Outside the big cities, a similar concentration process is occurring on a small scale in many suburban shopping centers and in the new towns that are beginning to crop up around the country. In these areas, planners are attempting to group

entertainment facilities around and within shopping malls, or walking plazas, that allow patrons to walk from one place to another after parking in a centrally located lot or after debarking from a bus. These centers are likely to offer increasingly high-quality entertainment attractions, says planner Malcolm Rivkin, as the developers realize that entertainment serves as the primary attraction to bring people and their money into the center from outside the immediate area. Rivkin predicts that such centers, and particularly the new towns, will engage in sharp competition for the outsider's dollar through a progressive upgrading and diversification of entertainment facilities, since it is one of the very few areas in which they can compete. As the process continues, people in the suburbs will go into the cities only for the more exotic entertainment that cannot generate sufficient support within the smaller geographical areas served by the suburban centers.

Both in the cities and in the larger suburban centers, many people are already participating in a relatively new diversion—university-level adult education. More and more adults are using universities for their traditional purpose—learning. In fact, a significant trend is developing as numerous educational institutions are converting from 8- to 16-hour workdays in

response to the burgeoning demand by adults to go back to school to study everything from theater appreciation to basket weaving and astrophysics.

Many sociologists attribute this trend, at least in part, to a predictable reaction against television watching. They note that the television industry has grown from an \$8,700,000 midget in 1948 to a two-billion-dollar giant that dominates today's family entertainment and, according to some estimates, occupies almost six hours a day of the American family's time. Much of this spectacular growth, they say, was derived from the newness of the medium, its relatively low cost and the convenience of staying home—charms that are rapidly wearing thin. Now, say the sociologists, people are becoming increasingly critical of the quality of television programming and are reacting against the total passivity of TV watching. Moreover, despite a number of projected improvements in home fare and electronic techniques, the need to do something active remains a powerful force in moving people out of their homes in search of other activities.

An almost unprecedented art boom, for example, is under way. The number of art schools in Los Angeles alone has climbed from 50 to 350 in just the past several years. Across the street from one gallery on Los Angeles' growing La Cie-

nega art strip, a parking lot, formerly filled with cars, is now populated by a mob of amateur artists sitting on folding chairs amid a multicolored sea of canvases that they are offering for sale. So many amateur artists desire and are willing to pay for space in which to display their work that many parking-lot operators have found it more profitable to rent a few square feet to these artists than to drivers.

Just as art is booming, so is almost everything else even vaguely associated with culture. Amateur theatrical groups, opera societies, ballet companies, book clubs, even organizations devoted to the revival of ancient sports, are springing up all over the country. Both New York and California have croquet leagues in operation. The sport of falconry is being revived. Professional soccer leagues are bidding for national acceptance. And a number of lesser-known sports, such as lacrosse, rugby, judo and fencing, are developing substantial followings through a growing number of amateur clubs in major metropolitan areas. Among such outdoor activities, boating as a sport on city or nearby waterways has experienced an almost unprecedented boom. Indeed, many marinas and waterways, jammed with an estimated 8,600,000 boats, are coming to resemble urban

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For those leisure seekers of a more subdued nature, gourmet and winetasting clubs are gaining in both number and membership. Many of them host special dinners or winetasting sessions either in selected restaurants or in one another's homes. It need not be an expensive hobby. One club staged a winetasting devoted to inexpensive domestic vintages. The idea was simply to pick the best wine of the group, even though the choice was restricted to those costing less than two dollars a bottle. Clubs devoted to gourmet food may put on a dinner once a month at each member's home in rotation. Thus, if 12 couples belong to the club, each one may give a dinner once a year. Or the club may decide to break up the routine by having its monthly dinner in a restaurant several times a year.

As most of us know, even pure sex has become a club affair—a trend that is likely to become even more widespread before 1980, according to some social scientists. Informal date- and mate-swapping clubs exist in virtually every major city in the nation. The process has been formalized in some cities where bars and night clubs openly dedicated to partner swapping have sprung up. Some Southern California nudist camps, normally devoted to sun worship and the like, have been staging a special "swingers' night" once or twice

a week. The latest organized sex club devotes its efforts to full-fledged orgies involving as many as 30 or 40 participants playing together in various forms of group sex. According to some observers, there are now orgy clubs in every major U.S. city.

You may find that none of the leisure activities of the Seventies suit your libido or life style. But it's not likely. The primary fuel that has already boomed the leisure market into today's 150-billion-dollar industry is the unprecedented amount of time and money Americans have to spend. For perhaps the first time in history, the great mass of Americans can afford to devote a significant portion of their lives to the pursuit of pure pleasure. In earlier times, unless you were a member of the wealthy and privileged class, you wouldn't have been concerned about the problem—because you simply wouldn't have had enough free time to spend thinking about it, let alone the funds to spend filling it. All that, fortunately, has changed for most of us, and the leisure industry intends to provide you with an increasingly large and varied array of leisure-time options tailored to your tastes and needs. If you can't find something worth while to do among all that's being planned for your pleasure, of course, you can always get a second job.



"That was strong grass! I've got visions of sugar plums dancing in my head."

SANTA CLAUS IN THE JUNGLE

(continued from page 134)

of the bar smiled a white mouthful of greetings. The African nodded pleasantly, revealing at his side the small head of a woman, and she was smiling, too. Their clothes made Calvin feel faintly ashamed of his own. The man's shirt was clean, his collar stiff, the creases in his sleeves sharp. He wore glasses, but Calvin could tell they were fakes, the plain flat window-glass ones that were sold for five osbongs at market stalls. The young woman wore a pink dress, with ribbons and lacy borders. Man and woman crouched on stools, elbows on the bar, faces level with the straws that sprouted from their bottles: roosting postures of alcoholic unease.

Calvin smiled back, finished his beer, and then began brushing ants from his suitcase, preparatory to leaving. The bartender appeared before him with a pint of Lion. "*Bwana?* That *bwana* and *dona* saying Happy Christmas to you."

The African at the end of the bar shyly twiddled his straw and said, "Cheers."

Calvin walked over to him and said, "Look, Merry Christmas to you, pal, but I've got to get to Lilongwe. I'm hitching. The night bus leaves at—"

"African custom," said the man, waving Calvin to a stool. "Drink. Be happy. No worry."

The smile left Calvin's face. He looked straight into the lenses of the man's toy spectacles and said softly, "Friend, do you ever ask yourself, 'Where am I going to be in ten years or so?'"

"No," said the man.

"But I'll bet there are plenty of times when you wake up at night and ask, 'What the heck am I going to do for ready cash when I'm too old to work?'"

"No work," said the man. "After ten years pass, I still here, drinking, enjoying. Why not, eh?" He smiled at the woman. She nodded.

"Let me put it another way," said Calvin. Rephrasing had to be the insurance agent's forte. "How would you like to have a lot of money—about, say, five hundred pounds?"

"I like," said the man.

"You like," said Calvin. "Good. Now, look at this bottle of beer. It costs two osbongs. For four osbongs a week, the price of two of these bottles"—Calvin flicked the beer bottle twice with his finger—"you can take out an insurance policy that will guarantee you hundreds of pounds after ten years. Stick it out for twenty and you get five hundred, cash on the barrelhead. If nothing happens to you in the meantime. What do you say?"

"I get couple hundred quid," mused the man. "I have to work?"

"Absolutely not."

The man smiled, his lips stretching

slowly, opening to reveal a set of hard clean teeth in a perfect row.

"All you have to do," Calvin went on, "is pay four osbongs a week. Now, let's suppose that instead of buying this beer for me, you had put two osbongs here. Go ahead, put two down."

The man pressed two coins onto the counter next to the bottle. Each showed the president, Dr. Osbong, in profile, with a laurel-branch collar.

"All right, watch me. I'm putting an osbong down next to yours. You see?" Calvin stacked the coins. "That's the way we operate. For every *two* osbongs you put in, we give you *one*. You can't lose. We help you, just like I'm doing here. It's creative saving, and the surrender value of the policy is high. Plus full protection. Are you interested?"

"In what?"

Calvin took the man hard by the upper arm and said, "Are you interested in getting hundreds of pounds at the end of ten years, yes or no?"

"Yes," said the man eagerly.

"OK," said Calvin, "now you're talking. Put your John Hancock right here." He took a punched card out of his inside pocket and, indicating the dotted line with an X, passed the card and a ball-point to the man.

The man adjusted his glasses deftly, a precise but pointless gesture. He studied the card and then signed with a flourish,

a large spiral, then a squiggle, several strokes and numerous dots above and below the squiggle. He underscored it boldly. It was a handsome signature.

"Now your address. There, right underneath."

The African's face went slack. He handed the pen back to Calvin. "Cannot."

"What do you mean? You've got an address, haven't you?"

"Got an address, sure." He told Calvin his box number at the dorp's post office.

"P. O. Rumpi," said Calvin. "Here's the pen. Write it down."

"Cannot write."

"Well, what the hell," Calvin tapped the signature, "is that?"

"My name," said the man.

"That," the woman spoke up. She was very pretty, very young, with a small round head and cap of short hair. She wrinkled her nose and smiled and continued, "That not name. That just—" She lifted long fingers and fluttered them to signify aimless writing. "It look like name. But," she smiled and dropped her eyes, "it not name. It *signature*."

"I see, I see, I see," said Calvin. He filled in the man's address and printed the man's name in block letters, Ogilvie Nirenda. He grinned at his client, Ogilvie. "Now, you leave everything to me. I'll send you envelopes, reminders and the whole policy. But, for God's sake,

remember," Calvin preached, "instead of buying that beer or that pack of cigarettes, or that new tie or whatever, put those osbongs aside. You'll be a rich man if you do. If you find yourself wanting a beer—*resist! resist!*" Calvin grasped the man's hand and shook it twice. "Welcome to Homemakers," he said. Calvin was pleased; and it wasn't the thought of the commish.

"Have a beer," said the African.

It was ungracious to refuse the drink. It was dangerous not to buy the man a drink in return; people were killed for less. The man insisted on filling Calvin's glass. Calvin, the man reminded him, was a guest, not in the bar but in the country. Dr. Osbong was a socialist and socialism was sharing beer. "So," Ogilvie smiled gently, "don't go away. Buy me a drink."

• • •

Drink was traded for drink. The African had begun it, only the African could end it. Calvin was a guest. In the evening, in smoky lantern light, Calvin became uneasy, and his unease, his impatience and panic, made him rude. Ogilvie was talking to him, blah-blah-blah, but Calvin wasn't listening and wasn't even looking at the fellow or his wife. He drank desperately, quickly, looking into his glass and at his watch and into the little cotton blizzard on the mirror at the back of the bar, his tired and drunkenly

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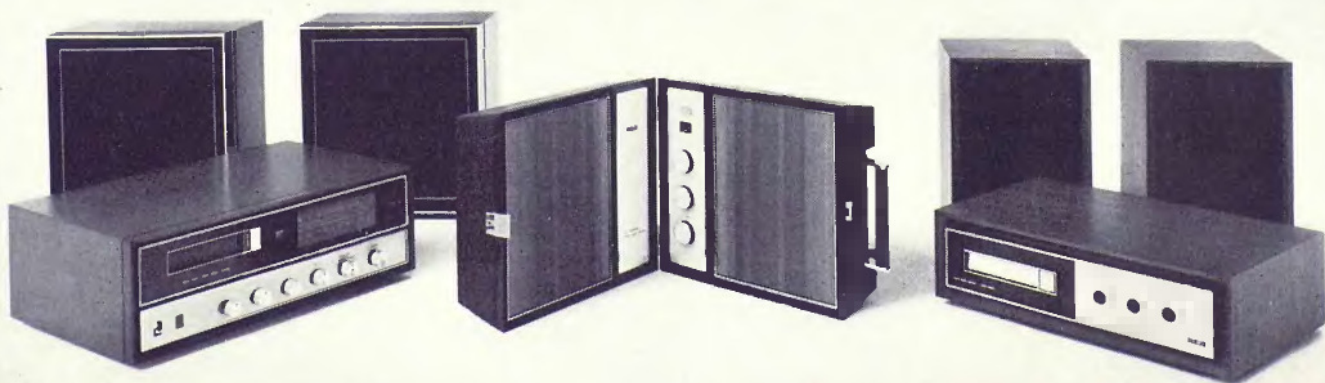
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lip-smacking face showing through the phony cotton flakes like a sick phantom perspiring in a snowstorm. He missed his turn buying the beers, Ogilvie paid twice in a row; and then, in what was simple panic, he turned his back on Ogilvie, threw the bead strings aside and looked out the bar door.

He felt woe deeper than dread.

He saw blackness, pure jungly blackness, thick and woolly. It did not stop after a mile or two. It extended for 200 miles, where it was pierced by a few lamps in Lilongwe; it continued for another 100 to Blantyre and a few more lamps; and it wasn't interrupted by light again until somewhere in Mozambique or Swaziland. Night had fallen while they had been drinking. The darkness was a net, flung over willing victims. Somewhere nearby, the dark night was being celebrated with a thumpy-thumpy of drums. But no one bothered to disperse it with a bulb. There was no juice.

And there was no place to stay in the dorp. It was Calvin's second night on the road. The first he had spent on the frontier, which was a burned-out shambles, not a soul in sight. He had slept under a table, wrapped in a big canvas wall map, and had shivered until dawn. Calvin still stood with his back to his hosts, peering into the darkness. There were huts beyond the road, he knew. There always were. He knew those huts: windowless, stuffed with urchins and stinking of wood smoke, old food and damp clothes, worm turds and dog hairs littering the earthen hut floor between the sleeping places. In a country filled with sun in the daytime and cool air in the evening, people crawled into huts and decrepit little bars, curling up in the dirt. It was not a recent impulse. These places were cool, but that was not the point. It was resignation; they were uninsured.

Calvin sensed his panic leave; the bird that had been flapping on his shoulder took wing. He felt eased, lighter, unworried all of a sudden. His nerves had been rinsed by the warm suds of the beer. He was fully drunk now (he tottered in the doorway): Reason left his hands and feet, they felt like large turnips. Now he was out of the bar, swaying in the middle of the main street of the dorp, under the stars, pissing on his toes. He did not have the foggiest idea of what was going to happen next and, plastered, he did not care. He went inside, then thought, parted the bead strings and spat. He was happy. He loved being in a place where you could spit where you pleased and piss by the door.

With silly vigor, he clinked Ogilvie's bottle with his glass, hitting unnecessarily hard and shouting Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, much too loudly and finally smashing his glass. He stood there

in the half gloom of the bar, sweating booze, holding only the bottom half of his glass, a little crazy cup of upturned teeth, while all the beer ran down into his sleeve and collected in a slurpy puddle inside the elbow of his jacket.

"Oh, my God, I'm sorry," said Calvin, so drunk and so polite that he sounded like someone new to English and so extremely attentive to his slow apology that in his contrition, he stepped on Ogilvie's foot and knocked the lady's bottle into her lap.

"Christ almighty, look what I've done to your wife!"

Ogilvie insisted it was nothing and signaled to the bartender to bring another bottle.

Abjectly, Calvin put his finger into his mouth and bit down hard, all the while uttering hurried apologies through the finger, as if through a flute. This calmed him and he said, "I'm sorry about this, Ogilvie, but I'm drunk as a skunk. I should have been out of here hours ago." He picked up his suitcase and began dragging it to the door. "Don't worry about a thing. I'll be sending you reminders about your premiums, and so forth. Tell your wife I'm sorry. I couldn't look her in the eye after what I've just done to her, really I couldn't—"

"Please," said Ogilvie, "wait."

Calvin gently fought him off with his free hand, but it was no good. He was outside in the road and Ogilvie was still with him, hugging him and being dragged along, bumping against the raffia suitcase. Calvin tried to run; it was like struggling under water.

"Get off, sir," said Calvin, hitting Ogilvie gingerly on the shoulder with the flat of his hand. "You got your insurance. You're all set. I'm going now—goodbye and good luck."

"You cannot," said Ogilvie. "You have to stay. Lilongwe-side too far, and listen," he said earnestly, snatching at Calvin's hand, "that lady not my *dona*. That my sister, same mother, same father, and—"

"Yes?" Calvin stopped. He saw that he had gained only ten feet with Ogilvie attached to his leg.

"She like you, sir."

"She does?" Calvin put down his suitcase and turned his back on the jungle.

"Oh, yes, too much! She want you come home with her, enjoy and what not. You like, sir?"

Calvin looked up. She was standing there in the doorway, holding the bead strings open. The lantern in back of her, just that feeble light, shone through what could only have been a very thin dress, for Calvin could see the girl's dark uncluttered shape sharply defined, with a light frock thrown around it. One hand was on her hip, which was slung side-

ways in a pose of impatience, and her feet were apart.

• • •

Calvin stepped on a soft pillow-shaped thing. It let out a little squawk of protest and shifted sideways. The girl said it was her brother and that there were more in the room. She did not say how many more. But Calvin discovered there were three little boys sleeping on the floor of the room: After a short time, one asked in the darkness why his sister was making so much noise and if she was all right. And when the sister, at that question, became quiet—held her breath, in fact—one boy struck a match. He held it, his eyes goggling, in Calvin's white face even after his sister screamed for him to blow it out.

In the morning, when Calvin awoke, the little boys were gone. There were three stained flour sacks where they had been. The girl snored beside him on the narrow cot, curled up, sleeping with her arms folded across her breasts, her legs poised like a cyclist's. The room, half the hut, was a low oven of musty odors, crammed with broken crates and poor blankets and misshapen clothes. A small prison window that was not square had been cut high on one wall; a rag was tacked over it. Calvin shifted himself to a sitting position. The girl groaned, stopped snoring, but did not wake. On the far wall was a calendar, a year out of date, with a highly colored picture of a little blonde girl in a party dress playing with a fluffy kitten in a studio garden. The calendar advertised Jaganathy's Madras Bazaar and listed provisions.

That calendar picture on the mud wall of the hut annoyed Calvin. He felt pity for the Africans, the little black boys crouching on their flour sacks in the hut looking up at it, probably envying her and her fat pet. He pitied them all in their huts, snoring on their dusty beds, crawling tediously through a rubble of damp rags in a little jungle slum. Only the thought of insurance kept him from despair, as it would keep them.

He swung his legs over the side of the cot and looked for his trousers and shoes. It was only a little after eight, but already he had broken out into a heavy mucky sweat. His neck ached, his ankles were stung with mosquito bites. When he stood, the girl woke up. She looked sleepily at him, then shook her head and said fiercely, "Where you going?"

"Outside," said Calvin, picking his undershirt from his sticky skin. "What's wrong with that?"

The girl shouted something to the door. There was a knock. The door creaked open and one of the small boys entered on his knees. Drawing the sheet across her nakedness, the girl spoke to the kneeling boy in a bark, incomprehensible to Calvin. He knew a few words

of Chinyanja, the language used in the south: mostly greetings and the words for money, food and beer. The girl said to Calvin, "Go him."

Calvin found his trousers knotted at the foot of the cot, where he had leaped out of them; and under them, his shoes. One sock was missing. He felt too sweaty to grovel around looking for it. He slipped on his suedes without socks but with great care: Once, in a hut, he had found mice nesting in his shoes. And there were stories of scorpions.

The little boy beckoned him outside and led him to a narrow stall of bamboo secured with bits of string. Calvin entered; the little boy stood outside. The smell in the latrine was so powerful that in the blast of early-morning sun, Calvin felt faint. He slapped at the large flies that, strafing the rocky floor, were making a buzz as loud as an electric shaver. Calvin left with his bladder still full and he headed for a clump of high grass. Again, the little boy stood guard, his back to Calvin.

When Calvin finished, he said, "Do you speak English?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Don't call me *bwana*."

"Yes, master."

"How are you?" Calvin spoke slowly.

"And I am quite well, sir, and hoping you," said the little boy in a hoarse nervous voice.

"I don't believe you know English," said Calvin.

"I do know and speak," said the little boy.

"All right, then, what's your name?"

"My name," said the little boy, "is Richard."

"And what's your sister's name?"

"My sister name Mira."

Calvin repeated the name; he had found out what he wanted, the name of the girl he had made love to.

Later, he was brought an enamel bowl with a cake of yellow soap in it. He tried the name; it was not challenged. Mira poured tepid water from a pitcher while Calvin splashed his face. It was ritual washing: The water was brown, the process turned grit into slime. Calvin felt filthy when he was done. He wiped his face with his shirt and, without preliminaries, asked, "Why did you tell your brother to follow me?"

"Bad people here," said Mira.

"So what?"

"My English not——" She smiled and called Ogilvie.

"Bad people here?" Calvin asked Ogilvie.

"In the trees," said Ogilvie with authority. "It not good walking here alone. Make trouble and noonsense."

"Soldiers?"

"Some soldiers. With *bunduki*, *pistoli*, what not. They are saving us," said Ogilvie.

"What are they saving you from?"

Ogilvie did not know.

"They kill people?"

"Sometimes," said Ogilvie.

"Their leader," said Calvin, "he's an African?"

Ogilvie smiled and winked through his fake glasses. He wore a striped sarong, which he adjusted as he spoke, and an undershirt and plastic sandals. "He is a white man, like you. Tough. Eats fruit from the bush and small animals and sleeps just under trees or anywhere. But he can go with no eating food or sleeping. Bullets do this, *pung!*" Ogilvie slapped his chest, imitating a bullet bouncing off. "He is going to kill Os-bong. People say. He will kill you, too, anybody."

"Well, that's too bad," said Calvin, "because I'm leaving here."

"And me," said Ogilvie, "I am leaving here. It is a nice place to leave."

"Not *live*," said Calvin, "*leave*. I'm going."

"No go," said Ogilvie, becoming truculent. "You stay. It Christmas."

"I *know* it's Christmas," said Calvin. But he hadn't until Ogilvie reminded him. He said angrily, "Merry Christmas."

"Give us Christmas present," said Ogilvie.

Calvin was being watched. The three little boys, another, taller, goofy-looking

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SIMULATED TV RECEPTION

one standing at the side and taking licks at a dish, and an old woman who seemed to be wearing two or three long dresses, one over the other. All their heads were shaved. They stared at Calvin.

Calvin took out his wallet. That was a mistake, but it was too late to conceal it. They watched him flick off a beetle; they watched him part it to reveal folded bills. Calvin attempted to extract a single bill without disturbing the others; they seemed to understand. Calvin tugged impatiently to get it over with. But too hard: All the bills came loose and fluttered to the ground at the feet of the Africans like the dead petals from a large blossom. The dish licker dropped his dish. The boy called Richard knelt, gathered them up and, still kneeling before Calvin, crumpled them into a ball and handed the ball to Calvin.

They settled for one apiece, although Mira and Ogilvie thought they should get more. Calvin tried to be firm; Ogilvie insisted on more; Calvin promised him another gift in the afternoon. The whole operation cost four pounds, ten shillings, or roughly (Calvin figured rapidly) 13 bucks. He had never spent that much on his wife on either of the two Christmases they were together. That thought pleased him: It was a charitable way of getting even with her.

And they gave Calvin a present: a fur hat, much like the one Dr. Osbong wore in his pictures, but with fewer rattails (the number denoted rank). Calvin wore it for their Christmas drink, a yellow quart-sized Shell Oil can brim full of local beer. They passed it from mouth to mouth. The beer was thick, soupy, very bitter, an alcoholic porridge that could have been consumed with a fork. Calvin was allowed to finish it, after everyone had a swig. He did so with a leaden feeling in his feet. Then had another.

They all drank. They drank for breakfast and lunch. They drank, they said, because Calvin had arrived and given them cash and it was Christmas. Calvin, sweating in his fur hat, remarked on the heat but said, "It's a dry kind of heat." They drank on that. They drank to make themselves sleepy, and slept. They awoke and drank to alert themselves. They sang and drank some more. Other villagers dropped by and drank out of nervousness for the white man who was quite drunk and pretty dirty, but friendly. They drank out of the common beer pot, drooling through their straws.

The local brew was gone in the afternoon and they switched to local gin, *kachasu* unrefined, which (poisonous, colorless, viscous) looked and tasted like witch hazel. It passed down Calvin's gullet like razor blades, leaving slashes in his throat. Calvin's belly had been sourly filled by the beer; now it was on fire with the gin. Gulping the gin in tots from a tumbler, they praised drink,

America and Dr. Osbong ("To Hastings!" Calvin said incautiously). There was an argument about Osbong and a fight. Two men rolled on the ground, kicking and punching wildly, but soon they rolled away and the drinking went on. Late in the afternoon, the drink was gone. Ogilvie appeared beside Calvin; he grinned and pulled the cork out of a bottle of crimson cough mixture.

"What I need," said Calvin, "is a couple of pints of Lion to fix me up." Mira and the old lady were sent to the Big Drum Bar. Drunkenly wagging his finger in their faces, Calvin said they should pay with his Christmas present. They hurried off with baskets.

Calvin faced Ogilvie and discovered himself speechless and slightly panicky. Without a drink, there was nothing to say. Calvin felt as if someone had ripped out all his bones, leaving sick flesh. It would be dark soon, another day gone. The feelings of pity he had experienced in the confined hut, in the narrow cot, were being crowded by thoughts of flight. He felt captive and watched; they apparently did not want him to leave. It could go on for days. His wallet was almost empty and he had few valuables. They thought he was rich. He had little more than his six pairs of glasses.

"I have a present for you, Ogilvie," Calvin slurred.

The raffia suitcase had been shoved under the cot. Calvin rummaged through it and found his darkest pair of prescription sunglasses. Perhaps suspecting a trick, Ogilvie lingered in the doorway. He grunted and sat heavily on the ground when Calvin leaned toward him.

"Merry Christmas," said Calvin, grinning. "Straight from the U. S. A. Here it is." He offered the glasses in an imitation-alligatorhide case, snapped shut. "Have a look, you lucky dog."

They were expensive ones, with French frames and dark lenses for the equatorial sun, and thick for Calvin's astigmatic eyes. The lenses had cost \$30 alone, the frames with the wide bows, another \$25.

"Nice goggles," said Ogilvie. He caressed them, donned them, stumbled.

"Look in the mirror," said Calvin.

Ogilvie entered the hut by the door on the right. Calvin sprang through the left-hand door, snatched up his panama and his jacket, grabbed his suitcase and dashed outside.

Ogilvie was also outside. Calvin had not counted on a portable mirror. But there it was. Ogilvie was holding it before his sightless eyes.

"Cannot see," he murmured.

"Hold it closer," said Calvin, tiptoeing to the edge of the clearing. Cupping his hands around his mouth and shouting, thinking it would make him sound near, he called, "*Closer!*"

The mirror was against his captor's nose.

Calvin ran, the suitcase banging against his legs. He charged headlong into dense bush, crashed against trees and lost his hat. He changed direction. He crossed a little bare patch, a compound with two tired huts and a dozing family. Their dog tore after him. The family awoke to see in the twilight a tall *mzungu* in a grubby suit and goggles flinging himself past their hut.

The bush thinned out. Calvin was certain the road was close and, with the road, a bus, a car, another banana truck. Or he could walk. He wanted only to be away and he knew that in a matter of minutes (his bejesused mind whirled), he could be. He found a path and followed it. Running became easier. He jogged, and all at once, his glasses steamed up.

He slapped to a halt, took them off and wiped them with his sleeve and his fingers. When he put them back on, he saw through the streaks two figures standing before him on the path. One was Mira. She had a pint of Lion in her hand, which she raised. Calvin could not stop her; his arms were drunk and slow. He said no, loudly.

Mira was not tall. She could not reach the top of Calvin's skull. She slammed the bottle against the side, just in back of his ear, and he fell—sat, rather—on the path. The bottle didn't break, but it knocked his glasses off; Mira whispered, "We want you," and he was defeated.

• • •

"Today," said Ogilvie, lowering his head through the doorway and peering over the top of his new sunglasses, "it Boxing Day."

"Who's fighting?" asked Calvin. He was groggy, barely awake; he felt the painful throb of his pulse in the bump behind his ear. He rolled over onto his side, nearly shaking the cot to pieces and squeezing the other sleeper—she who had raised the bump—against the mud-daubed wall.

"No one fighting," Ogilvie said.

Calvin looked up. Ogilvie's hand was out, palm upward, fingers scratching the air avariciously.

"Give him box," came a whisper from the wall.

"I'm leaving," said Calvin without feeling. "Have to get that bus." He yawned and rubbed his eyes.

"Boxing Day. No buses on Boxing Day," said Ogilvie. "Give me box, *bwana*."

"I gave you a Christmas present—two Christmas presents!"

"For Christmas. But today," Ogilvie smiled, "today Boxing Day. Give." His scratching fingers beckoned.

Calvin shook a pound out of his wallet and handed it, without rising from the cot, to Ogilvie, who saluted his thanks by touching a finger to the side of his sunglasses. Before he left, Ogilvie smacked

Mira's ankle and said, "She pretty, eh? She like you too much. And me, I like English people."

"I'm not English."

"No? Too bad." Ogilvie's good humor was renewed by the money. He became helpful. "You want to pass water? I go with you to the latrine. You want?"

"Get out," said Calvin. "And close the door."

Ogilvie saluted again and was gone.

"Give me," said Mira, "give me."

With speed, his head rapping, Calvin turned Mira onto her back, lifted and parted her legs, cupped her cool bottom and entered her snugness in a single thrust. Mira arched; her slim arms reached in a praise gesture for his hair, as if she were making an offering to a hut spirit. Calvin took her by the wrists, rode her for seconds, until his loins sneezed and he fell. She had scarcely realized what was happening when Calvin handed her 20 osbongs and asked her quietly to go. She did so, dazed, wrapping herself in a long cloth and shutting the door after her.

Word got out that Calvin was distributing cash. The rest came and got theirs, the three little boys, the tall goofy-looking one, the old lady: They entered the hut on their knees and took their money, heads bowed, with two hands. Calvin told them to stand up. They wouldn't; each left shuffling backward awkwardly, still kneeling. Calvin bolted the door when the old lady left.

There was more knocking, villagers, relatives, perhaps, looking for presents. But Calvin had paid off the immediate family; he did not feel obliged to pay the whole village. He wanted desperately to leave. Before, he had assumed that to do so would have been impolite, offensive to their hospitality: They would be hurt. Now he knew it was dangerous; *he* would be hurt: They would savage him if he tried to leave.

He could stay. Lying on the cot, he had a vision of how it would be if he did stay a few more days. He would drink with them, learn a little bit of their language, settle into their life. After weeks passed in this way, his clothes would fall off his back and he would change those rags for a sarong, his suedes for plastic sandals. Mira would work in the fields. If the crops failed, they would force him to buy bags of mealies. He would father a few children, not as black as Mira nor as white as he but probably the color of Mister Bones, the minstrel, a brown glow. He would insure them all and set up an agency in Rumpi for Homemakers' Mutual. All the while, the whole family would be extracting money; but they would consult him on village decisions. He would die there, of drink or fever, and they would scrape a shallow hole under a tree, roll him in and heap up the mound with rocks and plant a



"Well, it doesn't look like 'just another phase she's going through' to me!!"

little cross. Later, they would spin yarns about him, in their homely droning fashion, making that long visit a simplicity: *Once, there was a white man who passed this way. And he gave us much money and fell in love with the beautiful Mira, who bore him three strong. . .*

Or were they making him their slave?

He dressed, went outside and was accompanied by Ogilvie and Richard to the high grass. Then he drank, sitting with his fur hat on, in the place of honor, in the only chair (a stuffed but badly bruised settee), while the others squatted around him and sat at his feet. They stole for him: a glass from the Big Drum Bar, an umbrella from a neighboring hut (it rained at noon), a hen because he asked for something to eat and they had nothing. They found his panama hat and returned it. Mira had washed his shirt in a wifely way. She buttoned it on him. Calvin, with the Shell Oil can full of beer in his hand, watched her fussing over him and decided it was cruel to stay. He would escape and leave no trace. It was enough to insure and go; he had done them some good; staying would undo it. He didn't want to be their chief.

With more drink, the mood that afternoon became by turns polite and threatening, one embarrassing, the other scary, for they made no bones about demanding money from him. They put their hands out and bulged their eyes at him in a belligerent way; and they began calling him *nduna*, chief. Twice during the afternoon of Boxing Day, Ogilvie promised Calvin bodily harm; once, he tried with a rusty dagger. He swished at the air blindly with the weapon, his

sunglasses obscuring his vision. Calvin was terrified and ran to a tree. It was dangerous to go, he thought, but it was death to stay. He decided to duck out at nightfall.

"Wait!" Calvin called out from behind the tree. He fully intended to climb it if Ogilvie's aim improved. He forced a ghastly laugh. "I have an idea. Let's all celebrate—get back, Ogilvie, put your knife down—celebrate Boxing Day at the Big Drum. I'll buy some beer, we'll get some straws—"

Ogilvie dropped his dagger.

"Go Big Drum?"

"Why not?" said Calvin. He held his breath; his eyes asked for assurance.

"Why not, why not," said Ogilvie. He kicked off his sandals and ran into his side of the hut to change his clothes. Mira did likewise. Somewhere in the hut, mice and mildew did not reach. There, Ogilvie and Mira kept their Sunday best. Ogilvie's shirt was spotless, his collar stiff, his silk tie in a thick neat knot. Mira's dress was the same, the pink wrapper with lace that in sunlight gave glimpses of her body's angles. She wore a turban around her head, a gay one, with enough pink to match the dress. Her gold earrings were large gypsy hoops that jangled and promised pleasure. Calvin noticed her eyes were hooded, almost Chinese. She held her slim neck perfectly straight, her excellent posture—from a girlhood of carrying hefty objects on her head—in marked contrast to Ogilvie's. He had carried nothing, and slouched.

Calvin's suit was in an advanced state of decay; on his sockless feet were mildewed suedes; the weaving raveled on the brim of his panama; his lenses were

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specked. He had not shaved for three days. His hands were clean, because he had eaten wet, rather abrasive food with them. In one trouser pocket, he had the price of three beers, no more; in the others, his remaining pairs of glasses, a toothbrush, five nicked anti-malaria tablets. His shirt was stuffed with insurance leaflets, some brochures and the details of another new account, whose quarterly premium had been extorted over the two holidays. He knew he could not flee encumbered. He left his raffia suitcase behind and, in it, a twisted tube of tooth paste, a hairy razor, one sock, some dirty laundry and a very dirty Michelin map of central and southern Africa.

There was trouble at the Big Drum when they arrived. A tall African, who had been standing outside under the eaves of the building, followed Calvin in and demanded a Boxing Day present. He put an empty glass in front of Calvin. He said, "Fill up."

"You no give him," said Mira.

Calvin wanted to calm the man. He started to fill the man's glass. Mira knocked the bottle away, spilling the beer down the front of Calvin's suit. She turned to the man and told him sharply in the vernacular to get stuffed.

And, "You noonsense," said Ogilvie to the man.

The man leaned over and spat into Mira's beer glass.

Calvin quickly exchanged glasses with Mira. He said, "He didn't mean it," hopefully.

The man growled.

"Hit him!" said Mira to Calvin. "He did spit! Beat him!"

"I couldn't do a thing like that," said Calvin. He tried to smile at the man, but his smile was that squinting grimace of a person swallowing hard. It threatened. He put his hand out in friendship. The man gripped himself about the stomach, where he guessed Calvin was going to land his punch, and he backed away and out of the bar.

"Tough guy," said Ogilvie.

Calvin nodded and then uttered the sentence he had been rehearsing since they left the little hut, "I have to pass water."

The sun was dropping. Every evening, just after sunset, there was an hour of complete darkness; it ended when the moon rose and the stars blinked on, but while it lasted, it was perfect and hid even the ground beneath one's feet. Calvin planned to flee into that darkness and hope for the best; he could crouch in it until the night bus passed. As long as he had an extra pair of glasses, he needed no busfare.

"OK," said Ogilvie. "I go with you."

Calvin could not look Ogilvie in the eye. His trick was a cheap one; Ogilvie was a sucker for theatrics. He looked instead at Mira, so lovely, here in a place where love was simple. What had he

done to her? *We want you*, she had said: how was he to explain that it was not fair to them, that he had business?

"Listen. I am going to pass water," said Calvin. "Alone."

"Go him," said Mira to Ogilvie. It made Calvin uncomfortable to hear two foreigners speak to each other in poor English for his benefit.

"I'll be back soon," said Calvin, removing his jacket. He pointed through the beaded doorway to a black tangle of trees in which the last of the sunset was snared; an orange beam lingered. "And, to prove it, here's my jacket." He shook the jacket out and folded it on the bar. Then he took off his glasses. "And my glasses. I can't run away without glasses, ha-ha, can I?"

"Watch, too," said Ogilvie.

"Not the watch," said Calvin quickly. "But how about a nice toothbrush?" He placed that with his glasses on the jacket. He was glad to be rid of the toothbrush, a Portuguese one he had bought in Blantyre, pig's bristles set in yellow bone.

Ogilvie grunted.

"This is what we call security in the insurance game. You keep this stuff just to make sure I'm coming back. I have to come back to get it, see?" Calvin spoke, backing to the door. "And when I come back, you have to give them to me, right? So don't think you can keep them. Bartender, three more beers! I'll be right back!"

Calvin went outside and listened for the gasping sound of three bottle-tops being prized off. He walked to a corner of the building and turned to see if anyone had followed. None had: They trusted him. He ran. He was away, spry as Santa, pounding into black night.

He had not gone 50 feet when his full bladder began unmercifully to cramp his steps. He stopped, enclosed by darkness, to relieve himself on the road.

But when the spattering ended, the limp herring in his hand came alive, as eagerly as a dowsing rod and with all that mysterious object's conscienceless authority. It jerked him around and pointed at the little lights of the bar. And now he was marching toward the bar, stuffing the eccentric thing into his trousers: and now standing at the bar door, holding the bead strings open.

"Back!" he called. It was a shrill command, a voice that was not his own. "Get back to the village! We must rest before we feast."

"No feast," said Ogilvie, who looked surprised to see Calvin. He had put on Calvin's jacket and was smoothing the lapels with his palms. "Tomorrow it Tuesday."

"Tomorrow is Christmas," said Calvin, watching Mira begin to smile. "I speak as your chief. Now take my goddamned jacket off and hand it over."



SEX MYTHS EXPLODED

(continued from page 128)

and even multiple orgasms—for his partner.

Her physiological changes may also make her fearful as she reaches her 50s and beyond. She tends to lubricate more slowly than before and the walls of her vagina become thinner. This means they can be easily irritated and may even be stretched or torn with forceful sexual activity. Regular sexual activity and adequate sex-steroid replacement therapy—in other words, a replenishment of hormones—can compensate for this involution to some degree, but a simple understanding that these are natural changes and need not prevent intercourse is just as important.

In the final analysis, the male and the female do not have to give up sexual relations well into advanced age, as long as they remain in good physical condition and have partners who are interested in them and interesting to them.

ANY MAN WHO CAN'T MAKE IT WITH
A WOMAN IS SUFFERING FROM SEVERE
PSYCHIATRIC PROBLEMS

As Gershwin's Sportin' Life said, "It ain't necessarily so." Certainly, there can be a background of psychopathology in cases of impotence and premature ejaculation—the two major types of male sexual inadequacy. But often these dysfunctions are caused by faulty conditioning, negative sex education and/or pervasive ignorance (often compounded by irrational fear).

The underlying cause of premature ejaculation, in our estimation, is the male habit of "going for the goal line," with nothing valued in between. This reflects male disregard for female satisfaction, an attitude that is usually conditioned in the young man before his sex ethic is fully formed. Many men who ejaculate before their partners are satisfied were initially exposed to quickie sex relations with girls in the back seats of cars or with importuning prostitutes. Similarly, the first sexual experiences of some men are under intense pressure in cheap motels or behind park bushes. Also, the adolescent practice colloquially called dry humping teaches disregard for female satisfaction, as does *coitus interruptus*, the technique in which the male withdraws his penis just prior to ejaculation; he may (or may not) accomplish birth control, but he usually leaves his partner in a state of high sexual excitement.

Clinical experience convinces us that since premature ejaculation is usually a result of faulty conditioning, it can almost invariably be cured by simple reconditioning techniques, accompanied by counseling that stresses the importance of the male's concern for his partner's

pleasure, both physiological and psychological. If there is an accompanying neurosis—and there frequently is—then that condition may require psychotherapy. But the inability to control the ejaculatory process is not necessarily linked to a psychiatric condition.

Impotence is a more complex dysfunction and more often does, indeed, have an underlying psychopathology. But almost as often it does not. Many men have normal sex lives for 10, 20 and 30 years before the onset of erectile inadequacy. In some cases, these men are premature ejaculators whose wives complain of their inadequacy to the extent that the husbands finally become convinced they lack manhood and consequently lose their power to erect. In other cases, a bout with drugs or alcohol, or fatigue or preoccupation or a fight with one's partner can induce an episode of impotence, which, if not understood and placed in its proper context, may lead to a fear syndrome that

perpetuates the problem. Moreover, some men who are adequately attuned mentally fail to have erections because of an endocrine imbalance or other physiological disability. This is relatively rare, but it occurs. One of the saddest and most unnecessary causes of impotence is the male's tendency to convince himself that he won't be able to function sexually beyond a certain age. As we pointed out in the preceding myth, advancing age does not prevent sexual activity; thinking it will might well prevent it.

The male's erectile function is incredibly complex and can fail for a number of causes, some of them psychopathological but, as we have seen, many of them not. As a final note, we'd like to add that the professions that are most experienced at treating sexual inadequacy are the clerical and the behavioral (psychologists, social workers and marriage counselors). Psychiatrists and physicians fall quite a bit behind.



"My husband's a pig and my son's a Weatherman."

SEX STARS OF 1970

(continued from page 222)

majestic proportions. Linked by the columnists with Merrick for a time—not true, she says—she eventually contacted Robert Altman in desperation for a role in his upcoming *M. A. S. H.* He took one look, murmured “Hot Lips”—and forthwith rewrote and enlarged the role for Sally’s special talents. The rest is box-office history. Miss Kellerman’s leggy, brazen good looks will soon be seen again in another Altman effort, *Brewster McCLOUD’s Flying Machine*.

This past year, however, was hardly a vintage one for many another of Hollywood’s aging young lovelies. Faye Dunaway, who seemed to be on the very threshold of a dazzling career, reportedly had a hotter romance with Marcello Mastroianni off screen than anything visible on screen in the old-fashioned *A Place for Lovers*, in which she played a high-fashion woman who has her last romantic fling while wasting away from cancer. Faye was no less long-suffering, and possibly even more dreary, as a party to *The Arrangement*, the pretentiously boring adaptation that Elia Kazan made of his own novel. Small wonder that she was eager to put herself once more in the capable hands of Arthur Penn (who directed her in *Bonnie and Clyde*), even though her role in his *Little Big Man* is billed as merely a “guest appearance.” She plays, however, the central role as a mixed-up, drug-taking, frigid model in *Puzzle of a Downfall Child*, directed by her former fiancé, Jerry Schatzberg. Since neither of these films is in release as of this writing, there is no way of knowing how—or if—they will brighten Faye’s dimming luster.

Also losing her dazzle in 1970 was Mia Farrow, that curious mélange of innocence and sophistication—a little like a youthful nun determined to make the scene. At the start of the year, paired with Dustin Hoffman in *John and Mary*, directed by the gifted Peter Yates, her star seemed secure. And her role, that of a Manhattan swinger who swings promptly into bed with Hoffman without even asking his name after a casual pickup at a fashionable singles bar, seemed made to order, since Mary, like Mia, is Mod, intelligent, unconventional and just a little fey. There was also a bit of nudity—a side-angle shot of Mia as she darts from bed to bath (although, in a strange burst of propriety, Mia later wrote a letter to *Time*, explaining that someone more daring than she had actually supplied the body). The film failed to live up to its promise, however, and Mia remained off screen the rest of the year. But it wasn’t precisely a matter of out of sight, out of mind. As the vastly pregnant traveling companion of composer-conductor André Previn, she continued to attract considerable attention—particularly after she presented him

with twin boys. Previn’s second marriage has since been dissolved, and the long-awaited Previn-Farrow nuptials finally took place in September. Regardless of their marital status, both profess to be proud and happy over their latest acquisitions. Whatever this interlude may have done to enhance Mia’s reputation as an unconventional young lady, her extended absence from the screen after a relative flop has done nothing to advance her career—if she cares.

Another who seemed to be having career problems was one of last year’s most promising newcomers, the wide-eyed Leigh Taylor-Young. Graduating from TV’s *Peyton Place* to appear as the brownie-baking hippie of *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*, she won considerable attention and then bounced badly in Warner Bros.’ *The Big Bounce*, a film she made with her husband, Ryan O’Neal. But Leigh revealed her attractive body repeatedly and enthusiastically in *The Big Bounce* and this may have had something to do with Paramount’s casting her in that lavish misadventure called *The Adventurers*. Based on Harold Robbins’ best seller, the script called for her to strip to the buff for an unintentionally comic seduction scene with Bekim Fehmiu, Yugoslavia’s inadequate answer to Valentino. Leigh announced to the press soon after its release that henceforth, she would make it a condition of her contracts that nudity was out. Undeterred, the studios cast her in two subsequent films, *Buttercup Chain* and *The Horsemen*. It remains to be seen how her new contractual stipulation will affect her audience appeal.

More curious yet is the status of Stella Stevens, possessor of one of the sexiest figures in Hollywood and burdened with no reluctance whatever to reveal it whenever the script—or a PLAYBOY pictorial—makes it expedient to do so. This year, as the lusty, goodhearted prostitute who shares Jason Robards’ digs in *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, she was as eye-catching—even eye-popping—as ever, especially when taking an alfresco bath in a rain barrel that barely came up to her navel. And under Sam Peckinpah’s expert direction, she demonstrated once again an acting ability that many a less abundantly endowed star might well envy. But whether through lack of the right roles or because of some deeper lack in her own screen personality, she has failed to develop that extra dimension that can turn a sexpot into a sex goddess.

In previous years, the female foreign contingent could generally be relied on to add spice to the moviegoer’s menu, but thus far, 1970 has proved to be an exception. For a time, it seemed that France’s Catherine Deneuve would emerge as the reigning queen of the

European cinema, particularly after her electric, enigmatic performance in Luis Buñuel’s *Belle de Jour*, in which, for once, the color cameras did full justice to her exquisite skin tones. Although she had seemed distinctly ill at ease in an earlier, English-language version of *Mayerling*, sponsored by MGM, CBS Cinema Center, nevertheless, brought her State-side to co-star with Jack Lemmon in a rather leaden comedy, *The April Fools*. When she returned on screen earlier this year—opposite the durable Jean-Paul Belmondo—in *The Mississippi Mermaid*, a lackluster suspense picture directed in France by the esteemed François Truffaut, the public couldn’t have cared less.

The aging Jeanne Moreau, with her haunted eyes and tormented mouth, was now appearing primarily in character roles, and Brigitte Bardot was finally forsaking her sex image for the more decorous (if singularly inappropriate) role of a nun in *Les Novices*. It began to look last year as if the alluring Anouk Aimée was about to come into her own—particularly after the success of *A Man and a Woman* made not only her face but her name internationally familiar. Unfortunately for her, she, too, came to America and failed to conquer. Her title role as the enigmatic *Justine*, a cinematic telescoping of the four novels comprising Lawrence Durrell’s famed *Alexandria Quartet*, turned out to be a less than impressive debut, primarily since no one on either side of the camera seemed to have the foggiest notion of what it was all supposed to be about. Even Italy, with a seemingly endless supply of *ragazzi* with fetching faces and forms, failed to turn up any new winners in 1970.

The fate of established stars was almost as bleak. Julie Andrews, the hottest thing in Hollywood after *Mary Poppins*, began heating up her own pellucid image—and losing money for the studios—in such films as *Thoroughly Modern Millie*. Star! and, this year, *Darling Lili*. The last alone, directed by her husband, Blake Edwards, is expected to give Paramount a \$20,000,000 bath.

Virtually epitomizing the stars’ lost glimmer was 20th Century-Fox’s *The Only Game in Town*, adapted by Frank Gilroy from his none-too-successful Broadway play and directed by the venerable George Stevens. Apparently, the film got off the ground only because Elizabeth Taylor, still beholden to Stevens for making an actress out of her in *A Place in the Sun*, agreed to star in it—for \$1,000,000. Nobody seemed to question the fact that Liz, rapidly approaching 40 and looking every minute of it, might be slightly mature (and more than slightly overweight) for a Las Vegas chorine. Predictably, the public stayed away in droves. For Fox, its costly and temperamental box-office insurance not-

withstanding, *The Only Game in Town* was a \$7,000,000 bust.

The same holds true, although perhaps less rigorously, for the grip of the top male stars. Liz's better half, Richard Burton, along with Marlon Brando, Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster and the indestructible John Wayne are still names to be reckoned with; but, with the possible exception of Wayne, the vehicle is now at least as important as the star. Hudson, for example, even when linked with Julie Andrews, was unable to stem the tide of disaster in *Darling Lili*. While that bomb was in the making, Burton was working with no less a star than Rex Harrison on *Staircase*, the story of two aging homosexual barbers; this error in judgment cost Fox another \$6,000,000. Both Douglas and Lancaster, it is said in Hollywood these days, are unbankable for any picture budgeted at more than \$2,000,000.

Luckily for the film companies, this is a movie-oriented generation and, as everybody knows by now, its youthful members provide the dominant audiences for movies today. But they couldn't care less about stars, no matter how expensive they may be. What they want is relevance—relevance of theme, subject matter, story and, no less important, relevance in the people who appear in these films. If John Wayne continues to speak to the older, silent majority, it is the likes of Peter Fonda, Elliott Gould, Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight who seem to have caught the eye of today's visually oriented filmgoers. And while the key to tapping the potential of this audience (demonstrated so astoundingly by the success last year of *Easy Rider*) has not yet been completely decoded, at least there is a dawning awareness in the studios that it's no longer the stars who make their pictures a box-office smash but the box-office hits that make stars of the actors who are in them.

In fact, one might say almost categorically that the most outstanding successes of the past few years have been not only starless but wholly unanticipated. Who had ever heard of Dustin Hoffman before *The Graduate*? Of Jon Voight before *Midnight Cowboy*? Of Elliott Gould before *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *M. A. S. H.* and *Getting Straight*? To be sure, both Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper—and, for that matter, Jack Nicholson—had already achieved a kind of underground fame among the young devotees of motorcycle movies, well before they came together on *Easy Rider*. But who among the studio heads could be expected to know this? Certainly, not the executives at American-International, who had actually produced many of the bike films but turned down the *Easy Rider* package because Fonda and Hopper demanded creative control.

Perhaps the one notable exception to this convenient rule of thumb is Robert

Redford, whose screen career had been edging along in conventional manner until he burst forth as Paul Newman's co-star in the sensationally successful *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, followed almost immediately by his expert performances as the laconic ski champ in *Downhill Racer* and as the resourceful, relentless but sympathetic sheriff in *Tell Them Willie Boy Was Here*. One of the year's two most important and impressive male stars—the other is Elliott Gould—Redford is already being touted for Academy honors for his role in *Little Fauss and Big Halsey*, in which he plays a scruffy motorcycle rider bumming his way across the country. *Life* proclaimed about its cover subject, "He's the hottest thing in films just now." In the same issue, critic Richard Schickel wrote: "Some people think he stands a fair chance of becoming one of those rare stars who sums up, all by himself, the spirit of his time—as Brando did for the Fifties, as no one quite did for the Sixties."

No one doubts that Redford is one of the finest actors of his generation, even though he began slowly, with only ten films in as many years. Part of this was due to his own selectivity; he has always been something of a rebel. After graduation from Van Nuys High School in the San Fernando Valley section of Los Angeles in 1955, he went to Europe at 18 in pursuit of *la vie de bohème*. In New York a year later, having decided to become an art director, he enrolled at the prestigious Pratt Institute. Desiring also some knowledge of the theater, he took an acting course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, where his instructors were almost instantly aware that they had a student of star quality.

Stage and television work, including lead roles in *Sunday in New York* and *Barefoot in the Park*, were quickly fol-

lowed by film roles in *This Property Is Condemned*, *Inside Daisy Clover* and *The Chase*—all flops. Although Redford's acting ability and versatility were apparent, Hollywood began to consider him something of a Jonah. He scored a hit, however, in the film version of *Barefoot in the Park*, repeating the role he had created on the stage, and the studios began to regard Redford, with his trim, WASP-ish good looks, as eminently suited to play what he termed "downtown, buttontown, Ivy League lawyer characters." This was hardly an image that he favored, and he proved exceedingly skittish about improving his star status.

Redford's cussedness was even more apparent when he dropped out of Paramount's *Blue* at the last moment, forcing the studio to cast Terence Stamp in that ill-fated Western. While being sued by the company, he argued Charles Bluhdorn, its president, into backing what he *did* want to do: the realistic study of an overambitious skier in *Downhill Racer*. The concatenation of these, along with *Butch Cassidy* and *Willie Boy*, all of which appeared at virtually the same time, served to bring Redford's talent into full focus. Wrote a critic in the now-defunct *Entertainment World*: "His is a competitive, amused and intuitive presence which is constantly fascinating to watch. The audience knows that he is thinking in a film—a glance, a cocking of the head, a biting of the lip all show the wheels of motivation pushing the character to a certain action—but at the same time, the audience can never entirely possess all his thoughts. There is the constant surprise of the unexpected. Redford doesn't do it the easy way, although it looks effortless."

Along with Redford, the most talented phoenix to rise from the ashes of the star system in 1970 was the protean Elliott Gould. Curiously enough, less than two



"One thing about midis . . . they sure shoot the hell out of girl watching!"

years ago, Gould was better known—if known at all—as the tall, shaggy husband of Barbra Streisand. The two met while they were playing leading roles in the Broadway musical production *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. Actually, Elliott was the star of the show, but it was Barbra who ran off with all the kudos. Elliott ran off with Barbra. While her career skyrocketed, he meandered from one ill-starred stage venture to another. His movie career began with a feature part in *The Night They Raided Minsky's*; the critics didn't even notice him. But this was a role he had been playing all his life.

Born in Brooklyn in 1938 as Elliott Goldstein, Gould spent his childhood, as he puts it, "being nice to my parents." Perhaps it was this quality of an ingratiating *nebbish* that first endeared him to audiences in *Bob & Carol*. There is also a certain unruly, small-boy charm about Gould, a youthful rebelliousness, that surfaced when he played Trapper John, the seemingly callous surgeon of *M.A.S.H.* But the Groucho Marx leer and the air of total cynicism had to be later acquisitions, perhaps the products of his years as an off- and on-Broadway unknown. Or his years with Barbra.

In any case, his intensity and value as an actor, not to mention as a brilliant satirist, were firmly established in *Getting Straight*, in which he played an ex-activist graduate student caught up in a campus rebellion. "He is now regarded," wrote one critic, "as one of the few young men

in Hollywood today who can make it happen, whose willingness to appear in a screenplay assures its production." There is no question that Gould will make a lot happen in the next few years. At this point, Gould has three more pictures in various stages of completion: *I Love My Wife*, *Move* and Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders*, and all promise to be of more than ordinary interest. On *Little Murders*, he is his own producer, and he had no qualms about putting himself in the directorial hands of another actor, Alan Arkin—perhaps in the interest of making a point about actors who turn to directing. Part of Gould's plan, too, is one day to make the switch himself from acting to directing.

Another of the young men in films who can "make it happen" today is lanky Peter Fonda, the increasingly famous son of a famous father. After a spate of motorcycle films, he has become, at the age of 30, a virtual subculture hero. More than that, he is becoming also something of a spokesman and moralist for an entire drug-oriented generation. Symbolizing an almost mystical, anti-materialistic search for a freedom that he himself is inclined to believe is illusory, he is also a sturdy foe of the traditional Hollywood-studio methods of production.

After the success of *Easy Rider*, which he produced and co-authored as well as co-starred in, he could have had his choice of lucrative positions on virtually every studio's payroll. Instead, deter-

mined to pursue his independent way, he accepted the backing of Universal for his new production, *The Hired Hand*, which he is both directing and starring in, but shooting entirely on location, as he had done with *Easy Rider*. To keep the budget within bounds, Fonda is taking only a minuscule salary for starring in the picture and a small fee for his directorial involvement.

Meanwhile, also for Universal, Fonda's former partner (and now co-litigant), Dennis Hopper, is manfully editing his way through some 38 hours of film that he shot in Peru. When finally assembled, sometime next year, it will be titled *The Last Movie*, starring and directed by Hopper from his own script, and will have cost about \$1,000,000—or about three times the cost of *Easy Rider*. Hopper, whose screen career extends back to *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant*, seemed at one point the likeliest replacement for his friend James Dean; his own ardently nonconformist views and attitudes, however, rendered him virtually unemployable in Hollywood—even though he was married to the beautiful daughter of producer Leland Hayward. A talented painter, Hopper apprenticed himself for a time in Andy Warhol's New York "Factory" and returned to Hollywood with a passion for film making rather than film acting. Chance meetings with Fonda on the American-International bike films led to their joint concoction of *Easy Rider*—and the rest might be history, were it not for Hopper's unmelodious anti-establishmentarianism. An insider who saw the rushes of *The Last Movie* reported a speech in which, in tight close-up, Hopper shouts, "Up Hollywood's giggle with a rotating pineapple!" Unless the film is terribly successful, its title may be all too prophetic. But such is Hollywood's need to reach the youth market that it will support even an anti-Hollywood film if the price is right—and there would seem to be a good chance for a dollar at the end of this particular rainbow.

Jon Voight, too, was in an enviable position after *Midnight Cowboy*, in which he gave a virtuoso performance as a young Texan on the make in New York. To the despair of his agents, he refused several six-figure offers after its success, preferring instead the relatively small role of Milo Minderbinder in *Catch-22*, because it gave him the chance to work with Mike Nichols and on the adaptation of a novel that he—like most of his generation—particularly admired. For his current film, *The Revolutionary*, based on Hans Koningsberger's novel, Voight literally made this chancy, low-budget production possible by agreeing to play in it.

One strength of such unorthodox stars as Redford, Fonda, Hopper and Voight is their intelligence. They pick scripts that are meaningful to them, material that they hope will be no less meaning-



"You've never had V.D.? What's the matter, Lester—aren't you popular?"

ful to their contemporaries. Where necessary, they are quite willing to put their money where their mouth is, preferring relevant roles to fat salaries. This same intelligence, however, can also hamper their careers, because most of them are too bright to take seriously the long-range publicity campaigns on which careers have traditionally been based. Their private lives, they feel, should be their own. Voight has been particularly strenuous in his opposition to personal appearances and interviews. "His first instinct," says his most recent girlfriend, Jennifer Salt (who appears with him in *The Revolutionary*), "was to reject publicity violently and completely. He is just now beginning to figure out how to handle it." Voight, who is 31, comes from a middle-class Catholic family. Raised in Yonkers, New York, he was a promising schoolboy golfer (his father was a pro), but he gave that up in favor of a dramatic career, majoring in drama at Catholic University.

Voight may resemble, as Peter Evans described him in *Cosmopolitan*, "a half-bungled mutation of Muscle Beach hero and country bumpkin," but, like Robert Redford, he was thoroughly prepared and ready by the time he was tapped for stardom. He had played off-Broadway and on, receiving excellent notices, studied long and hard with acting coach Sanford Meisner and, to those who should know, he was a polished, seasoned actor when John Schlesinger chose him for *Midnight Cowboy*. After that, he was in a position to do his own picking. In *The Revolutionary*, wearing granny specs and a greasy raincoat, he portrays a knobby, overintellectualizing student radical in an unnamed country. At work now on *The All-American Boy*, Voight consciously sought to prevent any hardening of his image by switching from intellectual to boxer. Author of the new script is Charles Eastman, regarded by many as Hollywood's most gifted screenwriter; typically, because Voight is in it, Eastman was granted the opportunity to direct. As Jennifer Salt says to him in *The Revolutionary*, "It's nice that people like you are around."

Also nice to have around is Dustin Hoffman, another actor who has achieved the eminence to have movies financed on the strength of his name alone. In fact, it is currently being put to such use on the production of the improbably titled *Who Is Harry Kellerman, and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?*, written by Herb Gardner and being directed by Ulu Grosbard, who are also its producers. Like his former co-star, Hoffman loathes all forms of personal publicity and goes out of his way to avoid it. Ironically, earlier this year, he was forced into the headlines when the house adjoining his Greenwich Village apartment was accidentally blown apart by a group of rabid

young radicals, three of whom perished in the explosion. In the ensuing news columns, Dustin came close to upstaging the event itself.

Although Hoffman is adored by a multitude of teeny-boppers, he prefers to think of himself as a character actor rather than as a sex symbol. In *John and Mary*, he probably came as close as he ever will to playing a romantic lead. As the young, self-sufficient bachelor who casually brings a girl to his pad, then can't quite get rid of her, Hoffman exhibited all the twitches, hesitations and underlying shyness that had already endeared him to so many in *The Graduate*. Even so, the film enjoyed only a middling success—nothing like the amazing grosses on *Midnight Cowboy*, in which he played the scruffy, gimpy Ratso Rizzo.

For his newest film, *Little Big Man*, due at the end of the year, Hoffman chose a role that was even more definitely a character part. And what a character! As Jack Crabb, a half-Indian, he plays the sole survivor of Custer's fabled last stand. Directed by the renowned Arthur Penn, the story is told in flashbacks, during the course of which the 32-year-old Hoffman ages from 16 to 121. While, sight unseen, it's not easy to discern what bearing the events of 100 years ago might have on the contemporary scene, the presence of both Penn and Hoffman on the production suggests that *Little Big Man*, somehow, will have—that word again—relevance.

Like Hoffman—and also like Elliott Gould, with whom he was paired in *M. A. S. H.*—Donald Sutherland is an actor first, a comedian second and a sex star to anyone who chooses to think of him that way. Apparently, the number is growing, for in a market literally glutted with expert character actors, Sutherland's popularity continues to soar, leading one to suspect that it is not solely for his expertise. Born in Canada 35 years ago, he made his reputation in England—generally as an interesting subvillain in low-budget adventure films. He moved into the big time as one of the dirtier of Robert Aldrich's *Dirty Dozen* and scored even more heavily (with those who saw it) as a saintly, aristocratic aesthete dying of a rare disease in *Joanna*. It was as Hawkeye Pierce, however, the irreverent and bawdy anti-hero of *M. A. S. H.*, that Sutherland first revealed his comedic talents to a wide audience, followed quickly by his bearded, freakish Oddball in *Kelly's Heroes* and a dual role—one a peasant, one an aristocrat at the time of the French Revolution—in the farcically funny *Start the Revolution Without Me*.

At the moment, Sutherland is working on *Alex in Wonderland*, playing a film maker worried about the effects of success on his personal life; it's written and directed by Paul Muzumsky and Larry Tucker, the team responsible for *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. He has also

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co-starred (again) with Elliott Gould in *Little Murders*; has signed to work with another activist, fiery Jane Fonda, on a picture called *Klute*; and hopes one day soon to do a film with the brilliant director of *The Battle of Algiers*, Gillo Pontecorvo.

Not that the freedom of a major star these days to pick his own scripts, as Sutherland does, is any guarantee of excellence. Of all the young actors in Hollywood, certainly no one is more eagerly pelted with new scripts than Warren Beatty. He has looks, he has talent and he is definitely bankable. Yet, since *Bonnie and Clyde* turned him into a multimillionaire, he has made only one picture—and that one, *The Only Game in Town*, was hardly the happiest of choices; and among the scripts he turned down were *Bob & Carol*, *Getting Straight* and *Butch Cassidy*. Warren, however, may well have been distracted by the heady company of Julie Christie. It's no secret that for the past two years, they've been a constant pair; nor is it probably sheer coincidence that during this same period, Miss Christie has also been turning down scripts. And it's certainly no coincidence that both are next scheduled to appear together in *The Presbyterian Church Wager*, under the direction of Robert Altman. Relevance, Beatty appears to feel, isn't everything; togetherness is important, too.

Paul Newman, on the other hand, is one of the few male stars who continue to have an unerring instinct about what is right for them. His only picture in recent years that failed to ignite at the box office was *The Secret War of Harry Frigg*, and that was one over which he had no control. From *Hud* and *The Hustler* through *Cool Hand Luke* and *Winning* to *Butch Cassidy*, Newman has displayed a keen understanding of the specifics that have made him, at 45, perhaps Hollywood's most durable superstar. As critic Renata Adler once described his on-screen character, "He has always been tough, quiet, not insensitive, with that mannerism originated by Brando of seeming constantly, casually aware of his mouth, as though he were speaking with tobacco or a Lifesaver in it." Intelligent, aware, intuitive, he remains happily married to his wife of many years, the equally intelligent, aware and intuitive Joanne Woodward. Of obvious sexual appeal to female audiences—and, it has been said, to some of his female co-stars—he has shown no inclination for involvements with anyone but Joanne. "I have steak at home," he said in a *Playboy* interview. "Why should I go out for a hamburger?"

Both of the Newmans are serious, down-to-earth professionals, but they also feel that their responsibility to society doesn't end there. Currently, Miss Woodward is the TV voice of Planned Parenthood, while Newman has never hesitated to take the stump when a cause—such as

the Presidential candidacy of Eugene McCarthy—rouses him. Though frequently encouraged, however, he has consistently refused to run for public office himself. "Not qualified," he explains. "I've built up a certain amount of power and respect as a professional actor, and to move into a profession where I would have little respect, power and background—that's not for me." The power and respect Newman has gained as an actor were considerably enhanced last year when, in his debut as a director, he guided Miss Woodward to an Oscar nomination for *Rachel, Rachel*. For his leading lady in his current starring vehicle, *W. U. S. A.*, he chose the same Miss Woodward. As he puts it, why fool around with hamburger?

Also continuing to command power and respect in Hollywood is Steve McQueen, who, in this year's *The Reivers*, a mellow adaptation of the William Faulkner novel, added a humorous, appealing warmth to his cool image. Meanwhile, a self-avowed sports-car nut, he has also been eating up the tracks, setting lap records at Holtville and Phoenix and achieving a first in prototype (with co-driver Peter Revson) at Sebring last March with a three-liter Porsche 908. At the time, his foot was still in a cast after having been broken in six places as the result of an accident in a 100-mile motorcycle race. What could be more natural than for his own company, Solar Productions, to put into the works *The 24 Hours of Le Mans*, with McQueen himself both starring and driving? No small part of the budget on the film, which will be released sometime next year, was allocated to star insurance.

During a year when film-industry unemployment rose to 80 percent, when anyone with some extra capital could buy himself a studio or two, when several of Hollywood's major stars decamped to television, Clint Eastwood stood out as a sterling exception to the general rout. What made his holdout all the more remarkable was that he was a star cast in the traditional Hollywood mold—as tall as Gary Cooper, as laconic as Gregory Peck, as fast with a gun as John Wayne. The admiration for this type, apparently, still persists in the American mythos. When Eastwood deviated from it in *Paint Your Wagon*, not only sharing a *ménage à trois* with Jean Seberg and Lee Marvin but even bursting into song, he was a bit more Westwood than Eastwood. The picture did not do well. In such subsequent productions as *Kelly's Heroes* and *Two Mules for Sister Sara*, however, he has been able to revert to type, with gun ever at the ready. Now a fully established institution, Eastwood has his own production company and is independent enough to turn down an offer of \$1,000,000 to appear in someone else's picture. When a man can do that, he's not only tall but big.

Until this year, the top echelons of stardom have normally been generously supplemented by contingents of talented and attractive Europeans. As we've noted, this no longer held true for female stars; it was even less true for the males. Of course, Peter O'Toole is still very much in demand by producers and Michael Caine seems as busy as ever. But the former did little to advance his career as a Scotsman in love with his sister (Susannah York) in the British-made *Brotherly Love* and the latter made even less impact in Robert Aldrich's fumbling and old-fashioned *Too Late the Hero*. Michael York, the impressive Tybalt of Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*, showed promise again as the Machiavellian houseboy who insinuates himself into Angela Lansbury's good graces (and bed) in *Something for Everyone*, although the role was hardly calculated to enhance his sex appeal.

Rock idol Mick Jagger, the peripatetic lead singer of the Rolling Stones, has now starred in three pictures—Jean-Luc Godard's *Sympathy for the Devil*, made in France; Tony Richardson's *Ned Kelly*, filmed in Australia; and, most recently, a far-out British movie, *Performance*, in which he appears, appropriately enough, as a stoned and sinister former rock star. Apparently, rock stars can sell records but not pictures. For all his popularity—even notoriety—Jagger has failed as yet to create an attractive or convincing screen character. Of the Britons, only Alan Bates and Oliver Reed, the co-stars of *Women in Love*, emerged with their reputations unblemished—and, in the case of Reed, considerably enhanced.

A nephew of the famous director Sir Carol Reed, Oliver debuted in films as a monster in a low-budget horror film, *The Curse of the Werewolf*. A subsequent association with director Michael Winner allowed Reed to look and act more himself in such films as *The Girl Getters*, *The Jokers* and *I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname*. Despite the possibility of confusion, nobody forgot "what's 'isname" after *Oliver!*; although Reed didn't play the title role, he made a memorable Bill Sikes. But it remained for *Women in Love*, in which he portrayed the proud, headstrong scion of a colliery owner, to reveal the true extent of his talent—and, in a nude, fire-lit wrestling scene with Bates, his full physical stature as well.

On the Continent, the image of Italy's Marcello Mastroianni, after the disastrous *Place for Lovers* and *Leo the Last*, was distinctly on the decline. It would not be precisely true to say that his place is being taken by the extraordinarily versatile Jean-Louis Trintignant, for even after his dashing performance as the race-car driver in *A Man and a Woman*, he is still (correctly) considered more actor than sex star. Nevertheless, after no less than 40 films in perhaps a



"Before explaining our new incentive plan, I'd like you to meet Miss Allison here."

dozen years, Trintignant is unquestionably the most sought-after man in European cinema today. Despite the success of *A Man and a Woman*, however, few identified him when, earlier this year, he played the investigating attorney in *Z*. "No woman has ever turned around in the street to look at me," he once remarked in an interview. "That," said Costa-Gavras, his director in *Z*, "is because you are the man in the street."

Meanwhile, social changes at home have brought into prominence a whole new group of actors and actresses, several of whom are already displaying star quality. Until a few years ago, whenever Hollywood needed a black for a major role, it had no recourse but to call on the personable, talented Sidney Poitier. After all, who else was there? During the past two years, however, the interest in black issues has so accelerated that the estimable Sidney would have to work round the clock every week of the year just to keep pace—something that, with his present eminence, he has no intention of doing. In 1970, he maintained his position by appearing in "*They Call Me Mister Tibbs!*," a disappointing continuation of the detective role he originated in *In the Heat of the Night*, and *Brother John*, a somewhat mystical account of a man who can foresee death.

After an absence from the screen of many years, Harry Belafonte gave up his concertizing long enough to produce and co-star (with Zero Mostel) in *The Angel Levine*. But it remains to be seen whether movie audiences will welcome him back. Muscular Jim Brown moved a few notches ahead this year with his performances in *tick . . . tick . . . tick . . .*, *The Grasshopper* and a big adventure movie, *El Condor*, although off-screen brawls with women and the Los Angeles police have not enhanced his personal reputation.

Making rapid strides to overtake not only Brown but even Poitier himself is the tall, elegant Raymond St. Jacques. Born James Arthur Johnson in Hartford, Connecticut, he moved as a child to New Haven, where his mother worked as a domestic. A brilliant student, Raymond inclined at first toward social work, but caught the acting bug while appearing in several Yale Drama School productions. He appeared in a number of plays, both off-Broadway and on, played the inevitable small character parts for television and began attracting attention through somewhat larger roles in the movies. But it was his silky performance as a sinister Haitian police captain in *The Comedians*, which co-starred the Burtons, that first suggested to critics his full potential as star material. That potential has now been realized in one of the surprise hits of 1970, *Cotton Comes to Harlem*. In that film, teamed with

strongly as a hard, dedicated, intelligent detective fighting corruption in Harlem.

Nor did *Cotton* harm the zooming career of handsome Calvin Lockhart, even though, playing an unscrupulous black preacher, he epitomized the corruption that St. Jacques was fighting. In *Joanna*, his portrayal of a sleek, high-flying gangster with a well-feathered nest of birds established him immediately as a newcomer to be watched. The initial impression was enhanced by his strong performance as an outraged schoolteacher caught up in the black-white rumbles of *Halls of Anger*, in which he received star billing. Lockhart is personable in much the same way as Sidney Poitier, and with acting ability to match. Given the proper selection of roles, he may well emerge as a major sex star within the coming year.

The upswing in films with and about blacks has also produced a promising new crop of talented and attractive black actresses. Despite a sexy nude scene in *If He Hollers Let Him Go*, Barbara McNair—Mrs. Tibbs in Poitier's latest movie—is rapidly becoming the Greer Garson of the genre, the patient, understanding wife who stays home and worries while her husband does battle with the world. Lithe, leggy Judy Pace attracted considerable attention last year as one of the coeds who kept Christopher Jones on a round-the-clock sexual alert in *Three in the Attic*; this year, she earned smiles and appreciative whistles as the girl who gives (and shows) just short of her all in *Cotton Comes to Harlem* as the seducer of a white cop. Pert Janet MacLachlan scored solidly as Calvin Lockhart's sexy, and willing, girlfriend in *Halls of Anger* and Diana Sands, recognized since *Raisin in the Sun* as one of the finest young actresses in the New York theater, gave a glowing performance as the easy-living, tenderhearted tenant impregnated by *The Landlord*.

Perhaps the strongest argument that black is beautiful, however, is advanced by Lola Falana, who blistered the screen in *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*. Lola was raised in Philadelphia and wandered around New York as an occasional night-club singer until Sammy Davis Jr. made her his lead ingénue in *Golden Boy*. The show's prolonged run, plus a number of television guest shots, polished her star quality so that now she is frequently to be found singing for her supper at such prestigious places as The Sands in Las Vegas and Deauville in Miami Beach. Since her compelling film debut, it's safe to say that what Lola wants, Lola gets.

Just as the increase in black films has opened the industry to new black faces, so the pronounced trend toward youth-oriented pictures in the past year has brought to the screen a veritable horde of fresh, youthful ones. Christopher Jones, who led the brigade last year, has

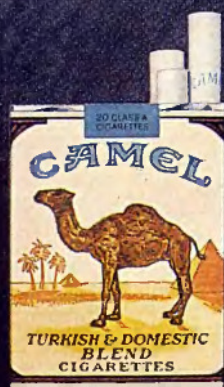
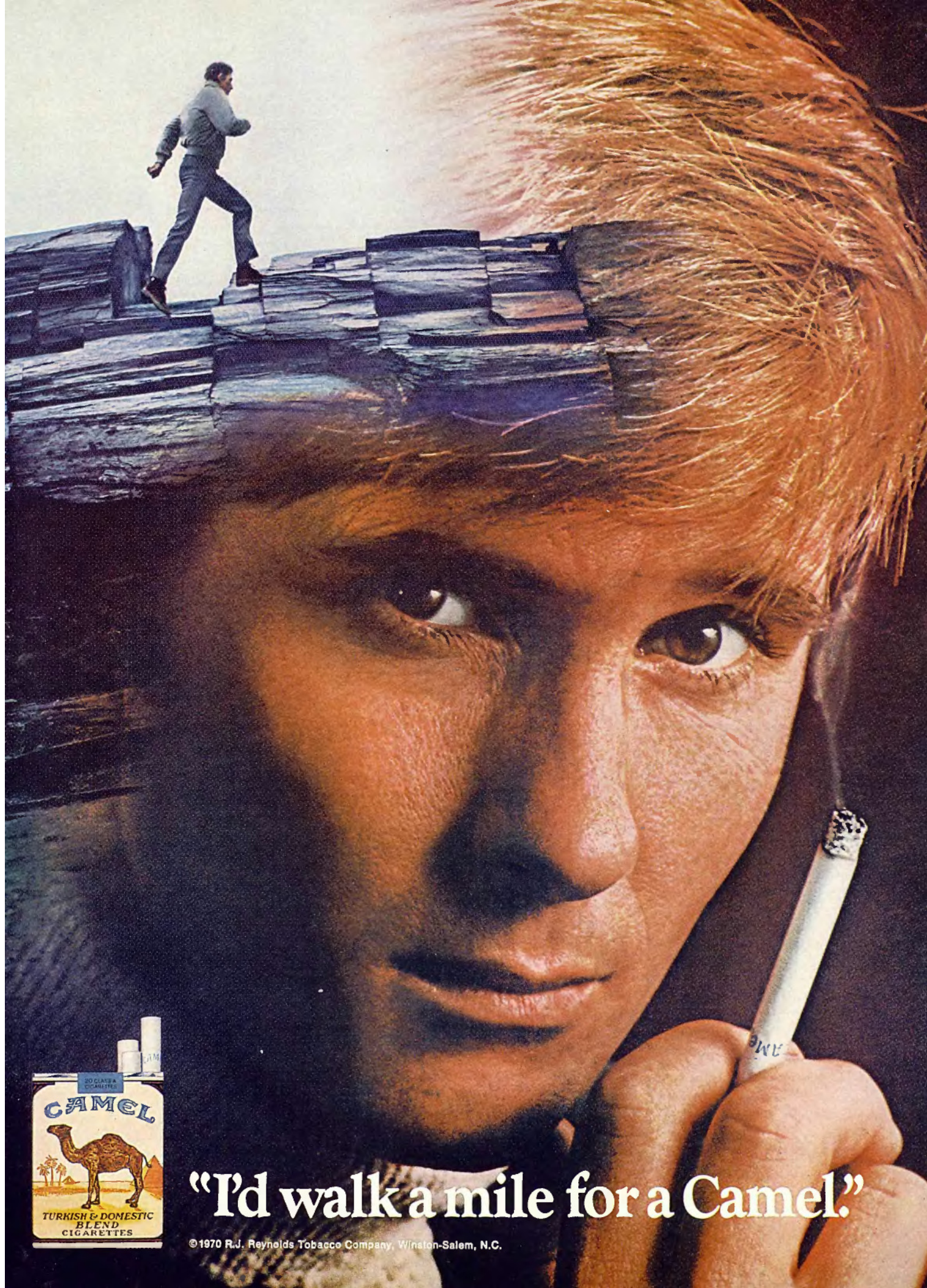
been temporarily hidden from view while off in Ireland, co-starring with Robert Mitchum in the production of David Lean's \$10,000,000 epic *Ryan's Daughter*, which should be hitting the screens just about the time you read this. Topside at the moment is blond, blue-eyed Beau Bridges, the son of actor Lloyd Bridges. At 29, he has already starred in three pictures—*Gaily, Gaily*, *The Landlord* and an Australian Western, *Return of the Boomerang*.

Young Bruce Davison got off to a strong start in *The Strawberry Statement*, as did Wendell Burton in *The Sterile Cuckoo*, and Wes Stern was appealing enough in *The First Time* to warrant a second look in American-International's *Up in the Cellar*. "Broadway Joe" Namath, the bad boy of pro football, projected a pleasing, photogenic personality in a small role in *Norwood*, displaying the ease and assurance of a young Dean Martin. He was promptly tapped by producers Allan Carr and Roger Smith to co-star with Smith's wife, the vivacious Ann-Margret, in *C. C. and Company*. The story of a motorcycle bum's cross-country adventures, the film includes the year's best-publicized nude love scene.

If the debuts of Mark Frechette and Daria Halprin in *Zabriskie Point* were less than auspicious, there is no reason to suppose that their budding careers have been abruptly terminated. The accent is still very much on youth, as attested by the continuing employment of Barbara Hershey, the dark-haired find of last year's *Last Summer*. From a smallish role in *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, she has advanced to the lead of *The Baby Maker*, in which she agrees to provide a baby for a childless couple. Among other young ladies who seem destined to stay around for a while are starry-eyed Kim Darby, the delightful Margot Kidder (*Gaily, Gaily* and *Quackster Fortune*) and, in perhaps the most impressive debut of the year, Carrie Snodgrass, in *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, a film that has also launched the talented Frank Langella.

It may be too early to think of any of these young people as sex stars, much less as sex symbols. But they are new and fresh and thus testify to the experimental outlook of today's producers and directors, most of whom are forsaking their former reliance on established names in favor of a search for the talented newcomers who will make sense to the young audience that is currently propping up the box office. It is a truism of the industry that the studios don't make the stars—the audience does. That largely youthful audience is being given the opportunity, at last, to choose the stars who reflect their own image of themselves.





"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

© 1970 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

HOLIDAY SPIRITS (continued from page 132)

but do not boil. Pour into preheated mug. Add butter and stir until butter melts. Twist lemon peel over drink and drop into mug. Grate nutmeg over drink. Let drink stand on hot tray about 5 minutes before serving.

IRISH MILK AND MAPLE PUNCH

2 ozs. blended Irish whiskey
8 ozs. milk
1 tablespoon maple syrup
Whole nutmeg

Shake whiskey, milk and maple syrup very well with ice. Strain into 14-oz. tall glass. Grate nutmeg over drink.

IRISH TEA

1½ ozs. blended Irish whiskey
6 ozs. freshly brewed hot Irish black tea
3 whole cloves
3 whole allspice
1 stick cinnamon
1 teaspoon sugar
2 teaspoons honey
1 slice lemon
Whole nutmeg

Put whiskey, tea, cloves, allspice, cinnamon, sugar and honey into preheated mug; stir well. Add lemon slice. Grate nutmeg over drink. Let drink stand on hot tray about 5 minutes before serving.

MISTY IRISH

1 oz. blended Irish whiskey
½ oz. Irish Mist liqueur
1 oz. orange juice
½ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
½ cup coarsely cracked ice
1 brandied cherry

Pour whiskey, liqueur, orange juice, lemon juice, sugar and ice into blender. Blend at high speed 15 seconds. Pour into prechilled old fashioned glass. Add ice cubes to fill to rim. Add brandied cherry.

IRISH ALEXANDER ON THE ROCKS

¾ oz. blended Irish whiskey
¾ oz. Irish coffee liqueur
¾ oz. heavy cream

Shake all ingredients well with ice. Pour into prechilled old fashioned glass. Add ice cubes to fill to rim. A dessert cocktail.

IRISH ALMOND

1½ ozs. blended Irish whiskey
½ oz. orange juice
½ oz. lemon juice
2 teaspoons orgeat or orzata
1 teaspoon toasted almond slices

Shake whiskey, orange juice, lemon juice and orgeat well with ice. Strain into prechilled whiskey sour glass or Delmonico glass. Sprinkle almond slices on top. (To toast almonds, place prepared sliced almonds in shallow pan in oven

preheated at 375°. Bake about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally, until medium brown. Sprinkle with salt. Cool.)

HOT APPLE CROG

1½ ozs. blended applejack
1 tablespoon brown sugar
4 ozs. water
2 whole allspice
1 stick cinnamon
2-in. strip lemon peel
½ oz. 151-proof rum

Pour applejack, sugar and water into saucepan. Add allspice and cinnamon. Bring to boiling point but do not boil. Pour into preheated mug. Twist lemon peel above mug and drop into drink. Float rum on top (pour it over the back of a tablespoon held along inside of mug). Set rum aflame. Let it burn for about a half minute, then stir to stop flaming. Warn guests not to burn lips on mug (take the first sip with a spoon).

HOT BUTTERED APPLE

2 ozs. blended applejack
½ oz. green ginger wine
4 ozs. water
1 stick cinnamon
2 whole cloves
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon sweet butter
Whole nutmeg

Pour applejack, ginger wine and water into saucepan. Add cinnamon, cloves and sugar; stir until sugar dissolves. Bring to boiling point but do not boil. Pour into preheated mug. Add butter and stir until butter melts. Let drink stand on hot tray about 5 minutes before serving. Grate nutmeg over drink just before serving.

JACK AND JERRY (4 drinks)

8 ozs. blended applejack
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons heavy cream
Dash salt
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon ground mace
⅛ teaspoon ground ginger
1 pint hot milk
Whole nutmeg

Beat egg yolks and sugar in top part of double boiler until well blended. Slowly stir in 1 cup milk, cream, salt, cinnamon, mace and ginger. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly with wire whip, until mixture thickens. It should have the consistency of a light sauce. Remove from fire. Beat egg whites until stiff. Slowly stir cooked mixture into beaten egg whites. Divide among 4 preheated mugs. Pour 2 ozs. applejack into each mug. Fill mugs with hot milk. Stir. Grate nutmeg over each drink.

FROZEN APPLE

1½ ozs. blended applejack
1 piece lemon peel
Superfine sugar
¼ cup diced Delicious apple
½ cup crushed ice
½ oz. lemon juice

Rub rim of deep saucer champagne glass well with lemon peel, then dip in superfine sugar to make sugar-frosted rim. Chill glass in refrigerator. Peel and core apple and cut into ½-in. dice. Put applejack, diced apple, ice, lemon juice and 1 teaspoon sugar into blender and blend at low speed 20 seconds. Pour into prechilled glass.

APPLE EGGNOG (12 drinks)

16 ozs. blended applejack
6 eggs
4 tablespoons sugar
1 quart plus 1 pint milk
¾ cup heavy cream
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
Ground cinnamon

Pour applejack, eggs and sugar into blender and blend at low speed 2 minutes. Pour into large pitcher or bowl. Stir in milk, cream and vanilla. Let mixture ripen in refrigerator at least 1 hour for flavors to blend. Pour into 6-oz. punch cups or Delmonico glasses. Sprinkle cinnamon on top.

APPLE SUISSESS (2 drinks)

4 ozs. blended applejack
Grenadine
Superfine sugar
1 egg white
1 oz. heavy cream
1 cup crushed ice

Dip rims of 2 old fashioned glasses in grenadine, then in superfine sugar to make frosted rims. Place in freezer to chill. Pour applejack, 2 teaspoons sugar, egg white, cream and crushed ice into blender and blend at high speed 15 seconds. Pour into prechilled glasses.

SPICED APPLE FLIP (2 drinks)

3 ozs. blended applejack
1 egg
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon
Whole nutmeg

Shake applejack, egg, sugar, lemon juice, cloves and cinnamon with ice. Strain into prechilled whiskey sour glasses or Delmonico glasses. Grate nutmeg over each drink.

The preceding mixed blessings should help you add refreshing new twists to your holiday hosting. Cheers!



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the time where your mind is.**

**This hour-hand tells you
the time where your body is.**



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Instead of an additional hour-hand, this model uses a small "read-out window" to show the time back home. The Accutron Astronaut Mark II's. From \$175.

SOVIET RUSSIA

(continued from page 236)

Soviet Union are unpredictable, the Russians have every reason to believe. During the last days of the War, Henry Wallace, only a month or so before F. D. R. replaced him as Vice-President, had traveled to Siberia with Owen Lattimore at his side, to report that he had not seen any of the fabled, and therefore presumably fictitious, concentration camps. A prominent American industrialist had been over there and reported exuberantly that, you had to hand it to Russia, there were *absolutely* no labor-union problems over there.

Anyway, on into the Fifties, the Soviet Union decided to encourage tourism, and the program for tourists was laid out, as diligently as a Five-Year Plan, and as dreamily. Insofar as the idea was to lay claim to an appropriate share of the tourist dollar, the program—like the Five-Year Plans—failed. There are many reasons for that beyond the obvious ones, beyond distance, beyond ideology. I had read about what it was to travel in Russia, felt I knew something about it when Frank Shakespeare called and asked if I would travel to Novosibirsk as a member of the United States Information Agency's delegation to inspect the opening of our exhibit there, on May 12. Frank Shakespeare is an old friend of mine. He is the head of U. S. I. A. and known in chic circles primarily as the Bad Man in Joe McGinniss's book *The Selling of the President*. The thesis of that book is that Frank Shakespeare, formerly of CBS, conspired with one or two other expert television cosmeticians to sell Richard Nixon to the American people. The book is a glorious performance, and I wouldn't have missed it for the world; indeed, would as gladly have read it if it had been written about Hubert Humphrey, whom the ingenuous author ingenuously conceded it might just as well have been written about. Anyway, we are to be very suspicious about Frank Shakespeare. McGinniss suggests, because during the Presidential campaign—just imagine!—Shakespeare exclaimed to another Nixon aide when the news of Russia's armed invasion of Czechoslovakia came in over the wires, that no one had the right to be surprised, that being the kind of thing Russia tends to do, when in doubt. It is utterly consistent that such a Red-baiter should have suggested to Mr. Nixon that he appoint me to serve as a member of the U. S. Advisory Commission on Information. I have to confess that, like the rest of the world, I was unaware of the existence of said commission on the evening when Mr. Shakespeare tendered me on the President's behalf an invitation to join it, subject—to be sure—to confirmation by the Senate. Duties? They are prescribed by law: The commission must report

periodically to the Congress and to the President on the activities of the U. S. I. A. Salary? Zero. (That, you understand, is what makes it prestigious.) Perquisites? Novosibirsk, every now and then. And, of course, access to extremely interesting people. The five-member commission ("not more than three of whom shall be from any one political party . . ." wrote the wary Congress in 1948) meets once a month in Washington. We have dinner on Sunday night with whatever VIP from the State Department or wherever drew the shortest straw, then no-nonsense meetings beginning at nine A.M. Monday, and stretching through lunch (with another VIP), into the late afternoon. The chairman of the commission is Dr. Frank Stanton, the president of CBS, who is the most efficient and the most hospitable man in the entire world—it is he, I think, whom I would call if I were head of the Bureau of Standards, and I suspected that my normative yardstick had shrunk—or grown: He would know what to do about it, how to do it genially, and, if necessary, how to break the news to the scientific world. I visited with Dr. Stanton (he is a Ph.D. in psychology) before accepting the appointment, in order to raise a few questions, among them whether joining a Presidential commission mightn't mean a conflict of interest as a journalist. Nonsense, he said—after all, by statute at least two members are from a different political party from the President's, presumptively dedicated, therefore, to his political undoing.

So I accepted, was taken in to chat with President Nixon (his desk is very neat, as is his mind, have you noticed?). I enjoyed the visit, beginning with the cozy tour of the surrounding rooms, in which Shakespeare and I whiled away the few minutes it took the President to finish with the Queen, or whoever. The Cabinet Room is directly adjacent to the Oval Room, and I observed that just under the President's chair are three call buttons, after each one of which is written the name of one of Mr. Nixon's aides, should he need any one of them to come in quickly during a Cabinet meeting. Frank told me that the three buttons survived from the days of Lyndon Johnson, but that in those days they were marked, respectively, PEPSI-COLA, DR PEPPER and SPRITE. President Johnson apparently did not conceive the necessity of needing mere mortals to nourish him. The President was very very cordial, and said one or two things which I would have been reluctant to disclose in any case, but which at this point I would disclose only on my deathbed, confident that no one would at that point very much care. Because, as they say, security-wise, you can call me Scaled-Lips Buckley, after what I went through. The

President having appointed me, weeks and weeks went by, during which the Federal Bureau of Investigation went after me; during which I received telephone calls and letters from girls and boys I had not seen for years and decades, advising me that they had been visited by the FBI, who had asked whether I was a reliable citizen, and really and truly anti-Communist. I remember thinking, after one old friend who had served with me on the *Yale Daily News* 20 years ago called to tell me that his FBI inquirer had asked whether Mr. Buckley would be willing to sign a loyalty oath, that if the FBI declined to clear me, I would at least have consummated the greatest imposture of the generation. But, in due course, the FBI, William Fulbright, and the Senate of the United States having cleared me, my "commission" came in. I studied it carefully. It is an impressive scroll, standard for all Presidential appointments, high and low. There is the printed form, and four blanks, which permit a fine holographic rendition of (1) your name, (2) the office to which you have been appointed, (3) the duration of the appointment, and (4) the space that is introduced by the printed words, "in recognition of . . ." after which, in my case, was written, "his integrity and ability." I found that altogether satisfying, quite content with the President's apparent knowledge of my integrity and ability. . . . But then I found my mind wandering. What was the inventory of honorifics from which these two qualities had been selected? *Numero unius exclusio alterius*, my mother used to say to me. If I was singled out for my integrity and my ability, what was I by inference *not* being singled out for? A few months later, I was in Saigon, listening to Ambassador Bunker, who was interrupted and called out of the room. My eyes strayed and I spotted, in the corner of his office, *his* commission. I rushed over and looked at the corresponding blank—and read, "in recognition of his integrity, ability, and prudence." The FBI had found me out.

Who else would go to Novosibirsk, and what was the purpose of the trip? I asked Frank Shakespeare. Frank Stanton, Jacob Beam (the U. S. Ambassador to Russia), Kempton Jenkins (U. S. I. A. area director), Shakespeare, and I. The purpose: to inspect the exhibit at Novosibirsk and, in general, U. S. cultural and educational activities in the Soviet Union. Would it be a good opportunity to poke about a bit and learn something about the Soviet Union? *Ideal*, said Frank Shakespeare, among whose charms is his enthusiasm, which would ignite waterlogged wood. I signed on.

London. Urgent message to call Lou Olom, staff director of the Advisory Commission. I got through to him, a few



"Never mind, Mr. O'Toole. I know what your idea of exchanging gifts is."

hours before the flight to Paris where I was to convene with the Novosibirsk delegation, and go on to spend one night in Moscow, then on to Asia. The Novosibirsk opening is off, said Olom. The Russians, he explained, had informed the embassy that it would be "at least" a week before it could open, because of an unforeseen scarcity of electricity and sanitary facilities. The inference in Washington, he told me, was that the Soviet Union was looking for a way to react feelingly to a speech delivered a few days before by Premier Kosygin denouncing the United States' "invasion" of Cambodia. The Communists' scanning device having come about 360 degrees looking for a way to blip their displeasure, the handiest thing they could come up with, of a nonconvulsive nature, was our innocent little opening at Novosibirsk. But, true to their own fashion, the Soviet officials would not admit that they had staged an official act of petulance, whence the story about the shortage of electricity and sewage facilities.

It was marvelously handled. I was to learn a few days later in Moscow. Monday, May 11, is a holiday in the Soviet Union, celebrating Victory Day. At exactly five P.M. on the preceding Friday afternoon, a Soviet official from Novosibirsk, telephoning from the office there that handled (pursuant to the cultural exchange agreement) the Soviet end of the U.S. exhibit, left a message with the U.S. Embassy announcing the postponement. At this point the American dignitaries were homing in on Paris from various parts of the world, where they would assemble for the afternoon flight to Russia on Sunday. The embassy, trying to assimilate the meaning of the postponement, called back to ask for a fuller explanation. No answer. The ambassador then took over—Jacob Beam is a veteran, who may *sound* like Mr. Smith come to Washington, but who at the cockpit of the Pentagon on X-Day would be indistinguishable from John Wayne—and *he* called the Foreign Office. No answer; same excuse—national holiday. Undeterred, he tracked down a responsible official at his home. Said Russian promised instantly to telephone to Novosibirsk, to find out what was going on, and to call back. He did so, to report—his voice heavy with surprise—that, in *fact*, there *was* a shortage of electricity in Novosibirsk.

Now that, friends, you will understand as a real diplomatic crisis. The *Russian* in Moscow reports to the *American* in Moscow that, incredible as it may seem, the *Russian* in Novosibirsk is telling the truth! Diplomacy has its limitations, and one cannot imagine Ambassador Beam, for all that he is a man of disarming candor, informing the *Moscow Russian*, huffily, that he does not believe a word of what the *Novosibirsk Russian*

said, that what is more he, Beam, is from Missouri, which in any case he is not, having graduated from Princeton after a happy boyhood spent in Kent, Connecticut.

It transpired that the electricity required to service our little educational exhibit in Novosibirsk came to a daily total of 100 kilowatts. Novosibirsk is an industrial center of over a million people, so that the Russian cavil about the shortage of electricity is something like New York's Carnegie Hall canceling a scheduled concert pleading that it could not furnish the electricity necessary to illuminate the piano player. The shortage of sanitary facilities was even less convincing, inasmuch as no new facilities were in fact added during the week in which the exhibit was held in suspense, not to mention the unspoken Soviet assumption that no Soviet citizen worthy of his fatherland was likely to tarry at an imperialist exhibition long enough to run up against the necessities of nature.

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Under the circumstances, the ceremonial opening was permanently canceled. One cannot deploy Shakespeare, Stanton, Beam, and Jenkins, like a mobile, by merely moving everything up a week. But Buckley had the week clear, and decided to proceed to Russia, and allocate the time that had been reserved for Novosibirsk to Moscow and to Leningrad. I proceeded, after consultation with Shakespeare in Paris, to Orly for the nonstop flight to Moscow, on a Japan Airlines flight that would, after dropping down at Moscow, proceed to Tokyo nonstop. I traveled with Larry DuBois, from *Time* magazine, who hadn't been to Russia either, and came along to see the action, if there was to be any. I had been briefed in Washington, and would be briefed again in Moscow, on how to keep out of trouble in Russia. No sex (the cameras are ubiquitous); no drunkenness (beware the mickey finn); no compassion for the stranger who approaches asking would you please mail this letter to her daughter when you reach New York (entrapment); no rubles bought in Paris (where you can get them at, approximately, seven for one versus the one-for-one official rate); no provocative ideological literature (even if it is for your own use)—a novel by Solzhenitsyn is not the ideal thing to carry in your briefcase, unlikely as it is that it will be confiscated on the spot (other things might ensue). I read, on the plane from Paris, Andrei Amalrik's *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?*—and dutifully left it aboard the plane, even though I had not finished it. At just about that time, Amalrik was taken in by the KGB.

I should at this point admit that for years I have husbanded a little skepticism about the horror stories one hears

of as routine in Russia. I know, I know, that the Soviet Union has done everything from exterminating millions of recalcitrant little farmers, to instructing Alger Hiss on just how to smear Whittaker Chambers. But people whose lives revolve around the civilized seasons find it hard to believe in the particulars of the institutionalized Orwellian state. There are all the familiar historical cases. . . . The gentleman is on his way to the Hotel Metropole, and an old man gives him a sheaf of papers—would he please read them when he gets a chance? He is just entering the lobby when he receives the packet, so he nods—pleasantly (as who would not)—stuffs it into his pocket, and before even turning around, he is seized by the KGB and charged with espionage. The incident would have been as newsworthy, in Russia, as a prostitute's arrest for communicating venereal disease—except that the gentleman was Professor Frederick Barghoorn of Yale, the President of the United States was John Kennedy, the Premier of the Soviet Union was Khrushchev, the historical situation was halfway between Kennedy's high point of strength (October 1962) and Khrushchev's downfall (October 1964): And the United States chose to make an international issue out of the victimization of poor Mr. Barghoorn, who was presently released by the KGB. You can't win them all. But they win a lot of them. I was told about a recent case, an English M.P., a lovely fellow, brimming over with the milk of cultural exchange, who dutifully undertook at a ceremonial lunch to match his Soviet hosts drink for drink, toast for toast, beyond the point when, his vision having blurred a bit, he could notice that the Russians who were now raising their glasses of vodka were not in fact the same Russians who had excused themselves a few moments before to use the sanitary facilities. They were what we imperialists call Ringers, and they drank heartily, until the point of conviviality was reached beyond which our English friend could not express himself except by lurching forward to the only window in the little banquet hall, and there relieving himself of every good wish he had so ceremoniously ingested in honor of mother Russia and her contemporary leaders. By utter coincidence, exactly across the street, an amateur Russian photographer happened, together with telescopic lens, to focus on the guilty, sick Englishman, whose plight he instinctively recorded, which photograph, quite naturally, the Soviet press published widely, suggesting, ever so delicately, the incontinence of the typical English official visitor to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

So you believe one particular story, because you believe the man who told it to you, because he is all professional and

is not there to waste your time nor to titillate you; but, mentally, you reason that it *must* be yet another exception. You pick up a book, late in the evening of your third night in Moscow. It is called *Message from Moscow* and is signed, "An Observer." It is published in America by Alfred Knopf (hardly a Russian-baiting firm), and the author is a student who after three years of graduate work over there has taken careful stock of what it's like everywhere, all the time, in Russia. He doesn't reveal his own name, because he fears to implicate his friends. About himself he divulges only that he is a socialist (he might be British, or he might be American). On one point only is he absolutely impatient, and that is toward those who disbelieve the lengths to which the Russians routinely go to effect their repressions. You are never absolutely secure, he says; not in the classroom, not in the grocery store; not even in bed with your occasional distraction. That book, so very understanding—so very sympathetic—is the skeleton key to life in the Soviet Union these days. It is a book that cannot be disbelieved, and it taught me, as I went through its pages, how impossible it is for an American to compete with someone like the Observer who wrote this book, who stayed three years in Russia, speaking the language fluently, untouched by any initial ideological hostility. What a curious Western tradition it is, that we should all of us try to say better what we cannot by the nature of the case hope to say one half so well as that gentleman over there, who has written a book which nobody has read, to speak of.

Moscow. The airport (which, along with military installations, you are forbidden to photograph. Especially you must not photograph bridges. *Never* photograph a bridge. Don't even bring along with you a picture of your favorite bridge back home.) The terminal we landed at is strangely unmenacing in appearance, and would be thought inadequate as the municipal airport for, say, Bridgeport, Connecticut. There is Muzak (or radio, I don't know) and I hear *Home on the Range*. The American brass are there, and they slither me through. I had completed the Customs Declaration Form, answering No to the question, Did I have with me "gold, silver, platinum, metals of the platinum group, coins, bars, unwanted scrap, precious stones, pearls, and articles thereof." The drive into Moscow. It is Sunday, late afternoon, during the equivalent of the Western weekend rush hour. I didn't count, but I am certain we did not see 20 passenger cars along the 25-mile route. It was a Vlaminsk sky, dark gray, white white. At the little gate of Spaso House was the guard supplied by



"According to this article, you should still be good for twice a week."

the Soviet Union—by common acknowledgment, he is a member of the KGB. (Fair enough. Ours probably report to the FBI.) He saluted us through, and I got out into the enormous, oddly-structured town house completed for a Moscow industrialist in 1917 (1917!), and used by us as an official residence ever since F. D. R. sent William C. Bullitt as our first post-Czarist ambassador, Maksim Litvinov having promised him that Russia would absolutely honest Injun give up subverting the world. Mr. Beam, tall, white-haired, crew-cutted, fluent in East European affairs, bookish, old-Southern in hospitality, married late to a chatty, amusing, handsome, iron-willed, super-large-hearted former employee of Voice of America. The circumstances were embarrassing, because a dinner had been laid on for the entire delegation. Now arrived at Spaso was not the whole egregious delegation, but a single member of it, with no plans for Novosibirsk, and five unscheduled days—unscheduled also for the ambassador and his wife, who had planned to be with us in central Asia. I suggested delicately to an aide that under the circumstances I remove myself and bunk down elsewhere after the first night; but the ambassador would not hear of it, and I have to admit it that I was very pleased, for all the

obvious reasons, but primarily because the Beams are perfect to come-home-to and to discuss with, informally, that day's vicissitudes (the last night I spent with them the staff was out, and we did TV dinners in the kitchen). After dinner that first night, with the deputy chief of mission, the head cultural officer, the aide-de-camp, and their wives, I asked whether the Voice of America got through in spite of the jamming, and the ambassador trudged out his great big portable Zenith and diddled with it, Mrs. Beam told him he was doing it wrong, here, let her try it, the deputy chief of mission said try holding it up, this way, pointing west, which the ambassador did, tapping the aerial with his finger, while Mrs. Beam, her face concentrated as though she were Arturo Toscanini's acoustics engineer, fiddled with the tuning dial. A few words were finally deciphered, but they sounded like enjambments, and were garbled testimony to the effectiveness of Soviet jamming, resumed after the Czechoslovakian invasion, after five years of non-interference. But the jamming, it transpired, is effective only in parts of Russia, and there is a lot of evidence that V. O. A. gets through. At Novosibirsk the U. S. Russian-speaking guides were, some of them, on temporary duty from V. O. A., and

their voices were recognized by many Russian visitors to the exhibition who, the jamming notwithstanding, were regular patrons of V. O. A. broadcasts.

At this point I could contain myself no longer, and begged to be excused in order to lay eyes on Red Square, a mere ten minutes away. It was only ten at night, and I set out to meet Larry DuBois. He had had a typical experience, going from the airport to the hotel where he had reservations only—they-never-heard-of-him, on to a second hotel, which Yes, they had a room for him when he telephoned from the first hotel, but No, when he got there ten minutes later they had no record of the ten-minute old telephone call. At this point in desperation he had called the residence, and the cultural-affairs officer, the Magnificent McKinney Russell, who speaks a Russian which is at once fluent, seductive, and imperious, took hold of DuBois at the other end of town like a crippled aircraft, and, by a series of soritical telephone calls, guided him down gently to the Hotel Metropole, where I picked him up, and from there we walked excitedly the 200 yards to Red Square.

Moscow is at latitude 55 degrees, abreast roughly of Copenhagen, so that during the late spring the day yields grudgingly to the night, and at 10:30 we could still make out the Prussian blue in the sky, giving the background for the golden domes and spires of the Kremlin, where at Ouspensky Cathedral 75 years ago, young Nicholas the Second was crowned Emperor of Russia, and the people, in an excess of enthusiasm, stampeded over each other during the attendant celebration, killing hundreds of celebrants. Their grandchildren, in *their* enthusiasm, line up day after day, by the thousands, to walk into the tomb of Lenin, who, through his minister Sverdlov, executed the Czar and his Empress and their children and, subsequently, every Romanoff he could get his hands on. They do not stampede, the contemporary pilgrims, because the queues in the Communist world are orderly, except where, as in East Germany not long ago, and in contemporary Cuba, the frontiers abut upon another world and give easy access to it, in which case the queues are quite uncontrollable, so much so as to require, finally, huge walls, and paralyzed airports, and gunboats foraging in the fishing boats for human cargo, to stanch the flow of pilgrims who yearn to get away from the world shaped by the little bald fanatic whose mortal remains are scarred so very much less than the world he had a hand in shaping.

But in Red Square, even as 400 years ago they worshiped Ivan the Terrible, they file into the squat, austere mausoleum on the terrace of which, 20 feet higher, we can see the inscrutable

officialdom of Red Russia lined up on ceremonial occasions, the Kremlinologists of the world dangling over them with their calipers, to measure the telltale differences that might suggest who is closer today, who is further removed, from the power to catapult the world into one more war, the final war, perhaps. Behind Lenin's tomb is the wall of the Kremlin, on the grassy side of which the heroes of the Soviet Union are buried, or in any case memorialized, the least of them first, on the northern end of the wall, whose names are written on stone slabs. Then, proceeding south, the greater figures, who merit bronze busts and pediments. Directly behind Lenin's tomb is the simple slab beneath which are the remains of Joseph Stalin, removed from alongside Lenin soon after his anathematization in the late Fifties. But Stalin is gradually rising from the dead. Only a month or so after we dallied over his perfunctory slab, a bust sprouted up from the ground—an enterprise which could not have required less official attention than the launching of a Soyuz moon-landing. Just this year, the Soviets managed to publish an official history of World War Two without once mentioning Stalin after 1945—one of those breathlessly humorless accomplishments of which they are so singularly capable, reminding us again and again and again of the undeniable vision of George Orwell. But the hagiolaters will not be forever denied, as witness the unobtrusive rise, by the Kremlin wall, of the likeness of Stalin, which like the beanstalk is likely now to grow week-by-week back to full trinitarian status with Marx and Lenin. For one reason because a mid-position on Stalin is, historically and morally, like coming to rest in mid-air between the diving board and the water; for another because communism, or whatever you choose to call what it is that they practise in Russia, cannot easily allow for a ruler who, preaching Lenin, proceeded to misgovern for 25 years. Irregular performances by bad Popes well after the consolidation of the Church are one thing. But you cannot announce that Saint Paul was after all a liar, a thief, and a lecher, without subverting Christianity. So, in due course, they will preach that Stalin the Prophet was despised only by the despicable. And the injustice will be rectified, most congruently, by Stalinist dispositions of the incautious anti-Stalinists, who are, ever so quietly, nowadays running for cover (try to tease a condemnation of Stalin out of a Soviet official next time you come across one at a diplomatic do). Red Square is brilliantly illuminated, and the people stroll about it, the natives who find it a convenient place to stroll; the out-of-towners, who gawk, and take pictures, and crowd about the tomb

to see the sentinels replace each other, strutting to and from their posts, stiff-legged and proud of their illustrious burden.

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The next morning I spent at the embassy, listening to cultural and educational officials, and then yet another go with Security. There were two of us at that session, I and a bearded professor, a Sovietologist headed for Novosibirsk to stay there for the duration of the exhibit, in order to answer the questions of the visitors. I heard again what I had heard in Washington, plus also that the Russians were brilliantly informed on the passage of dope through their country. A little while back an airliner originating in Istanbul stopped at Tashkent to refuel, before going on to Copenhagen, and New York. Three young American passengers did not bother even to leave their seats, since the stop would be for only a few minutes. But Soviet agents went into the plane, called them out, searched them and found hash, and turned them over for sentencing to three years' hard labor. All of the huffing and puffing by our embassy has sprung only one of the three. Other countries in Europe are doing exactly the same kind of thing. I reminded Security, and he agreed, though neither of us had heard of anybody being pulled out of an airplane in a country he was visiting only for the purpose of picking up fuel. Anyway, I said gravely to the bearded American professor, under the circumstances he had better not pick up any junk at Novosibirsk, and he stiffened with rectitude, smiled nervously, and, duly briefed, went on to Novosibirsk—which did open, a week after the scheduled day.

The ambassador told me that he had laid on a biggish lunch with Soviet officials in anticipation of the full American delegation's being there (we would have gone after lunch to Novosibirsk). As it now stands, he said, er, it isn't obvious how many of them will show up. In other words, those Russian officials who *had* accepted, had been invited by the ambassador to lunch with the ambassador, with Frank Shakespeare (head Government-propagandist), and Frank Stanton (head capitalist-propagandist), just to begin with.

Now, in the two or three hours before lunch, we had in miniature, the entire spectrum of possible Soviet diplomatic responses. Possibility (1) was that *all* the guests would cancel, Kosygin having in his anti-Cambodia speech given the signal that the freeze against America was on, the subsequent postponement of Novosibirsk serving as a baton-rapping signal to the entire Soviet orchestra. In that event, the dozen guests had before them two alternative ways of expressing themselves. Either, (a) they could telephone



"It's an interesting piece—genuine old casting couch I picked up at the MGM sale."

in their decision not to attend the lunch, on the explicit grounds that they did not believe it appropriate, during this bloody chapter of American imperialism in Indochina, to proceed with the normal social-diplomatic amenities; or (b) they could telephone in to the embassy and advise that unfortunately there was a crisis in the Urals, or that they had to go to work on the sewage system in Novosibirsk, or that their mother-in-law had suddenly passed away; communicating to the ambassador the same message, but in a significantly different way. I.e., if form (b), rather than form (a), was used, it suggested to the diplomatic corps that the anti-Cambodian response was not to include any formal interruption of diplomatic contact; whereas form A would have suggested that precisely such an interruption was a part of Soviet strategy.

Then there was, (2), that one third, or even one half, of the scheduled guests would telephone in, giving this-or-that excuse for their sudden change in plan. Nothing there of grand diplomatic import, particularly if it was limited to one half. All that that would mean, then, was that the big shots involved considered it beneath their station to appear at a luncheon which had been raided of its premier celebrities, leaving only—well, me.

Then (bear with me if you will), there was possibility (3), wherein the guests, by their unanimous presence at the luncheon, might accomplish two purposes at once, if indeed, it were desired to accomplish them, namely, (a) to suggest that there was absolutely no complicity between the shortage of electricity in Novosibirsk, and Soviet foreign policy in general; and (b) to suggest that the acceptance of the ambassador's invitation to lunch had had nothing whatever to do with any Soviet curiosity concerning the person of the head of the United States Information Agency, or the head of the Columbia Broadcasting System. To do otherwise would be to suggest that they cared enough about U.S.I.A. and CBS to cause either the presence of their managers at lunch to be the reason for accepting an invitation, or their absence to be the reason for canceling their previous acceptance—all of this being, well, beneath the level of attention that attracts Soviet dignitaries of that category. Get it? You may believe that that kind of thing went out with the fan flutters of Madame de Pompadour, on the basis of which the court knew who was in and who was out. You would be wrong.

Anyway—if the suspense has not done you in—they were all there, except for one gentleman who telephoned in a legitimate excuse. It is interesting to speculate, in the Russian context, what it is that constitutes a "legitimate excuse." The very best excuse is to die. Acciden-

tally, if possible, though the chances of that, in Russia, are poor to middling. Another good excuse is to be sent suddenly abroad. Third best is a grave illness in the family. Next is a summons by the Kremlin. But that becomes attenuated, because a summons to the Kremlin can be understood as a summons not to go to the ambassador's party.

Anyway—as I remember—this gentleman gave a moderately good excuse; i.e., his reason for not coming fell somewhere between dying, and being summoned by the Kremlin. And so, at 1300 Moscow Mean Time, on May 11, I walked down from my room into the great reception hall of Spaso and, for the first time in my life, found myself surrounded by officials of the Soviet Union, each of them with a drink in his hand. "This is Mr. Buckley, Mr. Sverzablydychky." "How do you do, Mr. Sverzzsky, so nice to see you." "How do you do, Mr. Buzzky, so nice to see you. Are you enjoying Moscow?" "Oh yes, yes, are you enjoying Moscow?" (NONE OF THAT, BUCKLEY.) "I mean, are you enjoying the weather in Moscow, Mr. Sverzzsky?" And so on, right around the room, and then lunch is called. The gentleman on my right is the most important of all, and the gentleman on my left only a little less so. The Right gentleman had accompanied Kossygin when he traveled by car from the United Nations to meet President Lyndon Johnson at Glassboro. He reminisced about the trip, and I ventured that it must have made him feel homesick to find no traffic on the New Jersey highway, but we let it pass, let it pass. The gentleman on the left was afflicted with a fine sense of humor, which he turned on uniformly, on all matters, except of course that he would never turn it on at the expense of the Soviet Union. I mean, if you had said to him, "Didja-hear the one about what was the most important historical event of 1875? LENIN WAS FIVE YEARS OLD!!!" he might have laughed, but there was enough ideological steel there to cause you not to go in for that kind of thing, so we talked about his avocations, the most important of them being canoeing, of which he is a total addict. Canoeing. Hmm. That made him a Canoeist. I told him that not long ago Prime Minister Trudeau of Canada had been accosted, while moving through a crowd, by a lady who, seizing his lapel, asked him, "Is it true that you were once a Communist?" Trudeau had answered, "No, madame, not a Communist, a Canoeist"—and proceeded there and then to relate to her, at a length most distracting to his bodyguards and appointment-keepers, his last experience with the sport, canoeing down some Canadian river or other. "How long is that river?" my companion asked. I don't know, I said; very long. "Well," he smiled, "the

river I went down on my last vacation was 1800 kilometers long—the part I traveled—and not one human being did I see the whole length of the passage!" I told him that that was quite extraordinary, which it certainly is, promised to send him James Dickey's novel *Deliverance*, and we agreed that we both looked forward to our meeting tomorrow, at the "U.S.A. Institute," which is a fairly-new, Kremlin-sponsored organization, composed of scholars, journalists, scientists, and diplomats—150 of them in all—whose job it is to concentrate on the United States of America, for the benefit of the Soviet Union. I asked him how many would be present at the session scheduled for me, and he said a half dozen or so, a half dozen being exactly how many in fact were there, when I arrived at the haughty mansion that the fabulous Prince Bolkonsky, introduced to the non-Russian world by Leo Tolstoy in *War and Peace*, once lived in, and dominated.

In between was fairlyland. . . . Viola, from Intourist, took us everywhere, to the Armory to see the treasures, beyond the imagination of, well: me. There, also, are the Fabergé Easter eggs, given to Alix by Nicky, one of them with tiny paintings of all the Romanoffs another containing a miniature of the entire Russian railroad system, with even a little locomotive that putters, or once did, along the tracks. . . . Where does Khrushchev live? I asked Viola. He lives in an apartment house, said Viola. I know, but which apartment house? The same apartment house that Molotov lives in. Would you take us by that apartment house? Why? We Russians respect the privacy of private people—after all, Khrushchev and Molotov are private people. I know, I just have a private historical curiosity. Come on, Viola. Well, she relents, as a matter of fact, that is it over there—she points to the Bernard Baruch Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Urban Renewal John F. Kennedy Lower Upper Middle Income Plaza, which is mostly laundry hung outdoors, and television antennae. I wondered what would happen if one entered the building, looked under "Khrushchev" and pushed the elevator button. . . . But that is the kind of thing, in the Soviet Union, you will always wonder what would happen if you did it, because such things simply don't happen. I do remember the American a few years ago (a wonderful young man, as uninhibited as Silly Putty) who sailed into the Lubyanka, beamed at the startled man at the desk, "Hiya, folks, I'm Charles Wiley from New York, and I thought I'd sure like to take a tour around this here prison!" and off he went, smiling, and waving, and using his three words of Russian, going further than anyone before him had gone, whose destination was

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this side of the crypt of Amontillado, until, finally, the resources of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics mobilized themselves and, dumfounded but firm, led Charles Wiley back to the street, and presumably returned to tell their grandchildren about the crazy American.

The phone rang early in my room at Spaso. *Pravda* had published that morning an extensive and extraordinarily bitter attack on the U. S. I. A., on Frank Shakespeare, and on myself, calling us all "werewolves," right-wing extremists, etc. A translation would be made available to me before my meeting with the U. S. A. Institute, and indeed it was. It was remarkable primarily for its stylelessness: It was nothing more than ideological boilerplate, though as I say, rather more bitter than that kind of thing tends to be: enough so to raise the eyebrows of the embassy people.

I asked my friend DuBois to join me, and took along a tape recorder, having been told by the embassy that the week before, Theodore Sorensen, campaigning for the New York Senate seat of Robert F. Kennedy, had taken along *his* tape recorder (Sorensen lost in New York, and it is not known how he did at the U. S. A. Institute in Moscow, though historians should note that there *is* a tape). I was cordially, if formally, greeted—certainly I was not made to feel like the werewolf described that morning in the official paper—and found myself seated opposite a table at the center of which was my Stakhanovite canoeist friend of the day before. I asked if he minded if I recorded our conversation. Well, he said, as a matter of fact, the U. S. A. Institute's proceedings were off-the-record affairs, and he would just as soon I didn't use the tape recorder, unless I absolutely insisted on it. Well, I said, not at all, not at all, if it would make you uncomfortable, let's just forget it, as I shoved the little machine away from us, on towards the center of the table. Well, he said, beaming, I suppose you are left only with your one hidden recorder? The three men to his right laughed, and the two men and a girl on his left laughed, and Larry and I laughed, and I said, Well, you see, you underrate Yankee ingenuity, because I have a mike not only here (I pointed between my neck and my collar) but also here, under my right lapel, and here, under my left lapel. We all laughed, and I remember wondering whether some X-ray machine or other would quickly inform the chairman whether I was making a bourgeois joke, or was maneuvering from Bondian desperation. . . . Anyway, the conversation ensued, for two and one half hours. The usual things. With one or two interesting and not altogether expected emphases. The Chairman-Canoeist began with a rit-

ual denunciation of our move into Cambodia, in which his Rockettes concurred (I do not mean to suggest other than that they were extraordinarily bright, and learned, and resourceful in their arguments: merely that they played together like the Budapest String Quartet), and I replied, Look, let's save time, the United States, belatedly, is treating the Cambodian frontier like the geographical fiction you people have been treating it as, ever since the war began; so what is the point in accusing us of escalation, simply because we behave like you?

We traversed the frontiers of the Cold War, at military, political, and even—ever so lightly—at philosophical levels. What interested them most, however, was—clearly—Economics. Only a week or so before, Henry Ford had come to town. The Soviet Union was after him to build a great big truck complex, and the reception given to him was, by all reports, the most fabulous since Marco Polo arrived in China. The Soviet big-cheese car is called a Zil, and they have probably managed to produce about five and one half of them, every one of which (or so it seemed) was put at the disposal of Henry Ford II, the capitalist-exploiter whose favors they so much wanted. They put him in the poshest dacha in town, and everything went for him smooth as can be, so anxious were they that he should go along on the matter of the trucks. To be sure, when one of his daughters who was traveling with him decided to buy a \$4000 stole, she found that the seller wanted cash, c-a-s-h, and the poor girl spent the rest of the afternoon signing 400 ten-dollar traveler's cheques. But anyway, the chairman wanted to know how I could account for the *stupidity* of those Americans who opposed Henry Ford's setting up a truck plant in the Soviet Union when, after all, if *we* didn't, all the Russians would have to do was invite *any* old other country to do the same thing, like say Japan, or Italy, or Germany, or France, or England—and what would *that* do to our balance of payments? I murmured something about Americans' resentment of the number of trucks currently being sent by the Soviet Union to North Vietnam, which are in turn used to bring down ammunition to kill Americans with, whose parents might, under the circumstances, look darkly at the prospect of the Ford Motor Company's supplying the Soviet Union with those trucks it was short of, on account of its commitment to North Vietnam—get it? I was dealing with enormously sophisticated people, and of course it gradually became clear to all of us—but it would have been very impolite to recognize the hovering enthymeme, which was—is—

that just any old country can *not*, in fact supply Russia with what the Ford Motor Company could supply it. A few days later, in Leningrad, I heard the news that Henry Ford, back in Detroit, had said No, he would *not* build the new plant in Russia, under the circumstances, the circumstances (unspoken by H. Ford) being, of course, the Vietnam war. I thought of my friends at the U. S. A. Institute, and the blast they would surely receive the next day from the Kremlin. *Who, if not the U. S. A. Institute, is supposed to know the mind of Henry Ford? Why permit Russia to be embarrassed, if it was all that obvious he would say no? What in the hell do you people down there leading those posh lives and drinking cocktails with all those visiting Americans think you're up to?* Well, I reflected, at least the bum steer hadn't come from me. . . .

It was time to go to a lunch at McKinney Russell's with a few journalists, two of whom (*Time*, CBS) were expelled from Russia a week or two later, for venial sins of intellectual curiosity. I found them all very resigned about Soviet Russia. Henry Shapiro, of UPI, lives even now in the same apartment he bought from Eugene Lyons in 1935. Eugene Lyons! (Whose book, *The Red Decade*, brought more fellow travelers to share in his disillusionment with communism than any other book of the period.) In Moscow, if you are truly settled down there, you must be careful, very careful, very very careful. Shapiro—wise, learned, amiable—is a fixture, and wants to go on living in Moscow. A few days before, Kosygin even mentioned him (teasingly) by name at the appearance at which he denounced Richard Nixon. But Shapiro cannot mention Brezhnev by name, teasingly.

. . .

Another glittering afternoon and evening, a trip to Zagorsk, the spiritual home of Russia, where one of the three surviving seminaries continues the hapless production of a dozen priests per year, like eyedropping holy water into hell. The Bolshoi ballet doing *Don Quixote*. Blinis at the Metropole (in the restaurant reserved for clients who come forward with non-Russian currency: There are such restaurants everywhere, and PX-type stores, and they do to the Russian people what Jim Crow did to the Negroes); and then the midnight train to Leningrad. We sat, Larry and I, in my little compartment and offered Scotch whiskey to William Jay Smith, America's poet-in-residence at the Library of Congress, who had been invited over to read his poems and to visit with Soviet poets, and kept wondering where he could find Brodsky, who is in disrepute. Everybody is vague about where

Brodsky is. The trouble was, we could not hear each other very well because the radio was playing right into my compartment from a unit high on the wall. I had reached to turn it off, and found that you don't turn off the Russian radio when Central Planning has decided it should be playing. Nor do you control the volume—there is no control, no ON-OFF switch. But a half hour after midnight it did go off and we could then hear each other better—as could, presumably, the KGB. The next morning at exactly six A.M. the radio resumed with music the brassiness of which makes it easier to understand why so many Russians take vodka before breakfast. I went to brush my teeth, and noted the stewardess, sitting in front of a large samovar of tea next door to the bathroom. I smiled, said “Tea, please, *spasibo*,” totally exhausting my knowledge of Russian, and she gave me such a glare of ferocious resentment as froze me in panicked perplexity. I rushed back and asked the poet, who knows Russian, whether the sounds “Tee please” add up, in Russian, to a dirty word, and he said no, not that he knew of, and just then she appeared, and, incredibly, plunked a cup of tea down in front of me on the little collapsible table. DuBois asked her, or rather gestured to her, manufacturing a most effusive smile, whether he too might have a cup of tea, and damned if she didn't do to him *exactly* what she had done to me: Yet, a few minutes later she was back, plunking down a cup of tea for *him*. Woody Demitz from the embassy, a young, experienced, Russian-speaking diplomat doing werewolf-tending duty, explained to us that many Russians are just that way, particularly in their professional dealings with people. Two nights later, I remember, we *could not* get anyone at either of two large restaurants to take our order—pleas, bribes, threats, availing us not at all. *There is no available sanction*, I was told. Tips are officially proscribed, but on the one hand they are routinely expected, and on the other, they simply do not amount to enough to influence the behavior of a waiter who is predisposed, whether by the Russian climate, or by the Russian political system, to—simply—resent clients or patrons. There isn't enough to buy in Russia, with that extra ruble or two that the waiter can get in tips. In Moscow when taxis are scarce the way to get attention is to raise your hand, concealing in it an American dollar bill. A few such bills and the native can enter the foreign-currency stores, and buy a few of the goods unavailable to mere ruble-earners. It is not easy to describe the concerted neglect of the interests of the consumer of which the Russians are capable; and it is necessary to know, when traveling in Russia, that



“The king and eye.”

the reason for this neglect isn't merely the vaunted xenophobia (though there is that, and sometimes one can taste it); but rather a lost tradition of service. You, the tourist in Russia, are indistinguishable, as far as the waiter is concerned, from the native traveling salesman or housewife. You must, all of you, be countenanced—because that is what is ordered from on top: That is one's *job*. All of you are a general inconvenience, and there is no point whatsoever in going through the motions of welcoming the patronage. (Obviously, there are exceptions, even as one comes across polite cabdrivers in New York.) Personal relations are altogether different.

Nina, for instance, who met us so coldly at the Intourist office in Leningrad; yet by the time we had opened the doors of the car, she was and would continue to be (except on the one occasion when she was provoked ideologically) marvelously hospitable and obliging, even

when we offered her, for lunch from my tuck box, caviar and potato chips, having determined that we would never again willingly set foot in a Russian restaurant. Yes, she confirmed, this was the Square where the Revolution began. Over there—yes, stretching all the day down along the river—is the Winter Palace, the formal residence of the czars during the two centuries that St. Petersburg was the capital of Russia, up until the Revolution. We will go through it, the parts that are open to tourists, in just a few minutes, don't be impatient, she clucked. Over there, on the river, is the gunboat, preserved as a national monument, that fired the shot that triggered the Bolshevik take-over. You can see the fortress where Lenin's brother was imprisoned, but you can't quite see over to the fortress where he was hanged. Over there—we cruised—is the great town house of Prince Yusoupov where he and his friends murdered the monk Rasputin, just before

New Year's Day, 1917, throwing him finally (he was harder to kill than King Kong) into the river, right in front of the house, and causing the shudder that, some of them say, finally demoralized the royal family which, a few months later, lost its power. The Winter Palace was never physically touched by Nazi hands, because although the Nazis besieged Leningrad for 900 days they never penetrated the city's defenses: This was where Russian civilian heroism ran the longest course, even as, at Stalingrad, military heroism saved the city—the same heroism, said Nina, the same people. Do you realize, she asked, that this was a city of three million people when the War began and I was a little girl, and when the War was over, the city was a city of less than one million people? But the Nazis, failing to get into the city, satisfied themselves by wrecking everything outside it, the whole complex of summer palaces of the czars, for instance, and then shelling Leningrad, doing great damage to the Winter Palace. The treasures of the Palace were packed up and sent away to the Urals before the Germans came, but some of them were found, many were damaged. We walked into the palace and the experience was breathtaking. I mean, there isn't in the West anything on the scale of the Winter Palace. Versailles is a Petit Trianon. The rooms, many of them reconstructed, are quite literally perfect, and the taste unblemished, the conspicuous exception being the fabulous throne room, where a chauvinist's lackey replaced the throne itself with a post-War map showing in mosaic the territorial reaches of post-War, prehensile Russia. The jewels, a collection of czarist baubles, outmatch in vulgarity and in beauty anything of the sort anywhere, and suggest the emotional reason for the contrasting drabness of the Bolshevik costume; indeed, for the drabness of Soviet art—the diabetic imperative. The architecture in the Winter Palace, and in the summer palaces, is mostly Italian in provenance. The czars no more thought to insist on Russian architectural or decorative pre-eminence than, say, we would think to insist on American pre-eminence in camera lenses. The scale of the thing—ridiculous and sublime—reflects the expanses of Russia, the lateral terrestrial infinity, the vertical complement of which was expressed in the Middle Ages by the height of the holy spires of the great cathedrals of France and Germany, which could not go higher only because of the dumb limits of contemporary science which already were strained to exuberant lengths. But building sideways there is no restriction, which is why for instance the Winter Palace simply goes on and on and on, and although I did not take measurements, I warrant you could walk from

one end of the White House to the other fifty times before going the length of the Winter Palace; before reaching, if you started at the other end, the auditorium where, on the night that it was stormed, Georges Enesco from Romania, young, talented, glamorous, gave his scheduled violin concert, before a severely diminished house of aristocrats, who reseated themselves about him—less, one supposes on reading about it, because they sought the *Gemütlichkeit* that was otherwise unavailable in so large an auditorium, than because they thought, *noblesse oblige*, to console the artist against any suspicion that the plebeian irregularities outdoors in any way suggested a straitened appreciation of his art, or an unseemly abbreviation of Russian hospitality.

There is no American installation in Leningrad, but there is an agreement in principle to permit the opening of a consulate there, in return for a Russian consulate in San Francisco. There are many altogether respectable American legislators who resisted the idea of more Russian consulates in the United States, though even if one supposes, as it is perfectly reasonable to suppose, that a Russian consulate in San Francisco would be devoted to the elaboration of the art of subversion, surely the practice of that art, in the San Francisco area, would be an exercise in supererogation? Leningrad—like San Francisco—faces the sea; and on the weekend we were there, the streets—more accurately the restaurants and the foreign-exchange bars—were clogged with Finns, coming in with markkas in their jeans, taking the three-hour bus ride to get away, would you believe it, from the comstockery of their own surroundings. I speak of teenagers, blond blond blond, hippie, long-haired, jaded in appearance, 14-year-olds asking for dry martinis *very dry* (they are not served booze in Finland, at their age), qualifying to travel about in the spots where Russian youth are excluded, because they do not have non-Russian bread. They sweep in and sweep out during weekends, a visigoth children's invasion, cool, bored, unconcerned, except for sensual gratification. If it were physically possible (you get the impression) for these young Finns simultaneously to smoke marijuana, drink martinis, and copulate on the bar stools of the foreign-exchange bars, that is what they would most assuredly do, on Saturday nights. The only thing they would not ever neglect to do is, to return to Finland, when the weekend is over.

We told Nina how sad it was that we had so little time, but she did not repine; she is used to *givens* in any situation, whether it is the scarcity of food during the Nazi siege she survived, or the ebb and flow of tourist traffic, which

could leave her overworked for weeks, or under-utilized for months: She was at one point sent to Indonesia for two years where she dutifully learned Indonesian, having kissed her husband goodbye as stoically as a whaler's wife at Nantucket two centuries ago. We drove finally to the summer palaces at Tsarskoe Selo, an hour's drive, and she led us to Catherine's Palace, once again endlessly magnificent, only a dozen rooms restored, but exquisitely. I asked if I might visit Alexander's Palace, just down the road, because it was there that the last czar and his czarina made their home. She resisted, as Viola had resisted in Moscow when I asked her to take us by the Lubyanka; but she did not make a point of it. Yet when the car stopped, outside the garden, 200 yards from the tattered-malion columns, in design not unlike the White House's, on the informal side of the palace, she did not get out of the car, a gentle act of symbolic resistance that could hardly be assigned to lassitude, since she is surely the most energetic cicerone in Europe. So Larry and I got out, and roamed across the yard-high grass, ambling toward the great columns through which, when Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States, the czar and czarina and their four girls and little hemophiliac son would stroll from the garden into the house, whose apartments were mostly living quarters, but provided public rooms for the ministers who regularly waited upon the imperial presence, on the implicit understanding that the parliamentary devices that had grown up during his reign were, notwithstanding the explicit language of the constitution to which the czar had acquiesced, nothing more, really, than the democratic sufferances of an emperor who had been crowned the Autocrat of Russia. When he arrived at Tsarskoe Selo from the German front, after the storming of the Winter Palace, he had abdicated his throne en route. And in the next few days, walking through the columns into the garden, he could not suppress the habit of raising his hand to return the salute of what had been his imperial guard, which had surrounded the garden with adamant loyalty over the stormy years. That guard was gone, replaced by carefully selected revolutionary soldiers who would as soon have saluted the czar as take an oath against vodka. The head of the detachment insisted that the very large garden in which the czar and his family were used to strolling should for reasons of security be ruled off limits, except for the two or three acres through which we now ambled; and Nicholas, seeking exercise, decided to bicycle around the remaining pathways; whereupon the guards, it is recorded, entertained themselves by wheeling around suddenly and poking sticks



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into the czar's bicycle wheel, causing him to catapult over onto the ground, whence he would lift himself, silently, deliberately, unrepentantly, remount the bicycle, unminding of the taunters, who for half such an aggression would 30 days earlier have been knouted and hanged; and head back toward his family, so as not to interrupt, by any melodramatic defiance, the grisly end that awaited them all, 16 months later, in the cellar at Ekaterinburg, where they would be shot down, on orders from Moscow, already beginning to practice the trade in which it would become proficient: ordering the executions of royal families, dissident ideologues, small landowners, prisoners of war, hundreds, thousands, millions. I thought, as I walked through the grass, toward the gutted palace, that it is all no more difficult than understanding the men who tumbled the czar's bicycle, an act, under those circumstances, as exhausting of the resources of human cruelty as would be the signing of the order to eliminate a million kulaks in order to prove a large institutional point. At the veranda a soldier appeared, his dress as shabby as the palace he guarded, to say that we had already wandered too far. No matter, there isn't anything left there to see, because these apartments, where the last Romanoffs lived, so intimately, so devotedly, have not been restored, and they do not lie on the Intourist route. I wonder why the government doesn't raze Tsarskoe Selo, but of course they have always shown that certain caution that many iconoclasts show: Thus, at Leningrad, they convert the cathedral of Kazan, where the czars prayed, into an "Institute of Religion and Atheism"; but they do not tear it down, whether for reasons of husbandry, or because they believe that the profanation of a cathedral is high-class revolutionary piquancy. I think there is a third reason, which is that the Russians, even the Communist Russians, cannot practice wholehearted Orwellianism; i.e., they cannot induce themselves to *destroy* that which they disapprove of (unless it is a human being). They sublimate it (as with the Kazan Cathedral); or ignore it (as with Tsarskoe Selo); or profiteer from it (as with the crown jewels one pays to see). But you do not simply *destroy* it, for some reason; a reason the understanding of which would leave us better understanding the Soviet Union, and hence the world.

• • •

The next day—the last day—Nina took us to yet another summer palace, Peter's pad, to which we had intended—it is on the Finnish Gulf—to travel by hovercraft, that being the way one travels there nowadays; but it was the open-

ing day of the season, and she feared that the water traffic would be too heavy, so we went by car, arriving at the fabled gardens through which one could hardly move for the people—surely ten or fifteen thousand were there—who came to rejoice in the fountains, and to line up (approximate waiting time: two hours) to enter the palace. Some of the fountains were designed to tease the children, and any grownup in the mood for that sort of thing. A hidden spout would go off at unexpected moments, dousing the trespasser, rather like the electric rod at Coney Island. We were agreeably surprised that Nina, after quietly talking with someone, led us past the head of the line into the apartments, again artistically perfect, again reconstructed inch-by-inch from the ruins left by the Nazis. I told Nina that she obviously had plenty of *blat*, and she turned on me, strangely suspicious—where had I picked up that word? (It is, I gather, high Russian idiom for "pull," and I had got it from the book *Message from Moscow*.) I thought to intensify the mystery and said to her, "Tolsti taught me the word." "Tolsti" is what one *doesn't* call Tolstikov (first secretary of the Communist Party of the Leningrad region and, according to some, the most ambitious neo-Stalinist in Russia); except in situations of utter security, which are ex officio never reached by Americans talking to Intourist guides. Nina's reaction was both cautious (she really *didn't* understand how I could come on to the existence of Tolsti, or *blat*, not somebody who had proved himself as ignorant as I had done during the two days we had spent together); and amused—how exhilarating it is to see the ingenious foreigner traipse so lightheartedly over such dangerous territory, because the foreigner didn't know about the land mines.

But her curiosity was contained, and she went back to explaining the works of art in the palace, her mastery of which, like her mastery of Russian history, was altogether extraordinary. That afternoon she took us through the Kazan Cathedral to survey the Museum of Religion and Atheism, which is as impartially devoted to religion and to atheism as the Museum of Natural History is to supernatural and natural history. Among the exhibits, all of them calculated to document Lenin's point that religion was an instrument of repression—raising the gullible question, Why did Lenin neglect to exploit the possibilities of religion as a mode of repression? Answer: He didn't—was a chestful of instruments of torture, labeled by the exhibitors as having been commonly used during the Inquisition. When I asked, kitchen-debate-wise, whether they had been borrowed from

the Lubyanka Collection, Nina was most firmly displeased with me, and I was not able to jolly her out of that displeasure; so I acknowledged the tastelessness of my remark, and, of course, it was, in a way—in that context—the remark of a bully. One does not make light of the doctrine of transubstantiation with an altar boy. But, as we drove back to the hotel, we were friends again, and I asked if she would like to have me send her any books when I got back to New York. Well, she said, yes, she would, though she doubted that I would in fact remember to send them, just as she doubted that Larry would remember to send her any of the pictures he had taken of us. "They always say they will, but they never do." I asked her what books she wanted, and she did not hesitate. She wanted *Peyton Place*, *Hotel*, *Valley of the Dolls*, and *The Carpetbaggers*. I promised her that I would send them, and Larry interposed jocularly to ask Nina whether she would like to have my own book, *The Governor Listeth*, and Nina said bravely that she did not know that I wrote books, but that she would certainly like to have my book, that she only hoped that it was not as biased as Harrison Salisbury's book about the siege of Leningrad, and I assured her that it was ten times as biased, and she smiled, and we pulled into the hotel. Her handshake was purely professional. I hoped to find a trace there of that tingle that distinguishes from the purely perfunctory experience, but I must admit that I did not. Whether, after she has read *Valley of the Dolls*, *Peyton Place*, *Hotel*, and *The Carpetbaggers*, she will acquire that sensitization our Esalen types preach of, which might have permitted us to embrace across the Iron Curtain, I cannot say; I would say only this, that I do not know what other books one can honorably recommend in the circumstances: What would you and I read, or want to read, if we were born and brought up in Leningrad? Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* sells there, in the black market, for 80 rubles, which is one third Nina's monthly pay; But there are other reasons against reading Solzhenitsyn in Russia, even if it were known that one could do so with absolute safety. *Nina does not want to be troubled*; and I would not want to trouble her, not unless the prospects of success were assured, or at least reasonably assured. "We waited for years for the American Army," a Polish intellectual told me a few days later—(in Poland, by contrast with Russia, they all sound like Lenny Bruce)—commenting on the recent visit of our astronauts, "And when it came, there were just three of them."





Buck Brown

"Ma'am, when I asked for a little box, I meant something to put my purchases in."

INTERNATIONAL COMIX

(continued from page 199)

wasn't a bit clear to me at the time why it happened, comics tumbled into a 15-year-long dark age shortly after I moved away from Little Neck. How dim was my awareness of the loss I'd suffered. Looking back, I'm amazed. For I kept reading comic books through all those years—not, I'm sure, as avidly as I might have had they been any good, but without quite realizing that they *weren't* any good, either. OK, some of them *were* good, once; but their time was gone, long, long gone. The newspaper strips and Sunday funnies: *Gasoline Alley*, *Moon Mullins*, *Mutt and Jeff*. The ten-cent, spine-stapled comic books: *Superman*, *Archie*, *Little Lulu*. Products of another age.

Classically, cartoon characters lack a past or a future, play out conflicts that never get resolved. The lives of their readers change and end. The lives of new readers develop. But cartoon lives retain all their essential features everlastingly. They had nothing whatever to do with me, with anyone I knew nor with the social changes spinning in my head. Yet somehow I was asleep to these discrepancies. They didn't disturb my reading.

I reminisce to set the stage for my second comic-book *satori*. After a decade and a half, comics blew my mind again.

Except this time around, they were called comix and they pulled out more stops than I'd ever imagined.

No voice today could be quite what *Mad's* was then, 15 years ago, when *I Believe* was a hit song and scarcely anyone had noticed the crack in the picture window. Yet even in the current era, with subversion a commonplace down through junior high school, comix still startle. They aren't simply the first interesting comics development in 15 years—collectively, they represent a conceptual breakthrough that, like *Mad*, like *dope*, can have momentous impact nobody feels; that can make a difference in how a generation learns to conceive of America. A reference point, an attitudinal acid test, comix are precisely the kind of medium over which young people come together, discover one another.

To the degree that people cherish American Values, they loathe comix. Comix lack the *cheerfulness* that underlies good citizenship. "My wife's a lousy bitch," grumbles an irrelevant background figure on a bar stool. "Yeah," replies the bartender, "mine, too." Not long ago, it seemed enough to "chide" our national foibles affectionately. Once we felt irritated at split-level smugness, righteous complacency. Now we feel rage;

a sense of betrayal and of danger. We know now about the basement arsenals. Authority: Then it was parents and teachers, now it's the Army and police. Then danger meant disapproval—not fitting in, not winning the cheerleader's heart nor the principal's medal—nt gíg a gd jb w mo pa. *Archie* danger. Now the danger's something close to annihilation. Now millions of people have committed undiscovered narcotics felonies, subscribe to treasonous politics.

The new cartoonists scorn Amerika, fear her. Tremble before the no-knock bust. Or before some vaguer, grander, freedom-thwarting, spirit-crushing conspiracy. "A beautifully heinous plan!" exclaims one of Skip Williamson's villains. "With your twisted scientific genius an' my enormous genitals, th' entire galaxy will soon be ours to (gasp) do with as we will!"

Comix are overrun with sadistic cops, Wallace-loving/long-hair-hating hard-hats, blood-hungry military officers, duplicitous nars, threatening machines—and gore! Gore, banished from comics since the great Kefauver purge of 1955, gushing forth as if through a ruptured dam. And limitlessly graphic sex. And the two—sex and gore—inevitably conjoined. Genitalia suddenly prey to angry maimings and castrations. (When a lady giggles at Wonder Wart Hog's wilted member, the Hog of Steel inserts his hideous snout instead and blows her all over the city.) Remember the old reversible sort of violence, where the puss who's been pancaked by a steam roller pops back into shape, or the rabbit who's just splattered to the ground from a 1000-foot cliff appears in the next panel wearing a Band-Aid? Gone. Comix are never so naturalistic as when depicting mutilation or dismemberment.

By the time I fully caught on to them, there were already about 15 out, and perhaps twice that many cartoonists (lots more by now). Of these, at least half a dozen were plainly exceptional talents—their work more technically arresting, more relevant, more fun than any published "legitimately." Just as plainly, at least one was an amazing, full-out genius. He will probably turn out to be the greatest comic-book artist who ever lived.

In the spring of 1968, the first issue of *All New Zap Comix* ("Fair Warning: For Adult Intellectuals Only!") was drawn and published in San Francisco by Robert Crumb, the genius in question. He and his wife sold it on the street corners of Haight-Ashbury. On the cover, a lady with a flowerpot hat says, "I wish somebody would tell me what 'diddy-wah-diddy' means. . . ." Mr. Natural, exuding droplets of agitation, says, "If you don't know by now, lady, don't MESS with it!" Fair Warning.

Whether *Zap #1* should properly be considered America's first underground



"Well, it's the way he would have wanted to go—without paying."

comic book, whether Crumb should be considered the genre's father as well as apotheosis, should be decided by historical quibble thrashers. *Zap* was preceded by two irreverencies out of Austin, Texas, in the mid-Sixties: *The Adventures of Jesus*, by "Foolbert Sturgeon" (pseudonymous because he's since become a professor at a Midwestern state university), and *God Nose*, by Jack Jaxon. A few others might also lay questionable claim to the title. Nonetheless, it was *Zap's* startling first issue—privately printed, privately hawked—that launched the sudden proliferation of comix across the country. Crumb quickly made a distribution deal for *Zap* with Berkeley's Print Mint, whose psychedelic-rock-poster business had begun expiring with Hashbury and hippiedom itself. Don Schenker, the 40-year-old owner, started editing and publishing a tabloid comic paper called *Yellow Dog*, which he converted to the familiar stapled-down-the-spine format after a dozen issues.

No sooner did a few cartoonists hit upon a way to print and circulate their drawings than others started breezing into San Francisco. They discovered one another, promoted one another, turned one another on. Over the next two years, the Print Mint turned out five more issues of *Zap* (the fourth was #0). Jaxon and Gilbert Shelton started Rip Off

Press so they could rip off a bigger share of the profits and avoid being ripped off themselves by middlemen. Rip Off turned into a cooperative, with artists and printers splitting all revenue 50-50. No cons, no censorship, no hassles.

Before long, Gary Arlington, the 32-year-old owner of the Comic Book Store in San Francisco—a bull's paradise crammed from floor to ceiling with comics of all types and periods—started the San Francisco Comic Book Company. "My whole world died in the Fifties," Arlington recalled. "From then on, I didn't get any more hits until *Zap*." When *Zap* started moving, Arlington decided to publish himself, Rory Hayes (his man behind the counter), Jim Osborne and others. Crumb arranged for the illicit printing and distribution (mainly through porno outlets) of the notorious *Snatch* and *Jiz*. Almost immediately, comix began appearing from half a dozen other cities.

One of the earliest and most durable was *Bijou Funnies*, out of Chicago. Like many of the new cartoonists, its founders, Jay Lynch (*Nard n' Pat*) and Skip Williamson (*Snappy Sammy Smoot*), had edited or contributed to multiple "fanzines." Throughout the decade preceding comix, scores of these mimeographed harbingers appeared in and disappeared from various cities—with a ten-issue longevity record. They featured the work of recidivist graduates of college humor mag-

azines, of enterprising amateurs and of established cartoonists who liked to draw bare breasts—which their regular gigs prohibit—and call them experimental.

Manuel "Spain" Rodriguez grew up in the poor Italian section of Buffalo. He learned to identify with "the lowest strata of society—all the trash, black and white." As a teenager, he hated school, roamed the streets, drew Mafia chiefs, thought of himself as a criminal. During five years as a machinist in a Western Electric plant, he rode with an outlaw motorcycle club called the Road Vultures. Tangles with the law intensified his resentment of authority. He dropped out in 1966 to the East Village, where, while working as a strip and cover artist for the *East Village Other*, he dreamed up Trashman—an urban street fighter who bears a striking resemblance to Che Guevara, and to Spain himself.

Trashman fornicates with beautiful women, coolly consumes joints in the 48 seconds before secret police stomp down his doors, makes capitalist oppressors eat leaden death in a futuristic world of repression and ugliness. He's an agent of the "Sixth Int'r'n'l" movement, a ghetto freedom corps that battles fascist mercenaries across monstrous L.A.-inspired strip cities. The ideological disputes never quite get spelled out. No matter. With the *spabat spat stwang taktaktaks* from his machine gun exploding through the



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panel enclosures, Trashman couldn't be less interested in theory. He's out for VENGINCE. Like all the foremost comix artists, Spain is bedeviled by the connections between sex and violence. Naked Penelope Prope looks down from her penthouse balcony, riveted to a scene of hand-to-hand carnage. She holds a telescope in one hand, while with the other, she stimulates herself with an electric vibrator. "A boon to ecstasy," she says of the mayhem below.

S. Clay Wilson grew up in Kansas, where, to the undying chagrin of his parents and teachers, he'd been drawing pirate scum since infancy. At 19, black hair flowing near down to his Levis, he tooled around on a '48 Harley 74. Over the years, his subject matter expanded to embrace knife-wielding motorcycle dykes, underworld greaser-pimps and every inconceivable manner of pervert, roving demon, Meth-n-blade freak or sadomons-ster. His inexplicable time warps find such scurvy lots as the Flyin' Fuckin' A-heads suddenly revving their engines on a 19th Century frigate deck, where they mix it up with Cap'n Piss Gums' foul crew. Wilson's images became absolutely unself-conscious: lush breasts sucked dry by hideous homunculi; Lesbians main-lining hot semen and then sprouting prodigious male organs; salami-sized penises severed by rusty cutlasses, uprooted with coiled whips; feces flung from toilets into the faces of one's family. And wide-screen orgies of apocalyptic depravity—blood, come and beer flowing freely—orgies that only the raunchy and the treacherous survive. Wilson has the scuzziest, most anal-aggressive imagination of any artist since Hieronymus Bosch and an uncanny ear and eye for the idiom, grimaces and slouches of men with no vestige of decency.

When Wilson blew into San Francisco with his portfolio, he first looked up Spain, who was in town at the time checking out colleagues. Someone had sent Wilson a few of Spain's strips, and they blew Wilson's mind. He also got together with Crumb, who was astounded by his uninhibited drawings. They came profoundly to influence him and the entire underground school. "I used to draw stuff like that and I threw it away," Crumb said. "I suddenly realized, why the fuck do I censor myself?" Within several months, nearly all the new cartoonists started decensoring with, as Spain writes, a VENGINCE.

About the time Crumb and his wife took to the street corners with *Zap #1*, two other San Franciscans, Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso, were hatching plans for a comix book of their own. When their financial backing fell through, they decided to throw in with Crumb and fresh-from-Kansas Wilson on *Zap #2*. This foursome, then, became *Zap's* nucleus.

Griffin and Moscoso share with their colleagues a fascination with the comics' past. One of their favorite tricks is to re-create beloved characters and put them through paces that would turn old fans purple. To the often-busted *Zap #4*, Moscoso contributed an undulating, topsy-turvy orgy among Daisy Duck, Little Bo Peep, Jiggs & Maggie and numerous turtles and frogs—as well as its celebrated cover: Mr. Peanut dancing in the foreground of a Camels-pack landscape, transformed into Mr. Penis dancing on the back cover. Of all the underground cartoonists, Griffin and Moscoso are the most accomplished draftsmen, and the least concerned with narrative. Much as experimental playwrights pare theater back to basics, Griffin and Moscoso break down comics into their fundamental integers, toy with reassembling them in slow motion, at odd moments freezing transformations midway. Griffin uses words nonsensically. Moscoso hardly uses them at all. Both are fascinated with speech and thought balloons, floating exclamation points, idea bulbs—all of which gain a third dimension, open to reveal their innards, interact with characters and landscapes. The continual flux of their worlds, in which every element is equally animate, achieves the obliviousness of pure play—suggesting true liberation from the old necessity for significance, from any obligation to one's readers.

Gilbert Shelton, a few years Crumb's senior, had already achieved some notoriety as the creator of Wonder Wart Hog, the smelly, ugly, clumsy, 900-pound "Hog of Steel," who doubles as Philbert Desenex, "deuce reporter" for the Muthalode Morning Mungpie. (I remember "mung" from Little Neck. It is what, when you hang a pregnant ape upside down by her toes and beat her in the stomach with a number-36 baseball bat, comes out of her nose.) The benefits of W. W. H.'s physical superpowers are offset—just because he's super doesn't mean he's perfect—by a dim mind, moral idiocy and an unpredictable sadistic streak. Like all the real superheroes, W. W. H. is a superpatriot. He boasts of having "personally pulled the arms and legs off every Communist in the U. S. A. back in 1964," and he stomps hell out of any long-hairs he gets his cloven hands on.

Although he conceives of himself as "a bourgeois anarchist," Shelton has edited a number of SDS-backed comix. W. W. H.'s *Believe It or Leave It* is one of the cleverest, most effective specimens of agitprop ever: 20 captions in support of the proposition, "You don't know how good you got it here in America, bub." "SOME governments intimidate the mass media into agreeing with the rulers' political dogma." "Many foreign states have LAWS telling the citizens what they can or cannot EAT, DRINK or SMOKE."

"CORRUPT, BIGOTED AND INCOMPETENT JUDGES fill some nations' benches, persecuting the poor while letting moneyed or high military criminals go free!" Each of the 20 accompanying drawings cloaks a domestic transgression in a foreign disguise.

Another continuing Shelton creation, the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, began a couple of years back as a strip for the *Austin Rag*, an underground Texas paper. Three disaffiliates exist, marginally, outside the system, ever fearful of a bust, hustling, turning on and screwing off in a house unfurnished save for a few hookahs and mattresses on the floor. Reclining, Fat Freddie muses: "I'm gonna spend the summer SMOKING dope, EATING dope, DRINKING dope and otherwise altering my consciousness."

After putting together *Feds 'n' Heads* in Austin, Shelton moved out to San Francisco to join the *Zapsters* and the burgeoning comix scene there. As art director for the *Family Dog*—a loose conglomeration of musicians, painters and business freaks—Jaxon had come to know all the poster artists. Many were eager to get back into the first love of their teens, comics, but some took time to develop the storyteller's gift and specialized at first in cover or full-page drawings. Griffin and Moscoso were in this category, and so was Greg Irons, a bold strong radical with a pen who had absorbed the old E. C. shock techniques to perfection. No one else can so graphically freeze the millisecond of impact, say, between a bullet and a human brain.

Directly upon hitting the coast, Dave Sheridan and Fred Schrier—two former students from the Cleveland Institute of Art—fell in with Shelton. Jaxon and the rest of what underground artists already called The Texas Mafia. They lived at Jaxon's for a while, doing illustrations for the *Berkeley Tribe* and anti-war leaflets; then holed up in a nearby country house from which they emerged with *Mothers Oats Comix #1*. Their strips, like Sheridan's *Doings of Dealer McDope* and Schrier's *Ego Trips*, explored the inner flashes and transmutations of hallucinogens, elaborately, fusing verbal and non-verbal imagery. Their drawing styles also began weirdly to merge, until they looked nearly indistinguishable. *Mothers Oats'* back cover pictures a man horrified at *Far Out Funnies*—his eyes popped altogether out of his skull, his tongue elongated to the dimensions of a varsity scarf, his hands and feet and scalp exploding:

If this is what happened to your old man's head when he finally read one of the comics he caught you with as a kid, buy this and, since you're big enough to throw HIM down the stairs, take it home and show him

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what kind of comics you're reading NOW!

But San Francisco was hardly the only mecca for comix. The underground papers were already flourishing; most, following the *East Village Other's* lead with the psychedelic *Captain High*, began carrying strips of their own. Quickly, comix appeared from Austin (*Armadillo*), Madison (*Radical America Komiks*), Milwaukee (*Mom's Homemade Comics*), Detroit (*Tales from the Ozone*), Washington, D. C. (*Tasty Comix*, *Conspiracy Capers*), Providence (*Ghost Mother Comics*) and elsewhere.

About a year after *Zap #1* appeared, Gothic Blimp Works, the E. V. O.'s Sunday funnies supplement, started up on the opposite coast. Its regular artists, including editor Vaughn Bode, Kim Deitch and Roger Brand, were, if anything, even more obscene and scathing than the *Zapsters*. In *The Kingdom of Heaven Is Within You*, orchestrated by John Thompson, an intricate, mysterious poster artist, they showed they could be gentle, beautiful, mystical and ironical all at once.

Buffs and closet cartoonists began emerging into the sunlight, corresponding, crashing at one another's pads, hatching distribution schemes. By mid-1969, the comix underground had grown sufficiently to inspire a fanzine of its own. Jane Lynch, Jay's wife, began sending out *Little Ladies*, the uninhibited "magazine for the wives and sweethearts of today's top cartoonists."

Zap #1 and *#0* are 100 percent Crumb, as are several Rip Off numbers, like *Big Ass Comix* ("Weird Sex Fantasies with the Behind in Mind"), *Motor City Comix* (featuring Lenore Goldberg, a kind of feminist Trashman) and the magnificent *Despair*. Having assimilated, it seems, the entire history of comics (with perhaps special emphasis on *Barney Google*, *Orphan Annie*, early *Popeye*, *Dick Tracy*, *Pogo* and the *Katzenjammers*), Crumb is by now a one-man band of cartooning. A tall, skinny guy with glasses, he was born in 1943 and began drawing in 1947. His father is a career officer in the Marines, his mother a TV-addicted housewife. Both believe he has disgraced the good Catholic name of Crumb. He quit school at 19 and went to work for American Greeting Card Company in Cleveland at \$60 a week, doing intricate detail work, flowers and scrolls. A supervisor chanced upon his extracurricular doodlings and brought them to the attention of the Highbrow Cards division. You can still buy some of his old unsigned Highbrows.

Crumb tried to free-lance for a while in Europe and New York. His strips became dark and subterranean: pandas and rabbits turned into toads and weasels. One day he accepted a ride with two guys he met in a bar who said they were driving to California. Out west, he drew the cover

for Big Brother and the Holding Company's number-one album, *Cheap Thrills*. Crumb intended that striplike mélange as a back cover, but Columbia Records rejected his front-cover portrait of the late Janis Joplin, because, they demurred, "It looked cheap." "But the name is *Cheap Thrills*, right?" Crumb asked disgustedly.

It was one of his last in a series of hesitant dealings with the establishment. Viking obliterated a whistling vagina and other "offensive" details from his collection *Head Comix*; such highhandedness infuriates Crumb. He's acutely, painfully conscious of how America flatters and debases talent, simultaneously fawning over and devouring it—far more conscious, I think, than Hemingway, Fitzgerald or Mailer ever were. Several months ago, he moved out of San Francisco to a small, dilapidated farm about 40 miles to the north. In the interests of producing, he even gave up grass, in which he'd been indulging extravagantly since arriving in the Haight.

Crumb's preoccupations and, therefore, his subject matter, have varied as wildly as Dylan's over the several years of his published career. More than any of his predecessors, he's concerned with what Russian novelists liked to call "the eternal questions." Yet he also manages to stand apart from his own desperation. This duality emerges in the testy association of hung-up Flakey Foont and the spiritually arrogant, self-appointed guru Mr. Natural. Now, Mr. Natural may be a moocher and a phony, but he certainly knows some things Flakey doesn't. Theirs is doubtless the most complicated relationship ever developed in a comic.

As soon as I encounter a new Crumb character, I can't wait for his further adventures. Dyseptic Whiteman ("I think I definitely need some kind of TREATMENT"); Dale Steinberger, the Jewish Cowgirl; "Sock-a-delic" Angelfood McSpade, the uninhibited tribal sex queen ("Yo' awt to try some o' mah sweet jelly roll") who sometimes gets so degraded by "civilized" instructors she winds up endorsing Canned Nigger Hearts. ("All's ah gotta do is lick out dese toilets an' ah'll git lotsa money and be a boss chick!") Crumb's characters get horny, goofy, pretentious, mean—everything real people get. Of all cartoonists, he is the most eclectic, the most fertile and the easiest to get into. His cartoons are the *friendliest*, the *uppest*. Every one of comics' age-old mannerisms reappears in them: the sweat beads jumping off anxious brows, the hats levitating in surprise, the inspirational light bulbs, the lampposts, the moons.

Bookstores on both coasts, including Ferlinghetti's famous City Lights, were busted for selling *Snatch* and *Zap #4*, which features "Joe Blow," a Crumb story about a family that stays together because it lays together. *Zap* was also

then available at the San Francisco Museum of Art. Circuit-court judge Roscoe H. Parker, after hearing "expert" testimony comparing Crumb's work with Toulouse-Lautrec's, Picasso's and Georg Grosz's, ruled it was "repulsive to even suggest" the cartoons were art. Yet even Crumb's snorchiest, gurgliest 69 has a weird wholesomeness. He digs sex. But did some hung-over puritanism make him sign them with such names as Little Bobby Scumbag and R. Crumbum?

Crumb gets irritated by special attention, keeps de-emphasizing his own stuff, keeps stressing "the movement." "Take a tip from R. Crumb," proclaims one of his back covers. "Anyone can be a cartoonist! It's so simple a child can do it! 'ART' is just a racket! A HOAX perpetrated on the public by so-called 'artists' who set themselves up on a pedestal and promoted by pantywaive ivory-tower intellectuals and sob-sister 'critics' who think the world owes them a living! NO SUCH THING AS 'INBORN TALENT.' . . . People are always telling me, 'I sure wish I had your talent.' . . . This is just so much utter baloney! . . . and remember: IT'S ONLY LINES ON PAPER, FOLKS!"

"The more famous I get," he says, "the weirder it is."

. . .

I've been asking myself: What continued to engage me, against my submerged better judgment, through the comics' dark years? My best guess is the *form* of the strips—a form close to movies and dreams, or to our memory of them. We stop their continuous flow on single frames, stills that capture what mattered—freeze the most telling postures, facial expressions, camera angles. What we remember is something like a comic strip of a movie. Should a line of dialog issue from a full-screen close-up? Or from a window of a skyscraper on the horizon?

Even a cartoonist's mistakes are more like a film director's than like a painter's or a writer's: too much verbalizing when an image would work faster and stronger. Too many scenes observed from senseless vantage points. Too much happening in a frame; not enough. Losing momentum through digression or time jumping. Weakness anywhere—even in costuming or set decoration—dissipates a strip's gestaltic effect. Of course, there's no actor to blame, no anyone to blame. Moreover, *anything's* allowed to happen, however unlikely. Talking animals and fire hydrants, smiling suns, ferocious autos, outlandish metamorphoses, the easy reversibility of injury or death. Any of the laws that normally govern reality can be suspended in this anarchic universe. The cartoonist can take his plot anywhere, in the very next panel. And each panel abounds in what Crumb calls "little eyeball kicks"—contrapuntal extras, more



"There are other cures for insomnia, you know. . . ."



Joy Lynch and Skip Williamson founded an early comix, *Bijou Funnies*. Lynch's characters (left), done in an old comic style, act outrageously, are less political than Williamson's (right).

trivial than subplots, that enrich the background to the main action. And his screen can expand suddenly to include double pagefuls of simultaneous happenings—an orgy or a police raid, say—that the reader can pore over for minutes, lost in endless details.

Only by the comix' flowering do we recognize the form's complexity, its *communicativeness*. This means we're just now at the beginnings of that flowering. Post-McLuhan, anti-literary kids who grow up with comix, their cover warnings notwithstanding, grow up wired in to the medium's rich expressive power.

Because of the cooperative underground setup, the cartoonists are in no one's employ, at liberty to draw exactly what they want—to reflect their inner obsessions without compromise. They turn out to be at once unrestrainedly aggressive and terrified of aggression from the outside: the darkest, lowdest, most hysterical humor in any American medium.

Occasionally, you come upon collaborative, jam-session strips that got passed from artist to artist with each successive panel, like eerie stories progressing round a campfire. Underground cartoonists make such heterogeneous bedfellows, they often seem united by little beyond their common rejectability for the Comics Code Seal of Approval. Their panels seem crammed with gratuitous affronts, as if to make up for those lost years when neither comics nor they themselves were allowed to say fuck in public. Just *thinking* about censorship drives them to a pugnacious purity in reverse. Every exclamation from faceless figures in a crowd scene offers opportunity for a tiny challenge—"Far fuckin' out!" "Fanfuckintastic!" "Tree fuckin' mendous!"—reaffirming that they've liberated their medium from the uptight profiteers who

gripped it in a 15-year strangle hold of Gosharooties! and Great Scotts! Plots rarely demand that genitals hang out or agape. But aren't our fantasies, too, filled with such unnecessary exposure? The artists just don't care about alienating the great majority that finds their excesses puerile or disgusting.

In the same panel, comix can be searching, acute, artfully executed—and uncompromisingly low. Their lowness forces us to think freshly about certain unresolved problems in American popular culture. During the Fifties, critics were preoccupied with the sociology of art appreciation, with status divisions and audience demarcations. Mass cult, elite cult; high/middle/lowbrow. Hollywood was trash; foreign films with subtitles were good. Pop music was trash; jazz was good. The "intellectual" strips—*Gordo*, *Pogo*, *Peanuts*, Feiffer—were good; comic books were trash. Later, Dylan and some others decimated cult 'n' brow divisions by showing that what seemed most common, what made kids scream, could be as good as any art produced in our time. Crumb's art is precisely that good. It compels us to disown the idea that comics are just simple-minded drawings with overhead balloons geared to people without enough upstairs to handle pictureless books.

Looking back on the Fifties, we understand that the ludicrous Beats, *Mad*, Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl did more than all the Young Socialist rallies ever held to keep some of us from identifying with the good old *Saturday Evening Post* life. They created the credibility gap, opened up the kids who would mold the counterculture a decade later. Eventually, history fed us the ammunition to sustain our recalcitrance into adulthood. It turns out that we were a vanguard of

sensibility: isolated, for the most part, and without a voice in the culture. It took ten years to discover that there were so many of us. But comix belong to people younger than I, people who grew up in a vulgar and seditious subculture, never burdened by reverent illusions. Comix belong to people who don't need them to point out the grotesquerie, who grew up feeling like an audience to a freak show. Like Dylan, Crumb has acquired a cult of followers seeking clues to the proper conduct of their own lives. He sees so much. Fans pore over his *oeuvre* for something like guidance; at least for an appropriate attitude, a posture toward all the *meshugaas* that's going down now. They play Flakey to Crumb's Mr. Natural. Hopeless. For he won't stop shifting his ground, shifting targets. Like all great fantasists, he's irresponsible. His worlds forever *suggest* the one we know but never bear any easy or explicit relation to it. Conditions are never quite the same, never quite the opposite.

The New Left briefly embraced, then rejected him. Some derided his superficial "life-style" radicalism as assimilable within capitalist culture—even as part of a ruling-class attempt to co-opt the revolutionary threat. Paul Buhle, the first devoted comix critic, disavowed such silly orthodoxy in *Leviathan*: "Like any potentially subversive cultural mechanism, komix serve at best to destroy an old view of the world and to replace it with a new one. They must provide a means of self-expression for the artist's inner compulsions or be false—and in a healthy political movement, the artist's attitudes will correspond to the needs of the larger movement, making his self-expression a new way for masses of people to see their own lives."

For America to change, great numbers of people *must* come to see their lives differently, and that's been happening. The system has not yet been budged, but the cultural revolution is being won on all fronts. The significance of that will remain, for a time, inscrutable, awaiting the adulthood of tens of millions who don't look forward to entering the mainstream. Back in Little Neck, we were starved for an alternative culture. Kids now have one to feed on. Comix are a part of it.

As yet, they are a tiny phenomenon. Not one has hit a six-figure circulation. But demand will almost surely increase, press runs will expand, cover prices will go down, new artists will surface, channels will open for wider distribution, and, probably, comix will come to define where large numbers of young people stand in relation to our maniac culture. We may look back on them as the most powerful subversion of the Seventies, because, of all subversion, they're the most fun.



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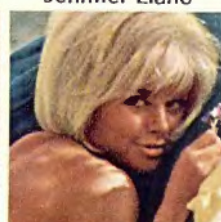
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AT HOME *(continued from page 162)*

being considered as possible ways to control and filter sunlight into a home.

But the most potentially revolutionary discovery will soon enable the household to virtually forget about the need to provide a lighting system at all; his entire home will light up on its own. A Russian physicist observed in 1923 that a crystal similar to a diamond could be made to glow softly when it was subjected to an electric field. This property, which is now called electroluminescence, can be found in many materials and may soon eliminate all problems of glare and shadows. Everything will glow evenly. There will be no noticeable source of light. Walls—or floors, or a piece of furniture—will cast their own illumination.

The application of ultrasonics, another new technology, to the household has already begun. Several false-teeth cleaners that make dentures glisten with sound waves are now on the market and appliance makers expect to be washing clothes and dishes with sound before the end of the decade. And a whole spectrum of other gadgetry with new applications is on its way. Hoover has introduced a self-propelled vacuum cleaner. Polaroid has demonstrated an instant-developing movie film and National Cash Register, a few months ago, introduced a computerized bar. While the unit, which sells for a shade under \$10,000, is aimed primarily at taverns, a spokesman says, "Someone might be serious enough about his entertaining to install one at home."

People with automated bars may be an elite few in this decade, but those using all sorts of other computerized home appliances will be typical citizens of the Seventies. "Think of all the things that go on in the household that are a pain in the ass," says Dr. Seymour H. Koenig, director of IBM's Watson Labo-

ratories. "The sorts of mundane, routine, technical things like keeping track of groceries and making out checks, doing your income tax, even shopping—those are the things we can eliminate." With the development of computer utilities during the decade and the proliferation of the Bell System's Touch-Tone push-button telephones, virtually every citizen will be able to share a computer.

There won't be any problem about learning computer languages, since you'll be able to speak directly to the computer—and vice versa—with the information you need. Linked to a television receiver and a facsimile machine, it will deliver almost any information in almost any medium. "We'll give you sound and sight and printed paper. We'll give you unlimited educational material, send you a movie, show you how to repair your car or make a cake," says Dr. Koenig.

Computers for information retrieval will also arrive in the home in the near future. Harvey McMains, director of the management-sciences think tank at American Telephone and Telegraph, rigged up a computer as a control center for his home in Arizona several years ago. He could dial the house from anywhere and instruct the computer to turn on the air conditioning, open the garage door, even feed the dog. He admits that he even used the computer to write routine letters to relatives. Neiman-Marcus, the opulent Dallas department store, has offered what it calls a kitchen computer in its Christmas catalog. The \$10,000 Honeywell machine, complete with cookbook references, includes a two-week programming course.

The Bell System's Picturephones—the television-telephones that have been shown at world's fairs and technology shows for about six years—are beginning

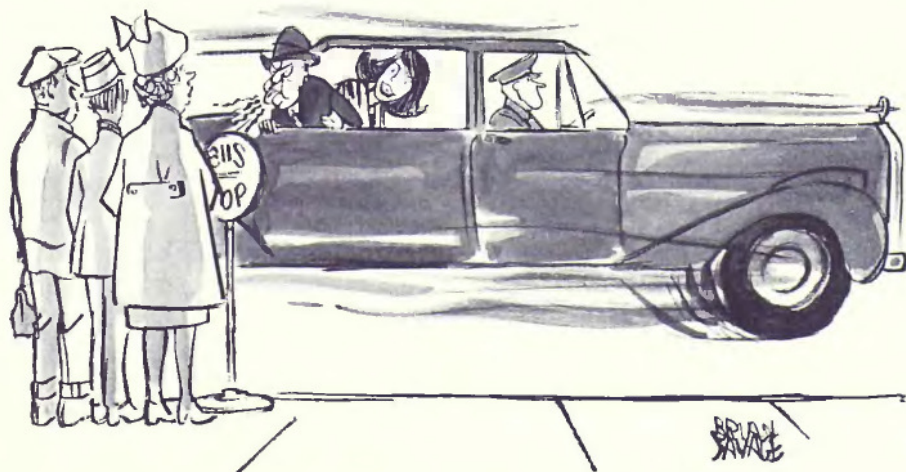
to reach the customer. Picturephone service began in Pittsburgh last June and will reach Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia and Washington next year. By 1975, about 100,000 Picturephones will be beaming callers' faces and computer information around the country, and from that point the distribution will snowball. As one telephone official puts it, "This will be just like introducing the telephone years ago. People think it's a little bit too much at first, don't really think they have to have it and move slowly. But the more people who get them, the more additional people will want them to be able to communicate with the existing users. Pretty soon, you've got a full-scale network going and people forget they ever went without them."

There's an astounding difference in the ease and richness of communication by Picturephone, compared with conventional audio-only conversation. McMains estimates that adding the visual mode increases the effectiveness of communication about ten times. "People don't realize how much they communicate with expressions and gestures," adds Claude Davis, a developer of Picturephone at Bell Laboratories. "There are no words that can take the place of just throwing up your hands."

Diagrams and tabular data can be communicated by Picturephone, too, but without a machine at the other end to convert the material into hard copy, the receiver will have no way to retain the data he's been sent. Several Bell officials hint that their researchers are making excellent progress in developing a small, economical facsimile device that will give reproduction quality very close to the original and deliver a page in only three or four seconds. The device, they say, will be ready in about two or three years and will use the Picturephone-band network for transmission. With the combination of those two devices, Dr. Ed David, formerly with Bell Labs, notes, "communities of interest" will be tied together through unlimited communicative ability. "And once that happens, we'll be traveling for pleasure and communicating for work."

So the home suddenly becomes an office, too. It's a goal people have had for decades and, as auto traffic gets worse, public transportation falls further and further beneath minimum levels of efficiency, and office space becomes more and more costly, the prospect of having employees work at home is becoming increasingly attractive to many companies. McMains estimates that easily 15 percent of us will be working full time at home by the end of the decade and a goodly number of the remainder will be working a few days a week at home.

One of the chief barriers to cutting an office staff loose to work at home is the suspicion of employers that their employees, once out of sight, will be sleeping on the job. But research has shown that



"There's still a lot of little boy in you, Mr. Brodtkin."

employees who are given a fair apportionment of work and left to schedule it for themselves give more attention to their work. And creative people, whether they be managers, advertising writers, architects, magazine editors, technicians or scientific researchers, show tremendous boosts in productivity when their minds are geared for it. For that reason, many firms are already turning their staffs loose, even without the communications network that will coordinate their contributions from remote locales.

But the Seventies will bring an even greater revolution in home avocations—in large part brought about by the evolution of home-entertainment devices. Take television, which has been justifiably criticized as too bland. Programing has always been aimed at reaching the broadest possible audience, because advertisers want to spend their money on air time that reaches the maximum number of potential buyers. Thus, the lowest-common-denominator shows have become the common fare and this great communications instrument has been made irrelevant.

Now, however, this may be ending, for packaged television recordings promise an almost unlimited number of entertainment and educational possibilities. CBS' system of Electronic Video Recording, or EVR, among other competitors' products, is just now reaching the public. Special programs of every conceivable sort will be marketed in cartridges the way music is now sold on records. The buyer will have to be especially interested in the program or he won't invest in it, so programmers will have to pitch to particular interest groups with the finest presentations in each area. Opera buffs will be able to buy beautiful color filmings and live-on-tape performances of the world's most accomplished singers, along with the highest-quality audio tracks. Sports fans will see crucial contests—and have the option of replaying them. The finest Broadway and Hollywood offerings will be on the shelf for private showings. The world's greatest teachers will lecture to a nationwide university.

Among the home video-recording systems, there is tremendous technological variety. Each one has a distinctly different potential, but the degree of public acceptance of each will remain a mystery for some time. At this stage, only systems being produced by the Sony Corporation and Avco will allow the customer to record his own programs—something the communications experts say is vital in order to really involve the viewer.

Eventually, though, most of the new systems will convert your television set from the present droning tranquilizer to a conduit for the most stimulating house guests and experiences you can have. At least that's the way it should work. Yet

there are troubling signs that the ideal won't be attained immediately. For example, the titles of programs RCA indicates are under consideration for its initial library certainly don't promise a cultural explosion: *My Favorite Chopin*, *Moon Landing*, *Great Moments in Baseball*, *Best of Broadway*, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *Bedtime Stories* by Dr. Seuss, *Indianapolis 500 Highlights* and *Aesop's Fables*. Looking beyond this culture gap, Dr. Peter Goldmark, the CBS inventor who created one of the first color-television systems, invented the long-playing record and directed the development of EVR, says the new system is "going to be the greatest revolution in communications since the book."

As far as book publishers are concerned, there are signs that Goldmark is right. CBS has disclosed that the home video-tape units make wonderfully economic formats for books. Individual pages are photographed in individual frames of the EVR films and combined on a single cassette. One cassette, which might sell for about \$50, can contain about 500 novels—a formula that seems bound to end the use of encyclopedias as we know them today. And with the networks already airing television adaptations of novels (ABC recently ran a Harold Robbins serial, NBC is filming Fletcher Knebel's *Vanished* and NET won plaudits for its *Forsyte Saga*), the book as print definitely seems threatened.

In fact, the way some media visionaries talk of the home video-cassette revolution, it sounds like almost nothing will be immune to the effects of the new systems. "The impending cartridge revolution will have an enormous impact on . . . every American institution," trumpeted *Cinema* magazine. "Financial empires will rise and fall; the 'home-entertainment center' will become the backbone of the national economy, surpassing the automobile in production. It will be a whole new ball game, with new rules, new winners, new losers, and everyone will be playing." Experts are predicting that the market for such systems will eventually reach about two billion dollars a year. But it's evident that the big-money pie will be sliced into many corporate portions as the consumer decides which system will give him the most for the least.

Right now, the front-runners are CBS' EVR and a system being launched by Avco called Carta-Vision. RCA may catch up, but its system (which will be one of the first consumer products to use the laser) looks like it's still years off. The CBS process uses cartridges resembling fat 45-rpm records. The user just drops the packet onto his attaché-case-sized player and pushes a button. The machine, which wires into any conventional television set, either black and white or color, automatically threads the filmlike tape past a scanning device and

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the electronic impulses are piped through to the viewing set. But costs are still high: CBS is introducing its players at \$795 each and the half-hour cassettes are expected to cost about \$30 each. Schools and businesses will be the chief markets at those prices, but CBS is hoping to bring consumer units down to between \$200 and \$300 and the tapes to \$10.

Although you won't be able to make your own programs on Avco's system, you will be able to record the telecasts your set receives—a distinct advantage over the prepackaged programming of the CBS and RCA systems. The player unit will be a standard television set equipped with a slot in the side to receive standard quarter-inch video tapes, available either prerecorded or blank. The player-set combination will cost about \$900 and the tapes will rent for about \$5 from chain stores. All of the cartridge producers are now researching the marketing possibilities of such rental setups, as well as over-the-counter sales through standard record outlets.

Television itself is bound to undergo tremendous gyrations in programming as its role is redefined not only by the home video cassette but also by cable television. Cable TV, in a sense, undoes what Marconi accomplished when he invented the wireless radio. Coaxial or two-channel cables are strung directly from a cable station to the viewers' sets. The direct link-up eliminates all the interference problems that have plagued urban and rural viewers and it greatly expands the viewing options. The FCC recently acted to make cable-television companies provide their own programming in addition to piping out the standard network fare. New York City just signed contracts with CATV companies that call for the provision of at least 24 channels by 1973. With this programming proliferation, special-interest, public-service and educational broadcasting will have no problem getting on the air; the challenge will be attracting the newly available audience.

While all this communications equipment revolutionizes our entertainment viewing habits, there is also the possibility that it could change even our form of government. Once cable circuits are linked to television sets, it will be possible for the viewer to respond to programming by pushing a button—perhaps even on his Touch-Tone phone—to tell the broadcasters what he thinks. Conceivably, the need for a representative government could be eliminated by the establishment of a direct democracy that focuses on the television set. An instant vote on a major national issue would eliminate the cost and the delay of power politicking—and might be a way to reinvolve the citizenry. Television could become the hall for a nationwide town meeting.

As we move through this technological decade, even the home necessities we buy

will be more and more different from the objects and materials we know today. Dr. Richard Gordon, in charge of developing new product ideas at Monsanto, says research in chemistry and plastics has led to the fabrication of revolutionary new materials for particular uses. We'll be getting virtually indestructible furniture, for example, from the synthesis of polymer and silicone. It won't burn, scratch or mar. It's as substantial as the most solid natural materials and it can be cast instantly.

Not only will we soon see such technology changing our home surroundings but we will also experience a revolution in our eating habits at home. Already, meals as we once knew them are almost an abandoned tradition. John Angeline, a food specialist at Arthur D. Little, Inc., says the typical American family now eats only about three full meals together a week. The family dinner is going the way of the breakfast and lunch, and food itself is just beginning to catch up with that trend. Pop-up snacks that can be warmed in a toaster or premade meals quickly heated in microwave ovens are beginning to replace even the standard on-the-run sandwiches. On the other hand, it is inevitable that such technological changes will widen the trend to real cooking as a festive, ceremonial, even ritualistic event. Already, amateur chefs are rediscovering the fun of occasionally going all out with authentically prepared fondues or exotic foreign dishes such as *paella*.

This combination of the synthetic and the natural will be found throughout our home lives. At the same time that we'll be getting four together for bridge—with three of the players electronic figments of a computer's imagination—we'll be gathering at home for sober, even tortuous encounter groups aimed at getting ourselves straight as human beings. It's happening already. In New York City, probably the most technologized and depersonalized environment in the world, more than 5000 encounter groups are running through their weeping, hugging, screaming, massaging paces every week.

Perhaps more than anything else, exploration of our senses through drugs, machines and interpersonal contact will be the leading leisure pursuit of the decade. We'll start with the legalization of mind drugs—a development almost unanimously considered inevitable by the futurists. "The whole trend of society already is toward much sex, God seeking and mind expansion," says Donald Michael of the Center for Research on the Utilization of Scientific Knowledge. "Self-enlarging, self-enhancing explorations are going to erode puritanism fast. The IBM types and the suburbanites, Brahmin WASPs and even a few Congressmen are all into playing with their minds. There won't be any stopping this,

because there's no reward for society in stopping it. If we're lucky, by the time the decade's over, we'll be able to do it all without drugs."

A means of mind alteration without drugs that we're just now learning about depends on the fact that the brain produces measurable alpha waves during a state of relaxed, unfocused wakefulness. Using devices that encircle the head, pick up the waves and translate them into a light or a tone, experimenters have found that most people can, with practice, produce such waves at will. Adepts report that sustained periods of alpha activity give them a feeling of serenity, tranquility and inner awareness. While some researchers look forward to a time when feedback devices may permit conscious control of such bodily functions as temperature and heartbeat—perhaps even skin wrinkling and aging—the simpler alpha-wave devices are here now and being marketed as the fascinating toys they are.

Even packaged adult games are likely to take the form of self-exploration and encounter therapy. The most successful games have always been ones that offer the players a chance to adopt roles they'd like to play in everyday life; Monopoly makes everyone a tycoon. And the game makers are now bringing political and social issues onto the game board. A sudden flood of war games that let players take the roles of Rommel, Patton, Napoleon and Hitler are now available. "If you're a bloodthirsty, militaristic, barbaric Hun, we have a place for you. Join us and crush, kill and destroy," states one war-game ad, whose intricate battle re-enactments are designed by a man who claims to be a pacifist. Several race-oriented games hit the market in the past year offering white players the chance to vicariously experience the frustrations of being urban blacks.

Such new home-entertainment games and devices are hardly remarkable in themselves; they are mere products of our social and technological development. But put all this together—the sociopolitical games, the drug explosion and mind expansion, the television revolution and, especially, computerized work and leisure, all within one home—and you have an idea of what the futurists are talking about when they say the home will soon be a total environment. IBM's Dr. Koenig predicts: "In ten years, if the economy recovers and the young people aren't totally turned off by technology, and we haven't blown ourselves up, we'll have freed people from drudgery and provided them with unlimited guidance. Things will be doubly easy for them, and when you consider what the collective effect of all that potential is, you'll see that it's a revolution."



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

OUR LITTLE FRIEND HAS A CLOSE CALL WITH AN APHRODISIAC. THE QUEST FOR THE TRUE LOVE POTION, LIKE THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, HAS INTRIGUED MAN FOR CENTURIES. HIS SEARCH HAS TAKEN HIM FROM OYSTERS, SPANISH FLY AND YOHIMBIN TO TESTOSTERONE AND LEVO-DIHYDROXY-PHENYL-ALANINE; AND NOW, AT LAST, SCIENCE HAS LEARNED ONE IMPORTANT THING ABOUT APHRODISIACS: THEY'RE GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO SPELL.



No, Annie! Not here on the lawn! What if the President should happen to look out the window and see his Assistant Human Resources Commissioner like this?...I'd be fired!

I love you, Roth! I worship and adore you!

Never mind the President! If the Vice-President should look out the window I- I could be SHOT!

-Let me make one thing perfectly clear-

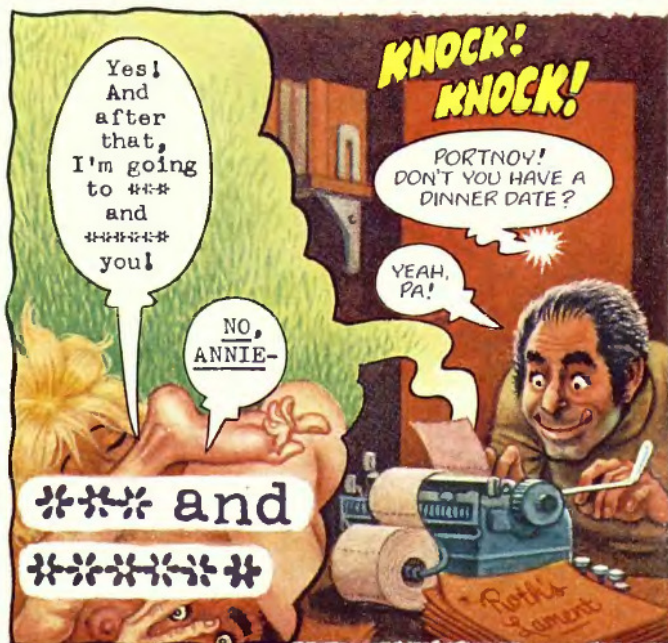
-Pass the Glass Wax.

NO EGGS ROLLING



I want to **** you, Roth! Right here! Right now!

By the White House? In the rose garden?



Yes! And after that, I'm going to *** and ***** you!

NO, ANNIE-

*** and

KNOCK! KNOCK!

PORTNOY! DON'T YOU HAVE A DINNER DATE?

YEAH, PA!









PLAYBOY

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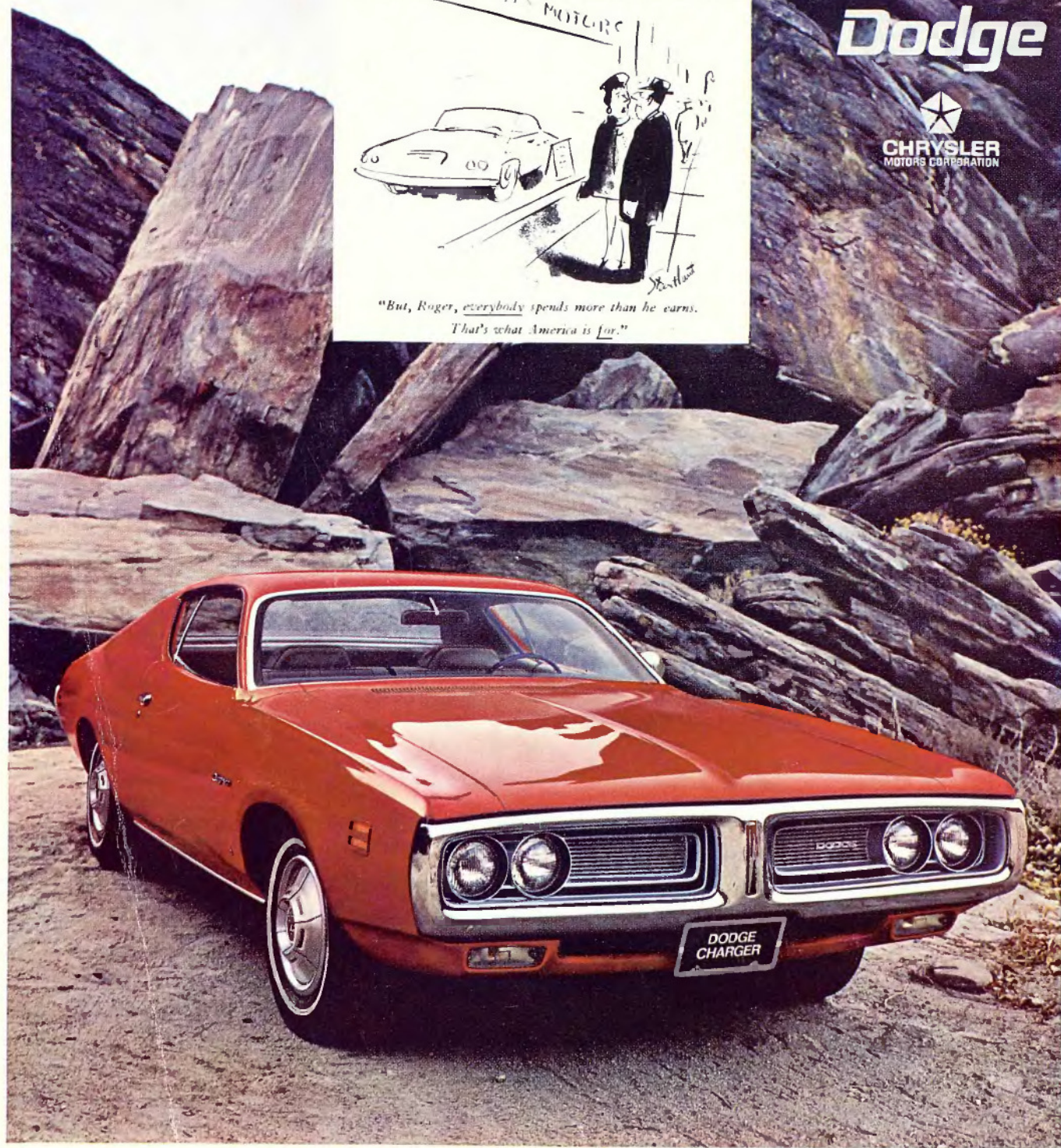


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